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SCRAMBLES AMONGST THE ALPS IN THE YEARS 1860-'69.

BY EDWARD WHYMPER.

## CHAPTER XVI.

VALLEY OF AOSTA, AND ASCENT OF THE  
GRANDES JORASSES.

THE valley of Aosta is famous for its bouquetins and infamous for its cretins. The bouquetin, steinbock, or ibex, was formerly widely distributed throughout the Alps. It is now confined almost entirely, or absolutely, to a small district in the south of the valley of Aosta, and fears have been repeatedly expressed in late years that it will speedily become extinct.

But the most sanguine person does not imagine that cretinism will be eradicated for many generations. It is widely spread throughout the Alps, it is by no means peculiar to the valley of Aosta, but nowhere does it thrust itself more frequently upon the attention of the traveler, and in no valley where "every prospect pleases" is one so often and so painfully reminded that "only man is vile."

It seems premature to fear that the bouquetins will soon become extinct. It is not easy to take a census of them, for, although they have local habitations, it is extremely difficult to find them at home. But there is good reason to believe that there are at least six hundred

still roaming over the mountains in the neighborhood of the valleys of Griesanche, Rhêmes, Savaranche and Cogne.

It would be a pity if it were otherwise. They appeal to the sympathies of all as the remnants of a diminishing race, and no mountaineer or athletic person could witness without sorrow the extinction of an animal possessing such noble qualities; which a few months after birth can jump over a man's head at a bound, without taking a run; which passes its whole life in a constant fight for existence; which has such a keen appreciation of the beauties of Nature, and such disregard of pain, that it will "stand for hours like a statue in the midst of the bitterest storm, until the tips of its ears are frozen"! and which, when its last hour arrives, "climbs to the highest mountain-peaks, hangs on a rock with its horns, twists itself round and round upon them until they are worn off, and then falls down and expires"!.\* Even Tschudi himself calls this story wonderful. He may well do so. I disclaim belief in it—the bouquetin is too fine a beast to indulge in such antics.

Forty-five keepers, selected from the most able chasseurs of the district, guard

\* Tschudi's *Sketches of Nature in the Alps*.

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its haunts. Their task is not a light one, although they are naturally acquainted with those who are most likely to attempt poaching. If they were withdrawn, it would not be long before the ibex would be an extinct wild animal, so far as the Alps are concerned. The passion for killing something, and the present value of the beast itself, would soon lead to its extermination. For as meat alone the

visit, if any skins or horns were for sale, and in ten minutes was taken into a garret where the remains of a splendid beast were concealed—a magnificent male, presumed to be more than twenty years old, as its massive horns had twenty-two more or less strongly-marked knobby rings. The extreme length of the skin, from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, was one mètre sixty-nine centimètres (about five feet seven inches), and from the ground to the top of its back had been, apparently, about seventy-seven centimètres. It is rare to meet with a bouquetin of these dimensions, and the owner of this skin might have been visited with several years' imprisonment if it had been known that it was in his possession.

The chase of the bouquetin is properly considered a sport fit for a king, and His Majesty Victor Emmanuel, for whom it is reserved, is too good a sportsman to slaughter indiscriminately an animal which is an ornament to his domains. Last year (1869) seventeen fell to his gun at one hundred yards and upward. In 1868, His Majesty presented a fine specimen to the Italian Alpine Club. The members banqueted, I believe, upon its flesh, and they have had the skin stuffed and set up in their rooms at Aosta. It is said by connoisseurs to be badly stuffed—that it is



THE BOUQUETIN.

bouquetin is valuable, the gross weight of one that is full grown amounting to from one hundred and sixty to two hundred pounds, while its skin and horns are worth ten pounds and upward, according to condition and dimensions.

In spite of the keepers, and of the severe penalties which may be inflicted for killing a bouquetin, poaching occurs constantly. Knowing that this was the case, I inquired at Aosta, upon my last

not broad enough in the chest and is too large behind. Still, it looks well-proportioned, although it seems made for hard work rather than for feats of agility. From this specimen the accompanying engraving has been made.

It is a full-grown male about twelve years old, and if it stood upright would measure three feet three and a half inches from the ground to the base of its horns. Its extreme length is four feet

seven inches. Its horns have eleven well-marked rings, besides one or two faintly-marked ones, and are (measured round their curvature) fifty-four and a half centimètres in length. The horns of the first-mentioned specimen (measured in the same way) had a length of only fifty-three and a half centimètres, although they were ornamented with nearly double the number of rings, and were presumably of double the age, of the other.\*

The keepers and the chasseurs of this district not only say that the rings upon the horns of the ibex tell its age (each one reckoning as a year), but that the half-developed ones, which sometimes are very feebly marked indeed, show that the animal has suffered from hunger during the winter. Naturalists are skeptical upon this point, but inasmuch as they offer no better reason against the reputed fact than the natives do in its favor (one saying that it is not so, and the other saying that it is so), we may perhaps be permitted to consider it an open question. I can only say that if the faintly-marked rings do denote years of famine, the times for the bouquetin are very hard indeed; since in most of the horns which I have seen the lesser rings have been very numerous, and sometimes more plentiful than the prominent ones.

The chef of the keepers (who judges by the above-mentioned indications) tells me that the ibex not unfrequently arrives at the age of thirty years, and sometimes to forty or forty-five. He says, too, that it is not fond of traversing steep snow, and in descending a couloir that is filled with it will zig-zag down, by springing from one side to the other in leaps of fifty feet at a time! Jean Tairaz, the worthy landlord of the Hôtel du Mont Blanc at Aosta (who has had opportunities of observing the animal closely), assures me that at the age of four or five months it can easily

clear a height of nine or ten feet at a bound!

Long live the bouquetin! and long may its chase preserve the health of the mountaineering king, Victor Emmanuel! Long life to the bouquetin! but down with the cretin!

The peculiar form of idiocy which is called cretinism is so highly developed in the valley of Aosta, and the natives are so familiarized with it, that they are almost indignant when the surprised traveler remarks its frequency. One is continually reminded that it is not peculiar to the valley, and that there are cretins elsewhere. It is too true that this terrible scourge is widespread throughout the Alps and over the world, and that there are places where the proportion of cretins to population is, or has been, even greater than in the valley of Aosta; but I have never seen or heard of a valley so fertile and so charming —of one which, apart from cretinism, leaves so agreeable an impression upon the wayfarer—where equal numbers are reduced to a condition which any respectable ape might despise.

The whole subject of cretinism is surrounded with difficulty. The number of those who are afflicted by it is unknown, its cure is doubtful, and its origin is mysterious. It has puzzled the most acute observers, and every general statement in regard to it must be fenced by qualifications.

It is tolerably certain, however, that the centre of its distribution in the valley of Aosta is about the centre of the valley. The city of Aosta itself may be regarded as its head-quarters. It is there, and in the neighboring towns of Gignod, Ville-neuve, St. Vincent and Verrex, and in the villages and upon the high-road between those places, that these distorted, mindless beings, more like brutes than men, commonly excite one's disgust by their hideous, loathsome and uncouth appearance, by their obscene gestures and by their senseless gabbling. The accompanying portrait of one is by no means overdrawn: some are too frightful for representation.

How can we account for this partic-

\* Mr. King, in his *Italian Valleys of the Alps*, says, "In the pair [of horns] I possess, which are *two feet* long, there are eight of these yearly rings." It would seem, therefore (if the rings are annual ones), that the maximum length of horn is attained at a comparatively early age.

ular intensity toward the middle of the valley? Why is it that cretins become more and more numerous after Ivrea is passed, attain their highest ratio and lowest degradation at or about the chief town of the valley, and then diminish in numbers as its upper termination is approached? This maximum of intensity must certainly point to a cause, or to a combination of causes, operating about Aosta, which are less powerful at the two extremities of the valley; and if the reason for it could be determined, the springs of cretinism would be exposed.

The disease would be even more puzz-

living the same life, enjoy almost entire immunity from it, while at the distance of a very few miles thousands of others are completely in its power.

A parallel case is found, however, on the other side of the Pennine Alps. The Rhone valley is almost equally disfigured by cretinism, and in it, too, the extremities of the valley are slightly affected compared with the intermediate districts—particularly those between Brieg and St. Maurice.\* This second example strengthens the conviction that the great development of cretinism in the middle of the valley of Aosta is not the result of accidental circumstances.

It was formerly supposed that cretinism arose from the habitual drinking of snow- and glacier-water. De Saussure opposed to this conjecture the facts that the disease was entirely unknown precisely in those places where the inhabitants were most dependent upon these kinds of water, and that it was most common where such was not the case—that the high valleys were untainted, while the low ones were infected. The notion seems to have proceeded from cretins being confounded with persons who were merely goitred, or at least from the supposition that goitre was an incipient stage of cretinism.

Goitre, it is now well ascertained, is induced by the use of chemically impure water, and especially hard water; and the investigations of various observers have discovered that goitre has an intimate connection with certain geological formations. In harmony with these facts it is found that infants are seldom born with goitres, but that they develop as the child grows up, that they will sometimes appear and disappear from mere change of locality, and that it is possible to produce them intentionally.

It is not so certain that the causes which produce goitre should be regarded

\* It was stated a few years ago that one in twenty-five of the natives of the Canton Valais (which is chiefly occupied by the valley of the Upper Rhone) were cretins. This would give about thirty-five hundred to the canton. At the same time the valley of Aosta contained about two thousand cretins.



A CRETIN OF AOSTA.

zling than it is if it were confined to this single locality, and the inquirer were to find not merely that it was almost unknown upon the plains to the east and in the districts to the west, but that the valleys radiating north and south from the main valley were practically unaffected by it. For it is a remarkable circumstance, which has attracted the notice of all who have paid attention to cretinism, that the natives of the tributary valleys are almost free from the malady—that people of the same race, speaking the same language, breathing the same air, eating the same food, and



as causes of the production or maintenance of cretinism. It is true that cretins are very generally goitrous, but it is also true that there are tens of thousands of goitrous persons who are entirely free from all traces of cretinism. Not only so, but that there are districts in the Alps and outside of them (even in our own country) where goitre is not rare, but where the cretin is unknown. Still, regarding the evil state of body which leads to goitre as being, possibly, in alliance with cretinism, it will not be irrelevant to give the former disease a little more attention before continuing the consideration of the main subject.

In this country the possession of a goitre is considered a misfortune rather than otherwise, and individuals who are afflicted with these appendages attempt to conceal their shame. In the Alps it is quite the reverse. In France, Italy and Switzerland it is a positive advantage to be goitred, as it secures exemption from military service. A goitre is a thing to be prized, exhibited, preserved—it is worth so much hard cash; and it is an unquestionable fact that the perpetuation of the great goitrous family is assisted by this very circumstance.

When Savoy was annexed to France the administration took stock of the resources of its new territory, and soon discovered that although the acres were many the conscripts would be few. The government bestirred itself to amend this state of affairs, and after arriving at the conclusion that goitre was produced by drinking bad water (and that its production was promoted by sottish and bestial habits), took measures to cleanse the villages, to analyze the waters (in order to point out those which should not be drunk), and to give to children who came to school lozenges containing small doses of iodine. It is said that out of five thousand goitrous children who were so treated in the course of eight years, two thousand were cured, and the condition of two thousand others was improved; and that the number of cures would have been greater if the parents "had not opposed the care of the government, in order to preserve the priv-

ilege of exemption from military service." These benighted creatures refused the marshal's bâton and preferred their "wallets of flesh!"

No wonder that the préfet for Haute-Savoie proposes that goitrous persons shall no longer be privileged. Let him go farther, and obtain a decree that all of them capable of bearing arms shall be immediately drafted into the army. Let them be formed into regiments by themselves, brigaded together and commanded by cretins. Think what *esprit de corps* they would have! Who could stand against them? Who would understand their tactics? He would save his iodine and would render an act of justice to the non-goitred population. The subject is worthy of serious attention. If goitre is really an ally of cretinism, the sooner it is eradicated the better.

De Saussure substituted heat and stagnation of air as the cause of cretinism, in the place of badness of water. But this was only giving up one unsatisfactory explanation for another equally untenable; and since there are places far hotter and with pernicious atmospheres where the disease is unknown, while, on the other hand, there are situations in which it is common where the heat is not excessive, and which enjoy a freely circulating atmosphere, his assumption may be set aside as insufficient to account for the cretinism of the valley of Aosta. And in regard to its particular case it may be questioned whether there is anything more than an imaginary stagnation of air. For my own part, I attribute the oppression which strangers say they feel in the middle of the valley not to stagnation of air, but to absence of shadow in consequence of the valley's course being east and west; and believe that if the force of the wind were observed and estimated according to the methods in common use, it would be found that there is no deficiency of motion in the air throughout the entire year. Several towns and villages, moreover, where cretins are most numerous, are placed at the entrances of valleys and upon elevated slopes, with abundant

natural facilities for drainage—free from malaria, which has been suggested as accounting for the cretinism of the Rhone valley.

Others have imagined that intemperance, poor living, foul habits and personal uncleanliness sow the seeds of cretinism; and this opinion is entitled to full consideration. Intemperance of divers kinds is fruitful in the production of insanity, and herding together in filthy dwellings, with little or no ventilation, may possibly deteriorate *physique* as much as extreme indulgence may the mind. These ideas are popularly entertained, because cretins are more numerous among the lower orders than among the well-to-do classes. Yet they must, each and all, be regarded as inadequate to account for the disease, still less to explain its excess in the centre of the valley; for in these respects there is little or no distinction between it, the two extremities and the neighboring districts.

A conjecture remains to be considered regarding the origin of cretinism which is floating in the minds of many persons (although it is seldom expressed), which carries with it an air of probability that is wanting in the other explanations, and which is supported by admitted facts.

The fertility of the valley of Aosta is proverbial. It is covered with vineyards and cornfields, flocks and herds abound in it, and its mineral resources are great. There is enough and to spare both for man and beast. There are poor in the valley, as there are everywhere, but life is so far easy that they are not driven to seek for subsistence in other places, and remain from generation to generation rooted to their native soil. The large numbers of persons who are found in this valley having the same surnames is a proof of the well-known fact that there is little or no emigration from the valley, and that there is an indefinite amount of intermarriage between the natives. It is conjectured that the continuance of these conditions through a long period has rendered the population more or less consanguineous, and that we see in cretinism an example, upon a large

scale, of the evil effects of alliances of kindred.

This explanation commends itself by reason of its general applicability to cretinism. The disease is commonly found in valleys, on islands or in other circumscribed areas in which circulation is restricted or the inhabitants are non-migratory; and it is rare on plains, where communications are free. It will at once be asked, "Why, then, are not the tributary valleys of the valley of Aosta full of cretins?" The answer is, that these lateral valleys are comparatively sterile, and are unable to support their population from their internal resources. Large numbers annually leave and do not return—some come back, having formed alliances elsewhere. There is a constant circulation and introduction of new blood. I am not aware that there are returns to show the extent to which this goes on, but the fact is notorious.

This conjecture explains, far better than the other guesses, why it is that cretinism has so strong a hold upon the lower classes, while it leaves the upper ones almost untouched; for the former are most likely to intermarry with people of their own district, whilst the latter are under no sort of compulsion in this respect. It gives a clue, too, to the reason of the particular intensity in the centre of the valley. The inhabitants of the lower extremity communicate and mix with the untainted dwellers on the plains, whilst the conditions at the upper extremity approximate to those of the lateral valleys. Before this explanation will be generally received a closer connection will have to be established between the assumed cause and the presumed effect. Accepting it, nevertheless, as a probable and reasonable one, let us now consider what prospect there is of checking the progress of the disease.

It is, of course, impossible to change the habits of the natives of the valley of Aosta suddenly, and it would probably be very difficult to cause any large amount of emigration or immigration. In the present embarrassed condition of Italian finances there is very small chance

of any measure of the sort being undertaken if it would involve a considerable expenditure. The opening of a railway from Ivrea to Aosta might possibly bring about, in a natural way, more movement than would be promoted by any legislation, and by this means the happiest effects might be produced.

There is little hope of practical results from attempts to cure cretins. Once a cretin, you are always one. The experiments of the late Dr. Guggenbühl demonstrated that some *half-cretins* may even become useful members of society if they are taken in hand early in life, but they did not show that the nature of the true or complete cretin could be altered. He essayed to modify some of the mildest forms of cretinism, but did not strike at the root of the evil. If fifty Guggenbühls were at work in the single valley of Aosta, they would take several generations to produce an appreciable effect, and they would never extirpate the disease so long as its sources were unassailed.

Nor will the house which has been built at Aosta to contain two hundred cretin beggars do much, unless the inmates are restrained from perpetuating their own degradation. Even the lowest types of cretins may be procreative, and it is said that the unlimited liberty which is allowed to them has caused infinite mischief. A large proportion of the cretins who will be born in the next generation will undoubtedly be offspring of cretin parents. It is strange that self-interest does not lead the natives of Aosta to place their cretins under such restrictions as would prevent their illicit intercourse; and it is still more surprising to find the Catholic Church actually legalizing their marriage. There is something horribly grotesque in the idea of *solemnizing* the union of a brace of idiots; and since it is well known that the disease is hereditary, and develops in successive generations, the fact that such marriages are sanctioned is scandalous and infamous.

The supply, therefore, is kept up from two sources. The first contingent is derived from apparently healthy parents;

the second, by inheritance from diseased persons. The origin of the first is obscure; and before its quota can be cut off, or even diminished, the mystery which envelops it must be dissipated. The remedy for the second is obvious, and is in the hands of the authorities, particularly in those of the clergy. Marriage must be prohibited to all who are affected, the most extreme cases must be placed under restraint, and cretins whose origin is illegitimate must be subject to disabilities. Nothing short of the adoption of these measures will meet the case. Useless it will be, so long as the primary sources of the disease are untouched, to build hospitals, to cleanse dwellings, to widen streets, or to attempt small ameliorations of the social circumstances of the natives. All of these things are good enough in themselves, but they are wholly impotent to effect a radical change.

No satisfactory conclusion will be arrived at regarding the origin of cretinism until the pedigrees of a large number of examples have been traced. The numerical test is the only one which is likely to discover the reality. The necessary inquiries are beyond the powers of private persons, and their pursuit will be found sufficiently difficult by official investigators. Great reluctance will be exhibited to disclose the information which should be sought, and the common cry will certainly be raised that such scrutiny is without general advantage and is painful to private feelings. But in matters which affect mankind in general, individual feelings must always be subordinated to the public interest; and if the truth is to be arrived at in regard to cretinism, the protests of the ignorant will have to be overridden.

Cretinism is the least agreeable feature of the valley of Aosta, but it is, at the same time, the most striking. It has been touched upon for the sake of its human interest, and on account of those unhappy beings who—punished by the errors of their fathers—are powerless to help themselves; the first sight of whom produced such an impression upon the most earnest of all Alpine writers that

he declared, in a twice-repeated expression, its recollection would never be effaced from his memory.

On the 23d of June, 1865, my guides and I were reposing upon the top of Mont Saxe, scanning the Grandes Jorasses with a view to ascending it. Five thousand feet of glacier-covered precipices rose above us, and up all that height we tracked a way to our satisfaction. Three thousand feet more of glacier and forest-covered slopes lay beneath, and *there*, there was only one point at which it was doubtful if we should find a path. The glaciers were shrinking, and were surrounded by bastions of rounded rock, far too polished to please the rough mountaineer. We could not track a way across them. However, at 4 A. M. the next day, under the dexterous leading of Michael Croz, we passed the doubtful spot. Thence it was all plain sailing, and at 1 P. M. we gained the summit. The weather was boisterous in the upper regions, and storm-clouds driven before the wind and wrecked against our heights enveloped us in misty spray, which danced around and fled away, which cut us off from the material universe, and caused us to be, as it were, suspended betwixt heaven and earth, seeing both occasionally, but seeming to belong to neither.

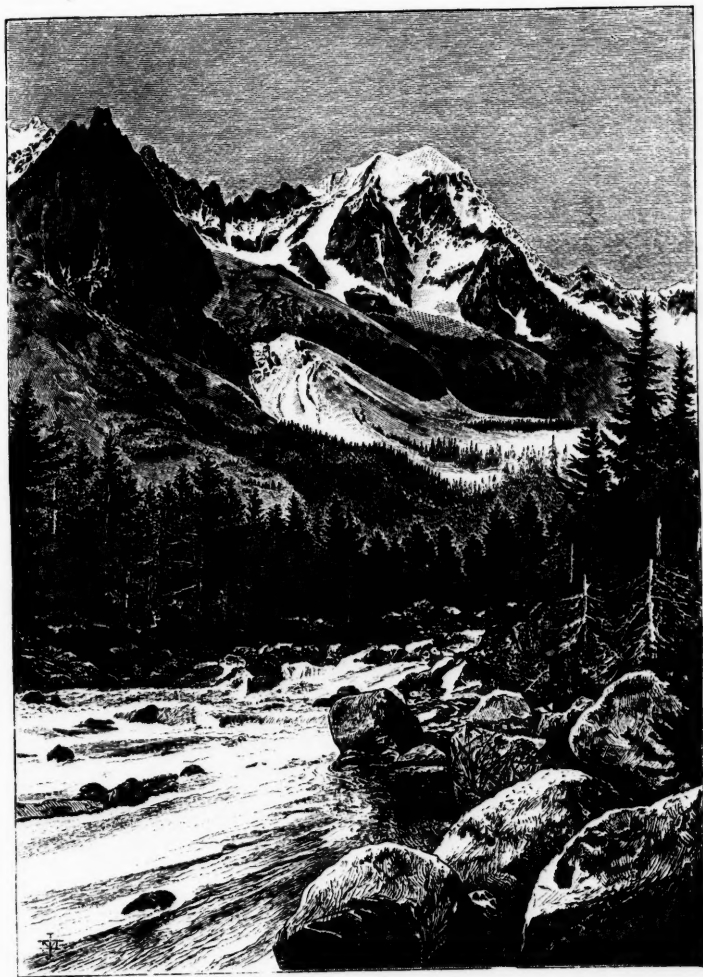
The mists lasted longer than my patience, and we descended without having attained the object for which the ascent was made. At first we followed the little ridge shown upon the accompanying engraving (The Grandes Jorasses from the Val Ferret), leading from our summit toward the spectator, and then took to the head of the corridor of glacier on its left, which in the view is left perfectly white. The slopes were steep and covered with new-fallen snow, flour-like and evil to tread upon. On the ascent we had reviled it, and had made our staircase with much caution, knowing full well that the disturbance of its base would bring down all that was above. In descending, the bolder spirits counseled trusting to luck and a glissade: the cautious ones advocated

avoiding the slopes and crossing to the rocks on their farther side. The advice of the latter prevailed, and we had half traversed the snow to gain the ridge when the crust slipped and we went along with it. "Halt!" broke from all four unanimously. The axe-heads flew round as we started on this involuntary glissade. It was useless—they slid over the underlying ice fruitlessly. "Halt!" thundered Croz, as he dashed his weapon in again with superhuman energy. No halt could be made, and we slid down slowly, but with accelerating motion, driving up waves of snow in front, with streams of the nasty stuff hissing all around. Luckily, the slope eased off at one place, the leading men cleverly jumped aside out of the moving snow, we others followed, and the young avalanche which we had started, continuing to pour down, fell into a yawning crevasse, and showed us where our grave would have been if we had remained in its company five seconds longer. The whole affair did not occupy half a minute. It was the solitary incident of a long day, and at nightfall we re-entered the excellent house kept by the courteous Bertolini, well satisfied that we had not met with more incidents of a similar description.

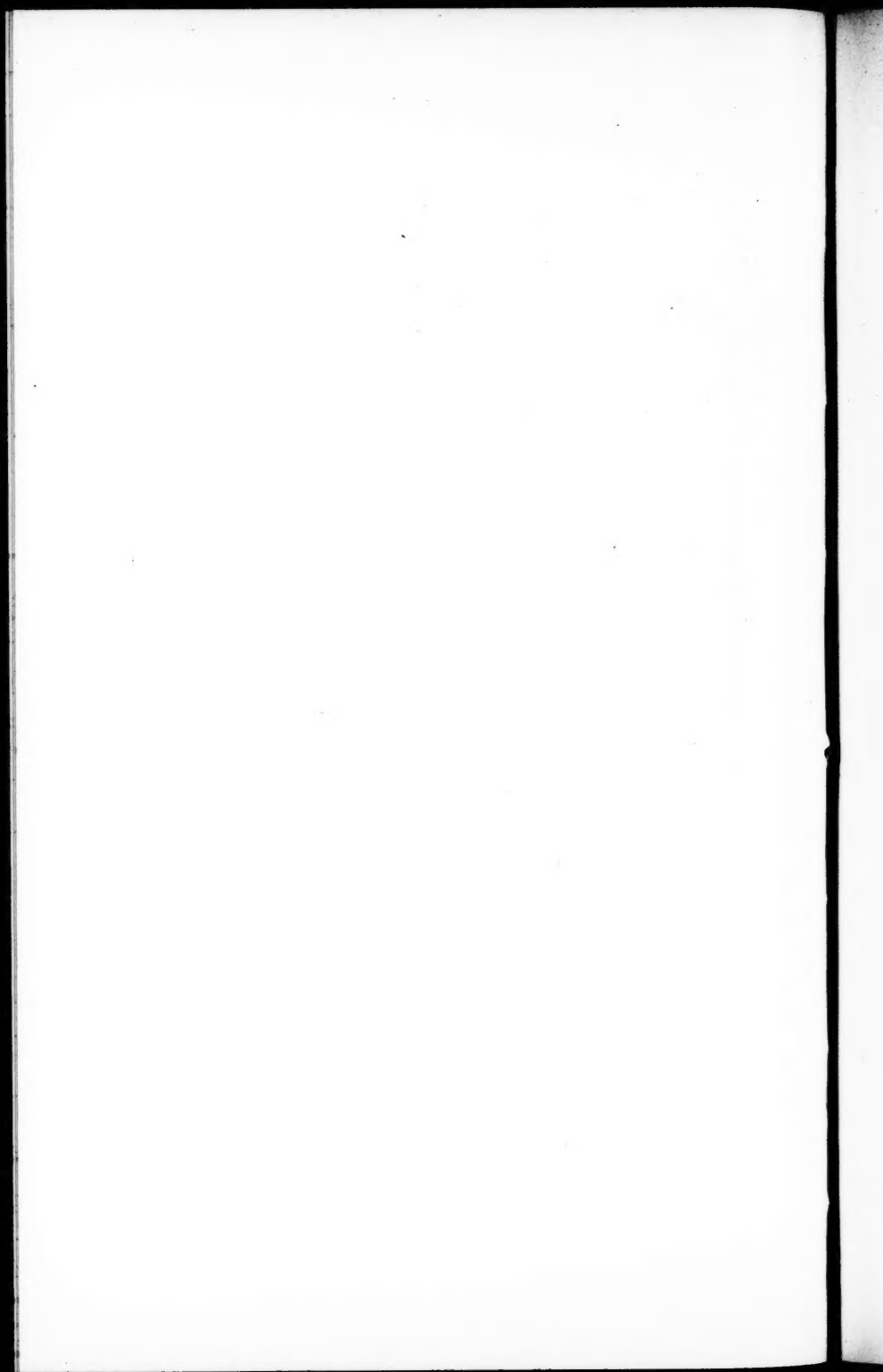
#### CHAPTER XVII.

##### THE COL DOLENT.

FREETHINKING mountaineers have been latterly in the habit of going up one side of an alp and coming down the other, and calling the route a pass. In this confusion of ideas may be recognized the result of the looseness of thought which arises from the absence of technical education. The true believer abhors such heresies, and observes with satisfaction that Providence oftentimes punishes the offenders for their greediness by causing them to be benighted. The faithful know that passes must be made between mountains, and not over their tops. Their creed declares that between any two mountains there *must* be a pass, and they believe that



THE GRANDES JORASSES AND THE DOIRE TORRENT, VAL-FERRET (D'ITALIE).





the end for which big peaks were created—the office they are especially designed to fulfill—is to point out the way one should go. This is the true faith, and there is no other.

We set out upon the 26th of June to endeavor to add one more to the passes which are strictly orthodox. We hoped, rather than expected, to discover a quicker route from Courmayeur to Chamounix than the Col du Géant, which was the easiest, quickest and most direct pass known at the time across the main chain of Mont Blanc. The misgivings which I had as to the result caused us to start at the unusual hour of 12.40 A. M. At 4.30 we passed the chalets of Pré du Bar, and thence, for some distance, followed the track which we had made upon the ascent of Mont Dolent, over the glacier of the same name. At a quarter-past eight we arrived at the head of the glacier, and at the foot of the only steep gradient upon the whole of the ascent.

It was the beau-ideal of a pass. There was a gap in the mountains, with a big peak on each side (Mont Dolent and the Aiguille de Triolet). A narrow thread of snow led up to the lowest point between those mountains, and the blue sky beyond said, Directly you arrive here you will begin to go down. We addressed ourselves to our task, and at 10.15 A. M. arrived at the top of the pass.

Had things gone as they ought, within six hours more we should have been at Chamounix. Upon the other side we knew that there was a couloir in correspondence with that up which we had just come. If it had been filled with snow, all would have been well: it turned out to be filled with ice. Croz, who led, passed over to the other side, and reported that we should get down somehow, but I knew from the sound of his axe how the *somehow* would be, and settled myself to sketch, well assured that I should not be wanted for an hour to come. What I saw is shown in the engraving—a sharp aiguille (nameless), perhaps the sharpest in the whole range, backed on the left by the Aiguille de Triolet; queer blocks of (probably) pro-

togine sticking out awkwardly through the snow; and a huge cornice from which big icicles depended, that broke away occasionally and went skiddling down the slope up which we had come. Of the Argentièrè side I could not see anything.

Croz was tied up with our good manila rope, and the whole two hundred feet were paid out gradually by Almer and Biener before he ceased working. After two hours' incessant toil, he was able to anchor himself to the rock on his right. He then untied himself, the rope was drawn in, Biener was attached to the end and went down to join his comrade. There was then room enough for me to stand by the side of Almer, and I got my first view of the other side. For the first and only time in my life I looked down a slope of more than a thousand feet long, set at an angle of about fifty degrees, which was a sheet of ice from top to bottom. It was unbroken by rock or crag, and anything thrown down it sped away unarrested until the level of the Glacier d'Argentièrè was reached. The entire basin of that noble glacier was spread out at our feet, and the ridge beyond, culminating in the Aiguille d'Argentièrè, was seen to the greatest advantage. I confess, however, that I paid very little attention to the view, for there was no time to indulge in such luxuries. I descended the icy staircase and joined the others, and then we three drew in the rope tenderly as Almer came down. His was not an enviable position, but he descended with as much steadiness as if his whole life had been passed on ice-slopes of fifty degrees. The process was repeated, Croz again going to the front, and availing himself very skillfully of the rocks which projected from the cliff on our right. Our two hundred feet of rope again came to an end, and we again descended one by one. From this point we were able to clamber down by the rocks alone for about three hundred feet. They then became sheer cliff, and we stopped for dinner, about 2.30 P. M., at the last place upon which we could sit. Four hours' incessant work had brought

us rather more than halfway down the gully. We were now approaching, although we were still high above, the schrunds at its base, and the guides made out, in some way unknown to me, that Nature had perversely placed the only snow-bridge across the topmost one toward the centre of the gully. It was decided to cut diagonally across the gully to the point where the snow-bridge was supposed to be. Almer and Biener undertook the work, leaving Croz and

good ones. The form is of more importance than might be supposed. Of course, if you intend to act as a simple amateur and let others do the work, and only follow in their steps, it is not of much importance what kind of ice-axe you carry, so long as its head does not fall off or otherwise behave itself improperly. There is no better weapon for cutting steps in ice than a common pick-axe, and the form of ice-axe which is now usually employed by the best

guides is very like a miniature pick. My own axe is copied from Melchior Anderegg's. It is of wrought iron, with point and edge steeled. Its weight, including spiked handle, is four pounds. For cutting steps in ice the pointed end of the head is almost exclusively employed: the adze-end is handy for polishing them up, but is principally used for cutting in hard snow. Apart from its value as a cutting weapon, it is invaluable as a grapnel. It is naturally a rather awkward implement when it is not being employed for its legitimate purpose, and is likely to give rise to much strong language in crushes at railway termini, unless its head is protected with a leathern cap or in some other way. Many attempts have been made, for the sake of convenience, to fashion an



MY ICE-AXE.

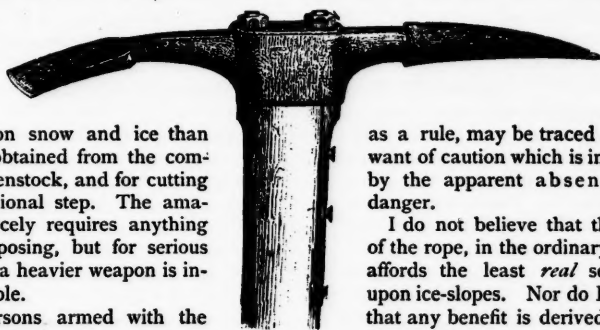
myself firmly planted on the rocks to pay out rope to them as they advanced.

It is generally admitted that veritable ice-slopes (understanding by *ice* something more than a crust of hard snow over soft snow) are only rarely met with in the Alps. They are frequently spoken of, but such as that to which I refer are *very* rarely seen, and still more seldom traversed. It is, however, always possible that they may be encountered, and on this account, if for no other, it is necessary for men who go mountaineering to be armed with ice-axes, and with

ice-axe with a movable head, but it seems difficult or impossible to produce one except at the expense of cutting qualities and by increasing the weight.

Mr. T. S. Kennedy (of the firm of Fairbairn & Co.), whose practical acquaintance with mountaineering and with the use and manufacture of tools makes his opinion particularly valuable, has contrived the best that I have seen; but even it seems to me to be deficient in rigidity, and not to be so powerful a weapon as the more common kind with the fixed head. The simple instrument

which is shown in the annexed diagram | and it answers the purposes for which  
is the invention of Mr. Leslie Stephen, | he devised it—namely, for giving better



KENNEDY ICE-AXE.

hold upon snow and ice than can be obtained from the common alpenstock, and for cutting an occasional step. The amateur scarcely requires anything more imposing, but for serious ice-work a heavier weapon is indispensable.

To persons armed with the proper tools, ice-slopes are not so dangerous as many places which appeal less to the imagination. Their ascent or descent is necessarily laborious (to those who do the work), and they may therefore be termed difficult. They *ought* not to be dangerous. Yet they always seem dangerous, for one is profoundly convinced that if he slips he will certainly go to the bottom. Hence, any man who is not a fool takes particular care to preserve his balance, and in consequence we have the noteworthy fact that accidents have seldom or never taken place upon ice-slopes.

The same slopes covered with snow are much less impressive, and *may* be much more dangerous. They may be less slippery, the balance may be more easily preserved, and if one man slips he may be stopped by his own personal efforts, provided the snow which overlies the ice is consolidated and of a reasonable depth. But if, as is more likely to be the case upon an angle of fifty degrees (or anything approaching that angle), there is only a thin stratum of snow which is not consolidated, the occurrence of a slip will most likely take the entire party as low as possible, and, in addition to the chance of broken necks, there will be a strong probability that some, at least, will be smothered by the dislodged snow. Such accidents are far too common, and their occurrence,

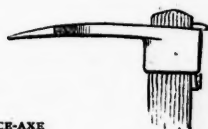
as a rule, may be traced to the want of caution which is induced by the apparent absence of danger.

I do not believe that the use of the rope, in the ordinary way, affords the least *real* security upon ice-slopes. Nor do I think that any benefit is derived from the employment of crampons.

Mr. Kennedy was good enough to present me with a pair some time ago, and one of these has been engraved.



STEPHEN ICE-AXE



They are the best variety I have seen of the species, but I only feel comfortable with them on my feet in places where they are not of the slightest use—that is, in situations where there is no possibility of slipping—and would not wear them



CRAMPONS.

upon an ice-slope for any consideration whatever. All such adventitious aids are useless if you have not a good step in the ice to stand upon, and if you have got that nothing more is wanted except a few nails in the boots.

Almer and Biener got to the end of their tether: the rope no longer assured their safety, and they stopped work as we advanced and coiled it up. Shortly afterward they struck a streak of snow that proved to be just above the bridge of which they were in search. The slope steepened, and for thirty feet or so we descended face to the wall, making steps by kicking with the toes and thrusting the arms well into the holes above, just as if they had been rounds in a ladder. At this time we were crossing the uppermost of the schrunds. Needless to say that the snow was of an admirable quality: this performance would otherwise have been impossible. It was soon over, and we then found ourselves upon a huge rhomboidal mass of ice, and still separated from the Argentière glacier by a gigantic crevasse. The only bridge over this lower schrund was at its eastern end, and we were obliged to double back to get to it. Cutting continued for half an hour after it was passed, and it was 5.35 P. M. before the axes stopped work, and we could at last turn back and look comfortably at the formidable slope upon which seven hours had been spent.\*

The Col Dolent is not likely to compete with the Col du Géant, and I would recommend any person who starts to cross it to allow himself plenty of time, plenty of rope and ample guide-power. There is no difficulty whatever upon any part of the route, excepting upon the steep slopes immediately below the summit on each side. When we arrived upon the Glacier d'Argentière our work was as good as over. We drove a straight track to the chalets of Lognan, and thence the way led over familiar ground. Soon after dusk we got into the high-road at Les Tines, and at 10 P. M. arrived at Chamounix. Our labors were duly rewarded. Houris brought us champagne and the other drinks which are reserved for the faithful, but before my share was consumed I fell asleep in an arm-chair. I slept soundly until daybreak, and then turned into bed and went to sleep again.

\*I estimate its height at 1200 feet. The triangulation of Captain Mieulet places the summit of the pass 11,624 feet above the sea. This, I think, is too high.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## ASCENT OF THE AIGUILLE VERTE.

MICHEL CROZ now parted from us. His new employer had not arrived at Chamounix, but Croz considered that he was bound by honor to wait for him, and thus Christian Almer of Grindelwald became my leading guide.

Almer displayed aptitude for mountaineering at an early age. Whilst still a very young man he was known as a crack chamois-hunter, and he soon developed into an accomplished guide. Those who have read Mr. Wills' graphic account of the first ascent of the Wetterhorn\* will remember that when his



CHRISTIAN ALMER.

party was approaching the top of the mountain two stranger men were seen climbing by a slightly different route, one of whom carried upon his back a young fir tree, branches, leaves and all. Mr. Wills' guides were extremely indignant with these two strangers (who were evidently determined to be the first at the summit), and talked of giving them blows. Eventually they gave them a cake of chocolate instead, and declared that they were good fellows. "Thus the pipe of peace was smoked, and tranquillity reigned between the rival forces." Christian Almer was one of these two men.

\* *Wanderings among the High Alps*, 1858.

This was in 1854. In 1858-'59 he made the first ascents of the Eigher and the Mönch, the former with a Mr. Harrington (?), and the latter with Dr. Porges. Since then he has wandered far and near, from Dauphiné to the Tyrol. With the exception of Melchior Anderegg, there is not, perhaps, another guide of such wide experience, or one who has been so invariably successful; and his numerous employers concur in saying that there

is not a truer heart or a surer foot to be found amongst the Alps.

Before recrossing the chain to Courmayeur we ascended the Aiguille Verte. In company with Mr. Reilly I inspected this mountain from every direction in 1864, and came to the conclusion that an ascent could more easily be made from the south than upon any other side. We set out upon the 28th from Chamounix to attack it, minus Croz, and plus



ON THE MER DE GLACE.

a porter (of whom I will speak more particularly presently), leaving our comrade very downcast at having to kick his heels in idleness, whilst we were about to scale the most celebrated of his native aiguilles.

Our course led us over the old Mer de Glace, the glacier made famous by De Saussure and Forbes. The heat of the day was over, but the little rills and rivulets were still flowing along the surface of the ice; cutting deep troughs where the gradients were small, leaving

ripple-marks where the water was with more difficulty confined to one channel, and falling over the precipitous walls of the great crevasses, sometimes in bounding cascades, and sometimes in diffused streams, which marked the perpendicular faces with graceful sinuosities.\* As night came on, their music died away, the rivulets dwindled down to rills, the rills ceased to murmur, and the spark-

\* Admirably rendered in the accompanying drawing by Mr. Cyrus Johnson. The "ripple-marks" are seen in the engraving upon p. 502.

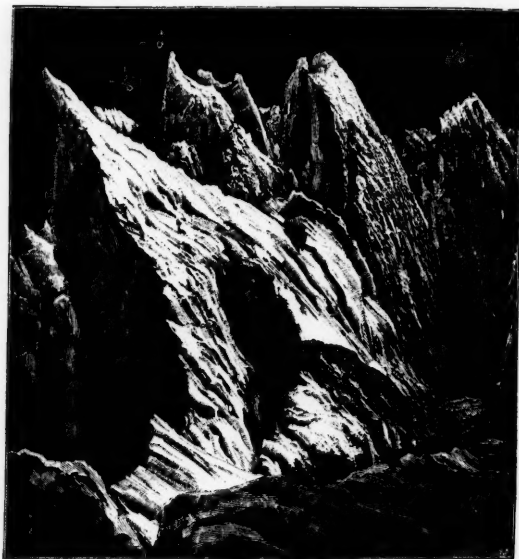
ling drops, caught by the hand of frost, were bound to the ice, coating it with an enameled film which lasted until the sun struck the glacier once more.

The weathering of the walls of crevasses, which *obscures* the internal structure of the glacier, has led some to conclude that the stratification which is seen in the higher glacier-regions is *obliterated* in the lower ones. Others—Agassiz and Mr. John Ball, for example—have disputed this opinion, and my own experiences accord with those of these accu-

gled strata of pure and of imperfect ice, and see clearly enough that the primitive structure of the glacier has not been effaced, although it has been obscured.

We camped on the Couvercle (seventy-eight hundred feet) under a great rock, and at 3.15 the next morning started for our aiguille, leaving the porter in charge of the tent and of the food. Two hours' walking over crisp snow brought us up more than four thousand feet, and within about sixteen hundred feet of the summit. From no other direction can it

be approached so closely with equal facility. Thence the mountain steepens. After his late severe piece of ice-work, Almer had a natural inclination for rocks; but the lower rocks of the final peak of the Verte were not inviting, and he went on and on, looking for a way up them, until we arrived in front of a great snow-couloir that led from the Glacier de Talèfre right up to the crest of the ridge connecting the summit of the Verte with the mountain called Les Droites. This was the route which I intended to be taken, but Almer pointed out that the gully narrowed at the lower part, and that if stones fell we



ON THE MER DE GLACE.

rate observers. It is, undoubtedly, very difficult to trace stratification in the lower ends of the Alpine glaciers, but we are not, upon that account, entitled to conclude that the original structure of the ice has been obliterated. There are thousands of crevasses in the upper regions upon whose walls no traces of bedding are apparent, and we might say, with equal unreasonableness, that it was obliterated there also. Take an axe and clear away the ice which has formed from water trickling down the faces and the weathered ice beneath, and you will expose sections of the min-

should stand some chance of getting our heads broken; and so we went on still more to the east of the summit, to another and smaller couloir which ran up side by side with the great one. At 5.30 we crossed the schrund which protected the final peak, and a few minutes afterward saw the summit and the whole of the intervening route. "Oh, Aiguille Verte!" said my guide, stopping as he said it, "you are dead, you are dead!" which, being translated into plain English, meant that he was cock-sure we should make its ascent.

Almer is a quiet man at all times.



When climbing he is taciturn, and this is one of his great merits. A garrulous man is always a nuisance, and upon the mountain-side he may be a danger, for actual climbing requires a man's whole attention. Added to this, talkative men are hindrances: they are usually thirsty, and a thirsty man is a drag.

Guide-books recommend mountain-walkers to suck pebbles to prevent their throats from becoming parched. There is not much goodness to be got out of the pebbles, but you cannot suck them and keep the mouth open at the same time, and hence the throat does not become dry. It answers just as well to keep the mouth shut, without any pebbles inside—indeed, I think, better; for if you have occasion to open your mouth you can do so without swallowing any pebbles.\* As a rule, amateurs, and particularly novices, *will not* keep their mouths shut. They attempt to "force the pace;" they go faster than they can go without being compelled to open their mouths to breathe; they pant, their throats and tongues become parched; they drink and perspire copiously, and, becoming exhausted, declare that the dryness of the air or the rarefaction of the air (everything is laid upon the air) is in fault. On several accounts, therefore, a mountain-climber does well to hold his tongue when he is at his work.

At the top of the small gully we crossed over the intervening rocks into the large one, and followed it so long as it was filled with snow. At last ice replaced snow, and we turned over to the rocks upon its left. Charming rocks they were—granitic in texture, gritty, holding the nails well. At 9.45 we parted from them, and completed the ascent by a little ridge of snow which descended in the direction of the Aiguille du Moine. At 10.15 we stood on the summit (13,540 feet), and devoured our bread and cheese with a good appetite.

I have already spoken of the disappointing nature of purely panoramic

views. That seen from Mont Blanc itself is notoriously unsatisfactory. When you are upon that summit you look down upon all the rest of Europe. There is nothing to look up to—all is below: there is no one point for the eye to rest upon. The man who is there is somewhat in the position of one who has attained all that he desires—he has nothing to aspire to: his position must needs be unsatisfactory. Upon the summit of the Verte there is not this objection. You see valleys, villages, fields; you see mountains interminable rolling away, lakes resting in their hollows; you hear the tinkling of the sheep-bells as it rises through the clear mountain air, and the roar of the avalanches as they descend to the valleys; but above all there is the great white dome, with its shining crest high above; with its sparkling glaciers, that descend between buttresses which support them; with its brilliant snows, purer and yet purer the farther they are removed from this unclean world.

Even upon this mountain-top it was impossible to forget the world, for some vile wretch came to the Jardin and made hideous sounds by blowing upon a horn. Whilst we were denouncing him a change came over the weather: cumulous clouds gathered in all directions, and we started off in hot haste. Snow began to fall heavily before we were off the summit-rocks, our track was obscured and frequently lost, and everything became so sloppy and slippery that the descent took as long as the ascent. The schrund was recrossed at 3.15 P. M., and thence we raced down to the Couvercle, intending to have a carouse there; but as we rounded our rock a howl broke simultaneously from all three of us, for the porter had taken down the tent, and was in the act of moving off with it. "Stop, there! what are you doing?" He observed that he had thought we were killed, or at least lost, and was going to Chamounix to communicate his ideas to the *guide chef*. "Unfasten the tent and get out the food." But instead of doing so, the porter fumbled in his pockets. "Get out the food," we roared, losing all patience. "Here it is," said our worthy

\* I heard lately of two well-known mountaineers who, under the influence of sudden alarm, *swallowed their crystals*. I am happy to say that they were able to cough them up again.

friend, producing a dirty piece of bread about as big as a half-penny roll. We three looked solemnly at the fluff-covered morsel. It was past a joke—he had devoured everything. Mutton, loaves, cheese, wine, eggs, sausages—all was gone past recovery. It was idle to grumble and useless to wait. We were light, and could move quickly—the porter was laden inside and out. We went our hardest—he had to shuffle and trot. He streamed with perspiration; the mutton and cheese oozed out in big drops; he larded the glacier. We had our revenge, and dried our clothes at the same time, but when we arrived at the Montanvert the porter was as wet as we had been upon our arrival at the Couvercle. We halted at the inn to get a little food, and at a quarter-past eight re-entered Chamounix amidst firing of cannon and other demonstrations of satisfaction on the part of the hotel-keepers.

One would have thought that the ascent of this mountain, which had been frequently assailed before without success, would have afforded some gratification to a population whose chief support is derived from tourists, and that the prospect of the perennial flow of francs which might be expected to result from it would have stifled the jealousy consequent on the success of foreigners.\*

It was not so. Chamounix stood on its rights. A stranger had ignored their regulations, had imported two foreign guides, and furthermore he had added injury to that insult—he had not taken a single Chamounix guide. Chamounix would be revenged! It would bully the foreign guides: it would tell them they had lied—they had not made the ascent! Where were their proofs? Where was the flag upon the summit?

Poor Almer and Biener were accordingly chivied from pillar to post, from one inn to another, and at length complained to me. Peter Perrin, the Zermatt guide, said on the night that we returned that this was to happen, but the story seemed too absurd to be true. I now bade my men go out again, and follow-

ed them myself to see the sport. Chamounix was greatly excited. The bureau of the *guide chef* was thronged with clamoring men. Their ringleader—one Zacharie Cachat, a well-known guide, of no particular merit, but not a bad fellow—was haranguing the multitude. He met with more than his match. My friend Kennedy, who was on the spot, heard of the disturbance and rushed into the fray, confronted the burly guide and thrust back his absurdities into his teeth.

There were the materials for a very pretty riot, but they manage these things better in France than we do, and the gendarmes—three strong—came down and dispersed the crowd. The guides quailed before the cocked hats, and retired to cabarets to take little glasses of absinthe and other liquors more or less injurious to the human frame. Under the influence of these stimulants they conceived an idea which combined revenge with profit. "You have ascended the Aiguille Verte, you say. *We* say we don't believe it. *We* say, Do it again! Take three of us with you, and we will bet you two thousand francs to one thousand that you won't make the ascent!"

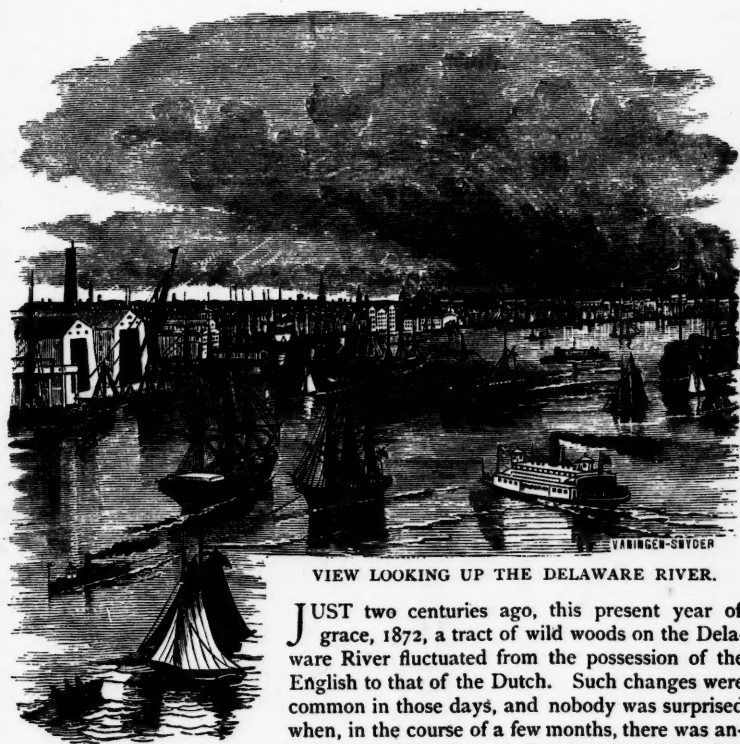
This proposition was formally notified to me, but I declined it with thanks, and recommended Kennedy to go in and win. I accepted, however, a hundred-franc share in the bet, and calculated upon getting two hundred per cent. on my investment. Alas! how vain are human expectations! Zacharie Cachat was put into confinement, and although Kennedy actually ascended the aiguille a week later with two Chamounix guides and Peter Perrin, the bet came to nothing.†

The weather arranged itself just as this storm in a teapot blew over, and we left at once for the Montanvert, in order to show the Chamouniards the easiest way over the chain of Mont Blanc, in return for the civilities which we had received from them during the past three days.

† It should be said that we received the most polite apologies for this affair from the chief of the gendarmes, and an invitation to lodge a complaint against the ringleaders. We accepted his apologies and declined his invitation. Needless to add, Michel-Croz took no part in the demonstration.

\* The Chamounix tariff price for the ascent of the aiguille is now placed at four pounds *per guide*.

## SKETCHES OF PHILADELPHIA.\*



VIEW LOOKING UP THE DELAWARE RIVER.

of Fortune's wheel, and the thinly-scattered settlers on Delaware received notice to renew their allegiance to the crown of England. This was the last time that the site of Philadelphia changed owners before it became, in common with other parts of the United States, independent enough to own itself.

Six years later, the ship *Shield*, from Hull, was sailing up the Delaware, bound for Burlington, and, when passing a place called by the Indians "Kúeque-náku," sailed so close to the bold bluff

\* The illustrations accompanying this article are from *Philadelphia and its Environs*, a profusely illustrated description of the city and its surrounding points of interest, including Fairmount Park, which will be published shortly by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

JUST two centuries ago, this present year of grace, 1872, a tract of wild woods on the Delaware River fluctuated from the possession of the English to that of the Dutch. Such changes were common in those days, and nobody was surprised when, in the course of a few months, there was another turn

which formed the river-bank that her spars struck the overhanging boughs of the trees. Thereupon, says the chronicler, "the passengers were induced to exclaim, 'What a fine place for a town!'" Conceive, if you can, some modern Methuselah who, having sailed with the other passengers for Burlington on that memorable voyage, and dwelt in distant lands ever since, should now return, and on some fine morning of this year again come sailing up the Delaware! Would he not need to rub up both his spectacles and his geography before he could recognize the "high and dry bank," with the densely-wooded table-land behind it, in the crowding houses stretching now beyond the reach of his tele-

scope; or the silent river, then for the first time furrowed by a keel, in the sail-flecked and steamer-burdened stream up which he would now make his way?

In the days when Methuselahs were possible life did not move so fast. One could "go into a far country" for a hundred years or so, and find things on his

return pretty much as he had left them; but in these days, and especially in this country, progress is so rapid that one cannot retire from the world for a single week without feeling that he has lost something and dropped behind the age.

Let us walk about the Philadelphia of 1872, and see what we can find in it that



SCENE ON CHESTNUT STREET.

is worthy of notice, or rather what of all the noteworthy subjects that crowd upon us we shall have time to notice.

We find a busy, thriving city, with a boundary enclosing one hundred and twenty square miles of territory, with a population of six hundred and seventy-five thousand souls, lodged in one hundred and twenty thousand dwelling-houses, operating eighty-five hundred factories, and producing three hundred and forty millions of dollars' worth of manufactures annually. Here is a flattering display of figures, and the more

one tries to realize them the bigger they seem.

But whether we come from the East, over three thousand miles of sea, or from the West, over three thousand miles of land, or, with our imaginary Methuselah, from the Past, over two hundred years of time, we do not visit first the shops and factories, or even the "objects of interest," in order to see Philadelphia. We begin with an outside view. We step from the dépot or the wharf into a street-car, pay our willing six cents and our begrudged one cent,

and are rolled away to our hotel. We eat our dinner, and, afterward, our first "object of interest" is Chestnut street.

Chestnut street, the Philadelphia of Philadelphia, with its throngs of gayly-dressed promenaders on the dollar side and its comparatively untrodden shilling side; with its gorgeous show-windows set in the fronts of handsome stores, its rattling carriage-way, its fashion and its folly and its show, who hath seen Chestnut street hath seen the life of the city. Varied are the aspects of this beautiful street, and various are the phases of life one may see along its course. Early in the morning its pavements are thronged with a multitude of people, a stream of human life setting steadily and swiftly eastward. These are the toilers, the bone and sinew, the sturdy understratum upon which society and the state itself are built. And as in the progress of civilization, so in this miniature of it, the pioneers march first. The men who dig and delve, the workers with brawn and muscle only, lead the van of the army of toilers. To these succeed workers a little higher in the social scale, whose work is of a finer order—store-clerks, shop-girls, tradesmen; then the brain-workers—the innumerable host of clerks in banks and offices, writers, accountants, bookkeepers; and, finally, as the morning grows old, and it is time for the important business of the day, come the merchant princes, the men of wealth and standing—men whose movements are recorded and whose will is felt across a continent: these come last, and with their coming the full life and vigor of the day begin.

Now there is no longer a tide setting steadily in one direction, but, instead, the street is filled with an ever-shifting throng of intermingling people whom it is almost impossible to classify. Many of them are idlers seeking to kill time or visitors setting out to "see the sights." Many, perhaps most, of them are ladies taking a morning walk, or combining business and pleasure by doing small shopping; for it has been remarked that the first lady-shoppers in the morning rarely wish to make extensive purchases,

but almost invariably have a pattern which they wish to match, and, the match being found, they buy enough to finish some article already under way. So universal is this custom that dry-goods clerks designate all their early customers by the general title of "matchers." As the day rolls on the aspect of the street changes again, and it puts on its fashionable attire. All the long afternoon it rustles with silks and shines with bright colors. Its sidewalks are brilliant now with the beauty for which Philadelphia is noted, and the street is recognized as belonging, for the time being, to the ladies, by right of possession and occupancy. This is the aspect under which Chestnut street should be seen; and, thus seen on a fine day, it will not soon be forgotten.

At this time, perhaps more than at any other, is Chestnut street the epitome of the city. Beginning at the Delaware, it cleaves its way first through the realms of commerce, between gloomy buildings dark with age and redolent of all the unsavory things which seem to pertain so conspicuously to the sea—past stores with uncouth signs designed to catch the eyes of the seafaring men who stand in groups about them; gradually losing the aspect of the sea as it climbs the hill and enters the region of the wholesale trade—a region of high walls and narrow sidewalks, made still narrower by perpetual bales of cotton and boxes of dry-goods, and barrels, and crates, and bulky packages; a region of money-changers and telegraph-wires and of much work done in a magical kind of way, which makes small stir, but is productive of great results.

Here is little of the fashion and the brilliance of the upper street, but, instead, a throng of busy men, of loitering errand-boys, lusty-throated newsboys and vagrant street Arabs. Here the apple-woman flourishes and the cake-stand is well patronized. Here the peanut-roaster is continually in motion, the itinerant vender of unwholesome sweets plies a lucrative trade, and numerous gastronomic temptations bear witness to the appetites of men.





THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AND THE POST-OFFICE.

Above Fourth street is the region devoted to the public business. Here are the Custom-house, the Post-office and the United States Court rooms, the Mayor's Office and Independence Hall; while on the other side of the street stand the Philadelphia Bank, the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, the Board of Trade rooms, and the American Hotel.

Above this we come to the domain of mind, the region especially favored by the newspapers. Here are the *Ledger*, the *Day*, the *Bulletin*, the German *Demokrat*, the *Press*, and the *Sunday Transcript*, all near neighbors; and round

the corner, in Seventh street, the *Age*, the *Post*, the *Star*, the *Item*, and the *Herald* agree far more closely in choice of location than they do in politics. Three-fourths of the daily papers published in the city are here included within the limits of a single square.

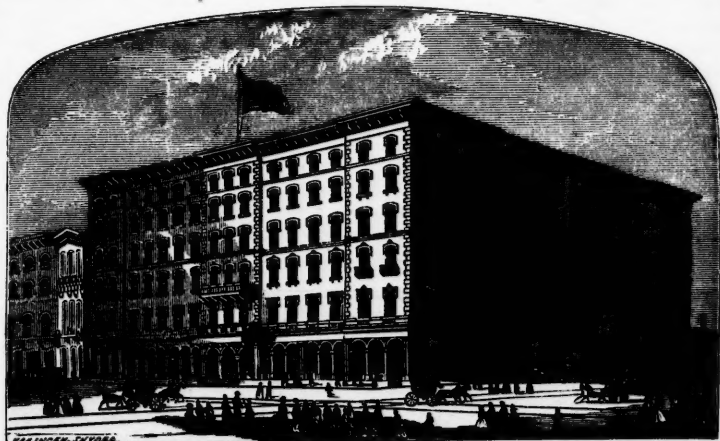
Now comes a region of light and fashion and beauty—an enchanted ground where visions of wondrously beautiful things constantly rise before the eyes of lovely princesses, who vainly sigh to possess them unless they know and can wield the incantation which dissolves the spell—the one mystical word *Schats*



which dissolves every spell and gives the happy princess all she wishes.

Here are bazaars stored with all the

treasures of the East and the West; magnificent caravanseries, the Continental, the Girard, and the lesser hos-



CONTINENTAL HOTEL.

telries, for the entertainment of merchant and traveler; stores filled with every luxury—paintings and sculptures and books, and all the products of the

loom—all to be had by the happy possessor of *Schatz*; and still farther west, near to where Broad street once formed the western limit of trade, stands the



UNITED STATES MINT.

very temple of *Schatz*—the Mint, with its marble columns rising stately before the door through which an ever-coveted

stream of wealth is continually flowing, and behind which busy machinery grinds out daily stores of gold and silver coin,

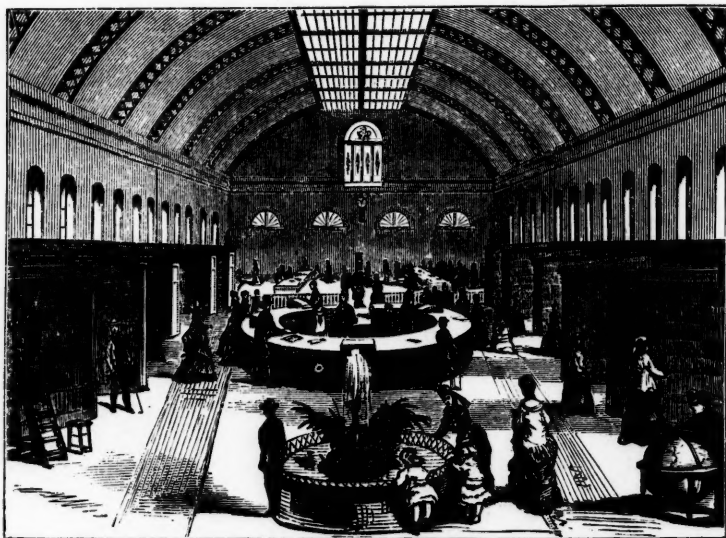
as the Mællstrom in the old story grinds out the salt which freshens and keeps alive the sea.

Out of the glitter and the pageantry into the peaceful quiet of home and its associations goes the street. For square after square its course lies between state-ly dwellings, until it leaps the Schuylkill and runs at first past blocks solidly built, then by pleasant country-seats, and loses itself at last among peaceful farms.

Thus it is with the city, whether we view it historically, socially or geograph-

ically. Beginning with the landing of a few adventurous spirits, who settled by the water's edge, and depended on the seldom-visiting vessels for their intercourse with the world at large; expanding with time to bold enterprises of trade and manufactures; early made a favorite home of literature and science; now a fair city, beautifully situated and handsomely built.

So in its social aspect: the foundation of the city's prosperity is found in the enormous amount of labor constantly performed in it, in trade and commerce and manufactures; and on these, and



MERCANTILE LIBRARY—INTERIOR.

out of these, grow wealth and ease and luxury. The geographical disposition of the city follows closely the line indicated by Chestnut street, with one important exception—there is no section of the street which epitomizes the vast industrial works which are the city's chief support. But they may be classed next to the retail trade, as they seem to linger on its outskirts. They form a region of smoke and dirt and noise, but beyond them lie the homes of the people, and beyond these the country.

Six o'clock strikes, and before the

echoes have died away the tide which rolled so strongly eastward in the morning is flowing with even heavier current toward the west. The day is done, and the tired workers, pouring out from store and mill and factory, are returning to those cheap but comfortable homes which Philadelphia provides so liberally for her mechanics and artisans, and of which she is so justly proud. We will follow them presently, but we have not yet seen all the phases of life on Chestnut street.

There is silence and comparative

solitude for the space of about an hour after the stores have closed and the business of the day is ended; and then the tide flows again on its way to theatres and other places of amusement. All the evening there is more or less of life on this street, contrasting strongly with the quiet of the neighboring thor-

oughfares. Later in the evening, when the theatres close and their audiences are again homeward bound, there is still another flow of life along the street, but it is of short duration, and when it ends the curtain falls and the drama of the day is ended. True, there is still much to be seen. The pavements echo all



HORTICULTURAL HALL.

night long to the tread of passing feet. The hotels are open and the horse-cars run all night, but we have seen the street, and there is nothing to be gained by tarrying longer.

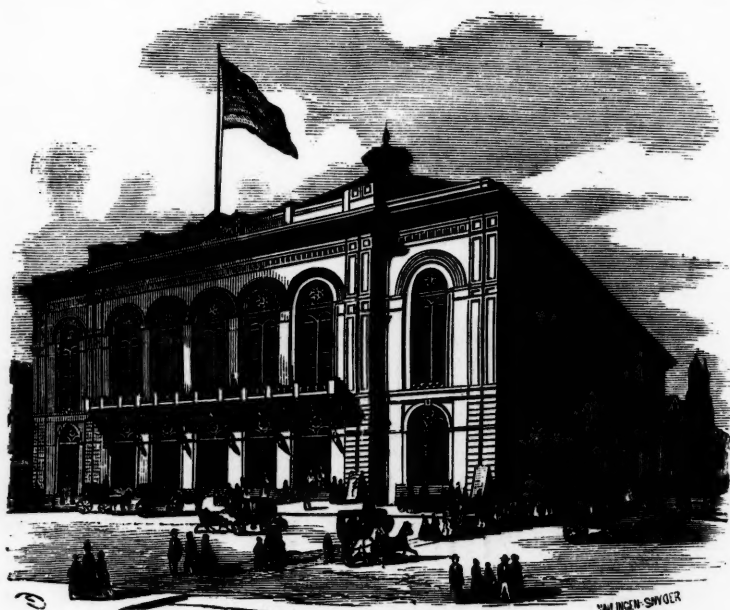
As we visit Chestnut street to see the people, so we visit Broad street to see handsome buildings. It is not too much to say that in the course of a few years this will be the handsomest street on the

continent. A boulevard fifteen miles in length, one hundred and fifteen feet wide, straight as an arrow, and lined from end to end with magnificent public and private edifices,—this is what Broad street is destined to be in the near future. Already the finest buildings in the city stand on its course. Beginning with Horticultural Hall and its next neighbor, the Academy of Music—the latter

the largest opera-house in the United States—passing the grandest Masonic Hall in the country, and the site of what are designed to be model buildings for municipal purposes—passing numbers of beautiful churches and aristocratic residences—Broad street has already so far wrought out its destiny that it is now inevitably fixed, and must go on to a glorious culmination. Other streets may degenerate and fall victims to the ever-

grasping spirit of Trade, but this cannot: it must ever be the most beautiful avenue of the city.

Arch street has been the street of homes ever since it has had an existence. It is a prim old Quaker street, and the houses, ranged in long uniform rows along its squares, have a sober, Quakerish look about them. It has ever seemed proud of the honor of containing the grave of Franklin, and has



AMERICAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

watched over it so assiduously that it has forgotten to keep pace with Time, and has an ancient air, as if the last century had not yet entirely faded away from it. Nevertheless, modern improvements are slowly forcing their way, and the eastern end of the street is now given up to business. It has forgotten enough of its early prejudices to consent to the establishment of a theatre—though it still insists upon having only the legitimate drama represented in it—and there are a couple of quietly good hotels along its route.

Let us next step over to Market street, the great business centre. No fashionable promenade here: dainty dresses and glossy boots would suffer much tribulation among these piles of boxes and barrels and on these unswept crossings. Here are two miles of street devoted to business, pure and simple, hard and practical. Immense wholesale houses, huge freight dépôts, trains of cars, and endless lines of drays, carts and wagons, loaded with every conceivable object of barter and sale, from silks to steam-engines,—these are the prominent features

of Market street. Unless one is interested in particular buildings, any one square of this street may serve as a sample of the whole.

Delaware avenue is a street *sui generis*,

and should not be omitted. Running along the bank of the Delaware, one side of it is lined with solid blocks of wholesale houses which deal in the products brought by sea, and in the various



VIEW ON MARKET STREET.

commodities incident to marine equipage; while on the other side rolls the Delaware, its broad bosom covered with arriving and departing sails. Puffing tugs dash hither and thither, ferry-boats glide across to the Jersey shore, steamers ply up and down, and great ships come and lie at the wharves, their bowsprits reaching far over the street, and almost

breaking the windows on the other side. All along the street tall ships on one side confront tall houses on the other; all along it rushes an endless stream of drays, carts and wagons piled high with merchandise; and all along it is a panoramic succession of strange and curious scenes. At Spruce street wharf a fleet of oyster-boats is unloading immense quan-

ties of the luscious bivalves, which men seated on the wharf or on the decks of the vessels are rapidly divesting of their shells. During the heated term, when the months have no *r* in their names and oysters are tabooed, this fleet disappears, only to be immediately replaced by another, which discharges on Dock street wharf, next adjoining, such moun-

tains of fruit and vegetables that one stands appalled at the thought that all this is but one day's rations for the great city, and that to-morrow morning an equal supply must be on hand. Here, in the season of peaches, early risers may see stores of fruit of bewildering vastness discharging from vessels which have come hither in the night. The



VIEW ON DELAWARE AVENUE.

wharf is piled with boxes and baskets, the street is encumbered with them, they fill up the sidewalk, and an army of wagons can scarcely carry them away.

There are some peculiar ways of living here. The ubiquitous fruit-stand is, of course, at almost every corner; cakes and pies thickly covered with powdered sugar attract the hungry sailors and

warehousemen, and sidewalk restaurants, with formidable bills of fare, abound in this as in other business streets. At one corner a negro tempts you with a basket of boiled crabs; at another an Italian adds hot fritters to the attractions of his stand. Provided with a bowl of dough, a charcoal furnace and a frying-pan half filled with



melted lard, he scoops up a spoonful of dough, drops it into the pan, and in a few moments takes it out again, a brown, savory, unctuous mass, which the hungry workmen eagerly buy and shift from hand to hand until it is cool enough to eat. In summer, corn-fritters take the place of the winter "dough-balls," and are no less eagerly relished. At these plebeian restaurants every article on the bill of fare costs either five or ten cents. Beefsteak, pork-and-beans, ham-and-eggs, and a long list of meats and vegetables, are each ten cents, and the supply of each article is sufficient for a moderate dinner. A favorite dish is "pot-pie," of which a heaping plateful is furnished for a dime. Tea and coffee are contained in large copper vessels kept hot by spirit-lamps: their price varies at different establishments, from five to ten cents a cup. For some inscrutable reason pie and milk seem to be inseparably associated in the minds of the venders, and a glass of milk is furnished with whatever kind of pie the guest chooses to call for. These humble restaurants are largely patronized by newsboys, 'longshoremen, car-drivers, sailors and negroes. They have no sympathy with the pampered appetites of the more aristocratic portion of society, and make no distinction of dishes for different meals.

Before visiting the noted buildings which abound in the city, let us cast a glance at the homes of the people. These are the chief cause of the rapid growth of the city and the wide extent of ground covered by it. There is no overcrowding, but each family has a house to itself, or, at most, shares it with one other, and the poorest as well as the richest may have a sufficient extent of living room. In all the outskirts of the city, and in many places in the heart of it, are squares of two- and three-story brick houses, the homes of the laboring classes and of those in moderate circumstances. They are cheap and comfortable, and are connected with the business part of the city by numerous lines of horse-cars, which run almost literally past every man's door, and transport

him at a trifling expense to the most distant quarter of the city.

In the newer portions of the city and on the outskirts are great numbers of more pretentious houses built in couples, and generally of some kind of stone, a favorite variety being brownstone laid up in the rubble or "hap-hazard" style. Each of these twin dwellings has a pair of diminutive yards in front and a couple of larger proportions in the rear. Each half contains a parlor, sitting-room and kitchen on the first floor, three bed-rooms and a bath-room on the second floor, and on the third either two or three more rooms. These are for people who can afford to pay from eight hundred to twelve hundred dollars a year rent.

All through the more aristocratic streets are stately private houses, each built according to the owner's fancy, breaking up the long lines of uniform dwellings which would otherwise earn for Philadelphia the reputation for monotony which she now unjustly bears, and pleasing the eye of the passer-by with new and varied beauties of design and finish. The number of such houses is a flattering indication of the wealth of the city.

The growth of the city is a subject of unceasing wonder to strangers. Last year's record looks large on paper, but to appreciate it fully one should visit the outskirts and see the amazing rapidity with which the ground is covered with substantial buildings. Here are the figures for 1871: 7 foundries, 64 factories, 127 stores, 732 unclassified buildings, and 5365 dwellings! Total, 6295, or enough to make a city as large as Harrisburg—all put up in a single year.

It is interesting to watch the growth of a city, not by a series of comparisons carried through a long period of time, but by a steady process of brick and mortar carried on under the very eye of the observer, and so rapidly that he can appreciate the progress made in a single day. A characteristic scene of this kind was displayed a few months ago in the neighborhood of Diamond street, the northern limit, for the time being, of several up-town streets. Here a deep depression in the surface of the ground

was to be filled and graded before the work of building could go on. The brick phalanxes had been pushed up to the very verge of the cavity, and the last regiments were then fast forming into line. Behind them, as far as the eye could reach, stood solid ranks of houses where scarcely more than a twelvemonth before had been open fields, and before the lines could be thrown across the

newly-opened street there must be a place prepared for them to stand on. This was then being done. A multitude of carts sent avalanches of earth down the high embankment, which was constantly encroaching on the shallow duck-pond thirty feet or more below the level of the street. On the south side of the street a quarter of a mile of houses were growing simultaneously upward from the



WALNUT STREET RESIDENCE.

surface of the new-made ground, scarcely yet settled in its bed. A convenient brickyard, established on a reserved lot, was industriously turning out kilnfuls of bricks, which were built into houses with-in sight of the spot where the clay was dug; and a short distance below, Diamond street itself was just being opened. By the time this article is printed all those houses, and thousands more which were

then in the same stage of growth, will be finished and occupied, to be succeeded by equally solid blocks rising still beyond them, and pushing the outskirts of the city farther and farther into the green fields around it.

This seems to answer the question continually arising in one's mind as he surveys the throngs in the business part of the city: "Where do all the people

live?" What they live on may be guessed from the returns for the year 1871, when the city consumed 125,000 beeves, 11,000 cows, 200,000 hogs, 790,000 sheep and 420,000 barrels of flour, and drank, or otherwise disposed of, 13,569,041,211 gallons of water, to say nothing of other fluids. No record is kept of the vegetables, which must make an enormous aggregate in the course of the year.

We have seen, too, how the Philadelphian conducts himself on week-days.

On Sunday, if piously inclined, he goes to church: if not, he has a wide range of cheap and healthful recreation in which to indulge. He can always go to Fairmount Park, whose hospitable gates, leading to eleven miles of shade and greenery, are never closed, and which can be reached for a few cents from any part of the city; and he does go there, twenty thousand of him at a time, on pleasant afternoons. It is noticeable, however, that the majority of the Sun-



LINCOLN MONUMENT.

day visitors to the Park are Germans; while the crowds that fill the public squares at the same time display quite as marked a preponderance of Irish. The American, of course, is to be seen everywhere, but the genuine American mind is not yet entirely emancipated from the strict Sabbath-keeping views of his ancestors. Those who go out seem to prefer a quiet stroll on Broad street, and the more dashing spirits dearly love a spin behind a fast team along the same noble boulevard. Many pleasant resorts are also within easy reach by

rail, and the Germantown and Norristown railroad transports thousands every Sunday during the summer to little parks or shady groves in the environs of the city and to the lovely valley of the Wissahickon. Other thousands go on cheap steamboat-excursions up or down the Delaware; and all have the means, if they wish to use them, to secure rest and recreation from the toils of the past week and to store up health and strength for the duties of the coming one.

The "lions" of Philadelphia are well known to fame. There are few school-

children in any part of the United States who are not familiar with the names of Independence Hall, the Treaty Tree and Girard College; and there are, perhaps, still fewer who know any more about them than their names. Every true Philadelphian is immensely proud of Independence Hall—"the Birthplace of Liberty," as he is fond of calling it—and

of Carpenters' Hall, the place where the first Continental Congress met; where the first steps were taken in the great movement which culminated in Independence Hall; where Adams, Hancock, Jefferson, Henry and their compeers made the walls ring with patriotic eloquence; and where the independence of the nation had its real birth. The



SCENE ON BROAD STREET.

worthy Company of Carpenters have rescued the place from the degradation in which it was sunk so long, have hung its walls with interesting mementoes, and dedicated it as an object of respect and patriotic veneration for ever; but so retired is it in its little court below Fourth street that hundreds pass it daily without knowing of its existence.

The Treaty Monument in Kensington, which marks the spot where the old elm tree stood under which Penn made his memorable treaty with the Indians, and Franklin's Grave, in the old churchyard on the corner of Fifth and Arch streets, are also among the relics of the past which Philadelphia venerates and religiously preserves.

The two old churches which date back to the foundation of the city are well worth a visit. The "Old Swedes' Church," in Southwark, is the most ancient church edifice in the city, and Christ Church, on Second street, above Market, is but a few years its junior. Both are rich fields of antiquarian study. The first is chiefly interesting from its age (it was built in 1700), and from the fact that its yard contains the remains of Alexander Wil-

son, the ornithologist. The other is identified with all the early history of the city, from the time of Penn to that of Washington.

Girard College is too well known to need description. Built in accordance with the will of Stephen Girard, who bequeathed two millions of dollars for its erection and support, it has ever been the grandest charity of which Philadelphia could boast. It now maintains and



SCENE ON THE WISSAHICKON.

educates five hundred and fifty "poor white male orphans"—a number which the municipal Board of Public Trusts hopes, in time, to treble.

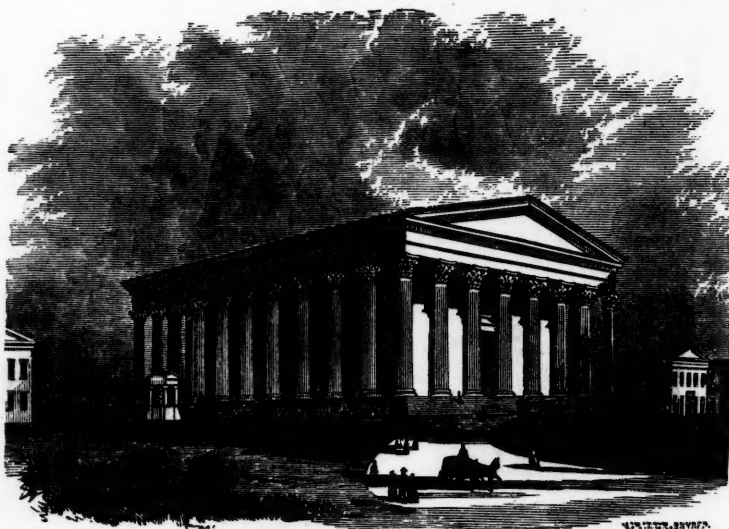
Philadelphia was the first city in the Union to adopt the combined police-and-fire-alarm telegraph system; and since the recent establishment of an organized and paid fire department this system has been more efficient than ever before.

In walking along the streets the visitor will often notice iron boxes of uncouth

form and inscribed with certain almost illegible letters and figures, attached to telegraph-poles, while up the pole extends a stout iron rod connecting with a wire at its upper end. These are signal-boxes: every fire-engine house, police station, and railroad dépôt in the city is supplied with one, and, as we have seen, there are many attached to poles in the open air. Every member of the police force has a key to these boxes, and is furnished with instructions how to use

them. Patrolman 520—let us say—in making his rounds discovers a fire in house No. 1750 Vine street. He immediately goes to the nearest signal-box—say No. 23—opens it and finds within a surface of wood with a stout brass lever projecting from it. Grasping this lever, he draws it downward as far as it will go, releases it and locks up the box. Until recently the regulations required that the lever should be drawn down four times, but this is now changed. Drawing down the lever winds up the spring of a simple clockwork arrange-

ment, part of which is a ratchet wheel having, in this instance, five teeth arranged in two groups—one of two teeth, the other of three. As this wheel revolves its teeth touch a small spring, thus forming an electric current and telegraphing to the central office every contact of tooth and spring. The effect would have been called magical a hundred years ago. In a back room in the mayor's office, at Fifth and Chestnut, sits a young man surrounded by telegraph instruments, with wires radiating in every direction, and all the appurtenances of



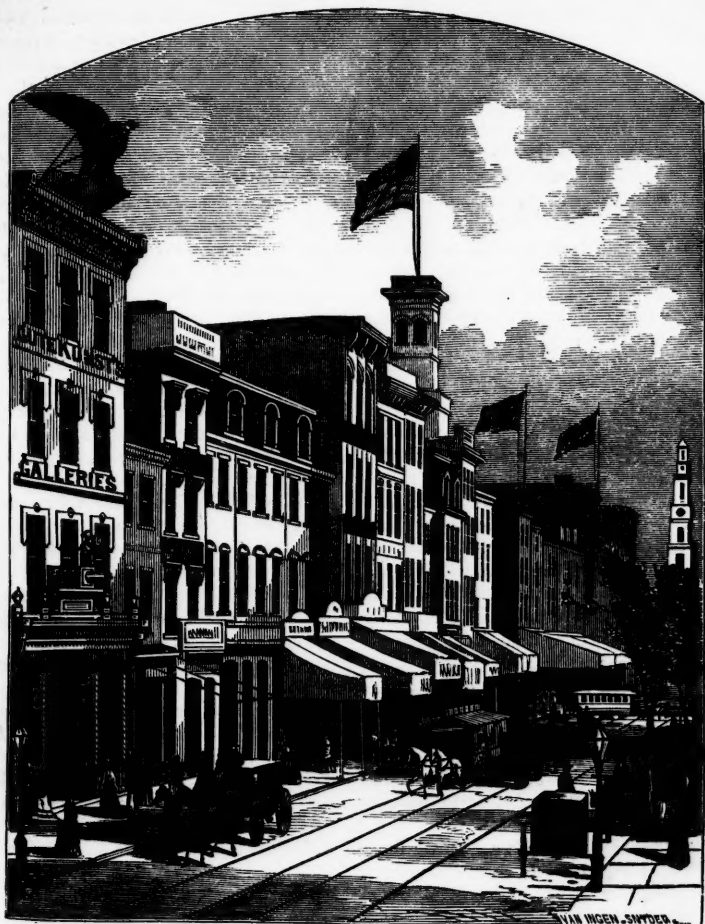
GIRARD COLLEGE.

a telegraph office scattered about. The moment Patrolman 520 performs his simple manipulation at box 23, two miles away, a little gong at the elbow of the operator in the mayor's office strikes first twice and then thrice, while at the same time a strip of paper issues from a neat wooden box on his table, marked with five dashes of ink in the same order. The signal on the gong and the message on the paper are repeated ten times, to avoid all possibility of mistake; but long before the repetition is finished the operator has touched a key and sent the

news of the fire to every part of the city. Instantly six engines, of those nearest the scene of the fire, start to the rescue of the burning building: and so rapidly is it all done that when the warning signal had to be sent four times the arriving engines sometimes interrupted the policeman while he was yet giving the alarm. Neck and neck with the steamers comes the wagon of the Insurance Patrol with its load of men, who quickly remove as many of the contents of the house as possible, and spread waterproof covers over the rest. Ropes stretch-

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VIEW ON ARCH STREET.

ed across the street keep back the crowd of idlers which is an inevitable accompaniment of every fire, and, protected by these, the firemen work with a daring and skill sure to save the building if they have a reasonable chance to do so.

Here, for the present at least, these random and desultory sketches of the

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city must close. They do not pretend to give an adequate idea of its extent, its resources or its influence: they are simply descriptive jottings of what struck the writer as a few salient points of interest; while many other points, not perhaps less worthy of notice, have been passed over in silence. H. C. S.

## THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH."

CHAPTER X.  
THE AVENGER.

Love had ordained that it was Abra's turn  
To mix the sweets and minister the urn.

SURELY nine o'clock was early enough for breakfast at this remote little inn on the top of the hill; and indeed, when we parted the night before, after our moonlight improvisation of *Fra Diavolo*, that was the hour agreed upon. Nine o'clock! Going down at a quarter-past eight, with some notion that the lieutenant might have sat up half the night consuming his wrath in the smoking of many cigars, and might now be still in bed, I heard voices. Sometimes there was a laugh—and no one who had once heard Bell's musical laugh could ever mistake it. When I went into the parlor, which had been the lieutenant's bed-room, I found that all traces of his occupation were gone; a fire was burning brightly in the grate, the breakfast-tray was laid, and Bell sat at the open window talking to Von Rosen himself, who was standing out on the pavement in the full blaze of the morning sunshine that now filled the main thoroughfare of Bourton-on-the-Hill.

Bell looks round with a startled air.

"My dear," I say to her, "traveling is doing you a world of good. Early rising is an excellent thing for young people."

"I did not know when you might want to start," says Bell gently, and rather averting her eyes, for which there was no reason whatever.

At this moment Queen Titania came down looking brisk and cheerful, as she always does in the morning. She glanced at the fire, at the clean table, at Bell sitting by the window and at the blaze of sunlight on the wall on the other side of the street, which threw Von Rosen's figure into bold relief. Apparently this pleasant picture put her into an excellent humor, and she said to the

lieutenant, with one of her brightest looks, "Well, have you been making discoveries this morning? Have you made the acquaintance of many people? Has Bourton-on-the-Hill anything peculiar about it?"

"Oh yes, madame," said the lieutenant gravely, "something very singular, which you will not like to hear. This is an English village, in the middle of the country, and yet they never have any milk here—never. They cannot get any. The farmers prefer to make butter, and they will not sell milk on any inducement."

"Why," said Tita, "that is the reason of our having no milk with our tea last evening. But is there no one the landlady can beg a little milk from?"

The lieutenant looked at Bell, and that young lady endeavored to conceal a smile. They had evidently been speculating on Tita's dismay before we came down.

"The great farmer in the neighborhood," continued the lieutenant gravely, "is a Mrs. Phillips. I think she owns all the cattle, all the milk. I did send to her a polite message an hour ago to ask if she would present us with a little of it; but no: there is no answer. At the moment that mademoiselle came down I was going up to Mrs. Phillips's farm to get the milk for you, but mademoiselle was too proud for that, and would not allow me to go, and said she would not take it now, since the woman had refused it."

"And how did you propose to overcome Mrs. Phillips's obstinacy?" asked Tita, who seemed possessed by a fear that sooner or later the predatory instincts of this Uhlan would get us into trouble.

"Oh, I do not know," said the lieutenant, and with that he held out a small book he had in his hand. "See! I have made more discoveries this morning. Here is a note-book I have found

of a young lady at school, who has been staying, perhaps, at this house; and it has given me much amusement—oh, very much amusement—and instruction also. It is just the same as if I had been in the school with her, and she has told me all about her teachers and the other girls, and all that. Shall I read some to you?"

"Now, *is* it fair," said Bell, "to peep into a young lady's secrets like that?"

"But I have done so already," replied Von Rosen coolly. "I have read it all, and now I will tell you some of it. First, there are addresses of friends—that is nothing. Then there are stitches of knitting—that is nothing, only the young lady seems correct and methodist—no, methodical, I should say. Then there are notes of lectures, and very much good information in them—oh, very good indeed. I am not surprised your English young ladies know very much. Let me see: 'Epic poetry we like, because they treat of great men and great actions. *Paradise Lost* admired for its noble language. Milton a Puritan. England receives solidity of character from the Puritans. Dryden and Byron are not read, although very great. Byron hated his own race—is not a good poet to read.' This is very good instruction, but she hastens now to put down something about two other girls, who were perhaps at the lecture. She says: 'Shocking, impertinent, ill-bred creatures: my spirit recoils from them.' Then there is a question addressed to her neighbor: 'Do you see how Miss Williams has got her hair done?'"

Here Queen Titania protested against these revelations, and would have held out her hand for the book, but the lieutenant only stepped back a few inches from the window and said, seriously, "There is much better information to come. Here she puts down in order the phrases which one of the masters has used to her class—polite phrases, she says, to use to ladies: '1. You degrade yourselves. 2. How much more kitchen-maidism? 3. Simply offensive. 4. It shows how you have been brought up. 5. I will put a stop to this impertinence.

6. Silence, ladies! 7. Prettv conduct! Will your dignity allow you to sit down?' I am afraid he has had an unruly class. But just at the end of this there is a very curious thing. There are three lines all surrounded by a scroll, and do you know what is written?—'A woman can do *anything* with a man by not contradicting him;' and underneath the scroll is written, 'Don't I wish this was true? HELEN M——.' None of the rest is written so clearly as this."

"Count von Rosen, I will *not* listen to any more!" cried Tita. "It is most unfair of you to have been reading this young lady's confessions."

"I get them in a public inn: I have the right, have I not?" remonstrated the count. "It is not for pleasure, it is for my instruction, that I read. Oh, there are very strange things in this book."

"Pray give it to me," said Bell quite gently.

He had refused to surrender it to Tita, but the moment that Bell asked for it he came forward and handed it in through the window. Then he came in to breakfast.

Little time was spent at breakfast, the sun was shining too brightly outside. We called for our bill, which was brought in. It was entitled "Bill of Fare." Our dinner of the previous evening was called tea, and charged at the rate of one shilling a head. Our breakfasts were one shilling each. Our bed-rooms were one shilling each. Any traveler, therefore, who proposes to stay at Bourton-on-the-Hill, cannot do better than put up at the inn of Widow Seth Dyde, especially as there is no other; and I heartily wish that he may enjoy something of the pleasant companionship, the moonlight and the morning freshness that marked our sojourn on the top of this Worcestershire hill.

Then into the phaeton again, and away we go through the white sunlight and the light morning breeze that is blowing about those lofty woods. There is a resinous odor in the air, coming from the furze and the ferns. The road glares in the sunlight. Overhead the still blue is scarcely flecked by a cloud, but all

the same there is a prevailing coolness that makes the driving through the morning air delicious. It is a lonely country, this stretch of forest and field on the high level between Bourton and Broadway. We pass Bourton Clump, and leave Bourton Wood on the right. We skirt Upton Wold, and get on by Furze Heath. Then, all at once, the land in front of us seems to drop down: we come in sight of an immense stretch of blue plain, from which the thin mists of the morning have not wholly risen. We are on the top of the famous Broadway Hill.

By the side of the road there is a strange, old-fashioned little building, which is apparently a wayside chapel. Count von Rosen jumps down to have a look at this odd relic of our former Catholicism, which has remained on the summit of this hill for several centuries. He can discover nothing but a sign which tells that this sacred edifice now contains wines, spirits and beer; so he comes back and goes up the corner of a field opposite, where a middle-aged man, surrounded by some young folks, is making hay. In the utter stillness of the place we can hear all the questions and answers. The small building is not so very old: it never was a church. The stones there mark the boundary between Gloucester and Worcester. The view from this place is considered unrivaled for extent: you can see the Black Sandy Mountains on a very clear day.

"Indeed!" says the count. "Where are they, the mountains you speak of?"

"I don't know, sir—I've heard tell on 'em—I never wur theear."

Going down this steep hill, Tita looks anxious. A bad stumble, and we should go rolling over this little wall down into the ravine beneath. One has a far-off reminiscence of Switzerland in watching the horses pulling back at the pole in this fashion, while every bend of the road seems more precipitous than its predecessor. Then we get down to the plain, rattle through the level and straggling village of Broadway, and get into the fields again, where the sun is lying warmer than it was up over the top of the hill.

There is a small boy in a smock-frock sitting underneath the hedge, whittling a stick, while a shepherd's dog lies on the grass beside him.

"Evesham?" calls out the count as we pass, merely because there has been a little doubt about the road.

"Naw, zir," was the answer, uttered with a fine *sang-froid*.

Of course we pull up directly.

"Isn't this the way to Evesham?" I ask.

"Yaas, zir," says the boy, really looking up from his stick, but sitting still.

"This is the way to Evesham?"

"Yaas, zir."

"Do you know where it is?"

"Naw, zir."

"He is a very cautious boy," says the lieutenant, as we drive on—"a very cautious boy indeed."

"If he had been asked properly at first," says Bell with great gravity, "he would have given a proper answer. But when you say 'Evesham?' of course the boy tells you this is not Evesham."

Evesham, when we did get to it, was found a very bright, clean and lively little town, with the river Avon slowly gliding through flat meadows, forming a sort of loop around. In the quaint streets a good amount of business seemed to be going on; and as we put up the phaeton and horses at the Crown, and went off for a brief ramble through the place, we found quite an air of fashion in the costume of the young ladies and the young gentlemen whom we met. But the latter, although they had copied very accurately the prince of Wales's dress of the previous year, and had very stiff collars and prominent canes, had an odd look of robust health in their cheeks, which showed they were not familiar with Piccadilly and the Park; while the former, although they were very pretty and very neatly attired, ought not to have turned and pretended to look into the shop-windows in order to have a look at Bell's pretty gray dress and hat, and at Queen Titania's more severe but no less graceful costume. But Evesham does not often entertain two angels unawares, and some little curiosity

on the part of its inhabitants may be forgiven.

The people of Evesham are not much given to boating on the Avon; and so—postponing our usual river-excursion until we should reach the Severn—Bell besought us to go into a photographer's establishment and make experiments with our appearance. The artist in question lived in a wooden house on wheels, and there were specimens of his handiwork nailed up outside. Our entrance apparently surprised the photographer, who seemed a little nervous, and perhaps was a trifle afraid that we should smile at his efforts in art. But surely nothing could be more kindly than Bell's suggestions to him and her conversation with him; for she, as a professional herself, conducted the negotiations and arranged the groups. The artist, charmed to see that she knew all about his occult processes, and that she was a very courteous and kindly visitor, became almost confidential with her, and began to talk to her of us three as if we were but blocks of wood and of stone to be played with as these two savans chose. Of the result of the various combinations into which we were thus forced little need be said. Queen Titania came out very well, her pale, dark, clear-cut face telling in every picture, and even making you forget the tawdry bit of brass and the purple velvet of the frame. As for the rest of us, a journey is not a good time to have one's portrait taken. The flush of healthy color produced by the wind and by much burning of the sun may look very well on the natural face, but is apt to produce a different effect on glass.

The lieutenant, for example, roared with laughter when he saw himself transfigured into a ferocious bandit, with a great black beard, a dark face, with two white holes where his light-blue eyes should have been. But the moment he had laughed out he caught sight of Bell's face. The young lady looked very much vexed, and her eyes were cast down. Instantly the young man said, loud enough for the artist to hear, "I do seem to myself very ridiculous in this English

costume. When you are used to uniforms for a very long time, and all at once get into this common dress, you think yourself some other person, and you cannot help laughing at the appearance yourself makes."

Bell's eyes said "Thank you" as plainly as eyes could speak, and then she paid a very grave and gentle compliment to the artist, whom we left beaming with pride and gratitude toward the young lady.

"To go flirting with a traveling photographer!" says Queen Tita, as we went in to luncheon: "for shame, Bell!"

"No, it was only mademoiselle's good nature to the poor man," said the lieutenant with an unnecessary tone of earnest protest. "I do think he is the very happiest person in Evesham to-day—that he has not been so happy for many a day."

"I think the portraits are very good," says Bell, looking down, "if you consider how he has to work."

"Now you know you can't excuse yourself, Bell," says my lady. "You paid him compliments that would have turned any man's head; and as for the truth of them—or rather the unblushing perversion of truth in them—"

But at this moment Tita happened to be passing Bell's chair, and she put her hand very gently on the young lady's head and patted her cheek—a little caressing action which said more than a thousand protestations of affection.

Our setting out for Worcester was rather a dismal business. Were we school-children who had been playing truant, that we should regard with apprehension a return to town? Or were Bell's vague fears contagious? In vain the lieutenant sought to cheer her. She knew, and we all of us knew, that if Arthur Ashburton chose to come and ask to see her, nothing would be easier than for him to discover our whereabouts. He was aware of our route, and had been told the names of the principal towns at which we should stop. A party of four come from London in a phaeton is not a customary occurrence, and a brief inquiry at the chief hotels in any town



would be likely to give him all the information he required.

Then, as we afterward discovered, Bell had returned no answer to the letter he had sent to Oxford. She had been too much hurt, and had forborne to reply in kind. Who does not know the distracting doubts and fears that an unanswered letter, when one is at a certain age in life, may conjure up, and the terrible suspense that may prompt to the wildest action? We affected to share in Bell's dismay. The lieutenant seemed light-hearted, and as he relinquished his attempts to break the silence, he sent the horses on at a good pace, and hummed to himself broken snatches of a ballad, and talked caressingly to Castor and Pollux.

When we were a few miles from Evesham it occurred to us that we might as well ask if we were on the proper road. There seemed a curious quietness and picturesqueness about the wooded lanes through which we were driving in the calm of the twilight. At length we reached a turnpike at the corner of several unfrequented paths, and here an old lady was contentedly sewing, while her assistant, a pretty little girl of thirteen, collected the threepenny pieces. Well, we had only come about five miles out of our route. Instead of going by Pershore, we had struck away northward, and were now in a labyrinth of country lanes, by any of which we might make our way along through the still landscape to Worcester. Indeed, we had no cause to regret this error. The out-of-the-way road that runs by Flyford, Flavell and Broughton Hackett proved to be one of the pleasantest we had encountered. In the clear twilight we found ourselves driving through a silent and picturesque district, the only life visible in which was the abundant game. The partridges that were dusting themselves in the road before us did not get up and disappear with a strong, level, low flight toward some distant field, but walked sedately into the grass by the roadside, and then passed through the hedge. We saw several pheasants calmly standing at the outskirts of the woods.

The plump little rabbits ran about like mice around the fences. The sound of the phaeton wheels was the only noise heard in this peaceful solitude, and as we drove on, the dusk grew apace and the movements of bird and beast were no longer visible.

Then a new twilight arose—a faint, clear light shining up from below the horizon, and we knew the moon would speedily be glimmering through the black branches of the woods. The hamlets we passed showed streaks of red fire within their windows. There were glow-worms in the road, points of blue fire in the vague darkness. Then we drove into the gloom of the avenues of Spetchley Park, and finally, with still another glare appearing in the sky—this time a ruddy hue like the reflection of a great fire—we got nearer and nearer to the busy town, and at last found the horses' feet clattering on a stone street.

The thoroughfares of Worcester were busy on this Saturday night, but at length we managed to make our way through the people and vehicles up to the Star Hotel. We drove into the spacious archway, and passed into the hall while the people were bringing in our luggage. The lieutenant was, as usual, busy in giving orders about everything, when the head-waiter came up and begged to know my name. Then he presented a card: "The gentleman is staying at the Crown. Shall I send him a message, sir?"

"No," says Tita, interposing: "I will write a note and ask him to come round to dinner—or supper, whichever it ought to be called."

"Oh, has Arthur come?" says Bell quite calmly.

"So it appears, my dear," says Queen Titania; and as she utters the words she finds that Von Rosen has come up and has heard.

"All right!" he says cheerfully. "It will be a pleasure to have a visitor at dinner, madame, will it not? It is a pity we cannot take him any farther with us when we start on Monday; but I suppose he has come on business to Worcester?"



The lieutenant took the matter very coolly. He bundled Bell and Tita up stairs to look after the disposal of their effects, and then came into the dining-room to see what arrangements had been made about dinner.

"If he behaves himself, that is very well and good. You must treat him civilly. But if not, if he is foolish and disagreeable, why—"

The lieutenant did not say what would happen then. He bethought himself of the horses, and strode away down into the darkness of the yard, humming lightly, "Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck an meine grüne Seite!" He was evidently in no warlike mood.

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### APEMANTUS AT THE FEAST.

Faire Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,  
A mile forth of the towne,  
When she was aware of her father's men  
Come galloping over the downe;

And foremost came the carlish knight,  
Sir John of the north countraye;  
"Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitoure,  
Nor carry that lady awaye!"

"My dear," I say to Queen Titania as she is fastening a rose in her hair before going down to dinner, "pray remember that Arthur Ashburton is 'also a vertebrate animal.' He has done nothing monstrous or inhuman in paying you a visit."

"Paying me a visit!" says Tita impatiently. "If he had come to see me I should not care. But you know that he has come to pick a quarrel with Bell, and that she is likely to grant him everything he asks; and if she does not there will be infinite trouble and vexation. I consider it most provoking, and most thoughtless and inconsiderate on his part, to thrust himself upon us in this way."

"And yet, after all," I say as she fastens on a bracelet which was given her nearly twenty years ago now, "is there anything more natural? A young man is in love with a young woman—"

"It is his own fault," she interposes.

"Perhaps. So much the worse. He

ought all the more to have your compassion, instead of your indignant scorn. Well, she leaves his charming society to go off on a wild rampage through the country. A possible rival accompanies her. The young man is torn asunder with doubts and fears. He writes to her. She does not answer. His anxiety becomes a madness, and forthwith he sets off in pursuit of her. Is there anything in all this to brand him as an outcast from humanity?"

"Why, look at the folly of it! If the girl had proper spirit would it not drive her into refusing him altogether?"

"Foolish, my dear, yes, but not criminal. Now the whole of you seem to look on Arthur as a monster of wickedness because he is anxious to marry the girl he is fond of."

My lady alters the disposition of the thin tracery of silver cord which runs through the brown masses of her hair, and as she thus manages to shelve the subject, she says, "I suppose we shall have a pleasant time at dinner. Arthur will be fiercely amusing. Plenty of sarcasm going about. Deadly looks of hatred. Jokes as heavy as that one Bell talks of—that was carried to the window by four men, and killed a policeman when it tumbled over."

My lady is gently reminded that this story was told of a German before the date of Bell's conversion; whereupon she answers coolly, "Oh, I do not suppose that Count von Rosen is like all Germans. I think he is quite an exception—a very creditable exception. I know I have never met any one the least like him before."

"But heroes were not common in your parish, were they?"

"They were in yours," says Tita, putting her arm within mine and speaking with the most gracious sweetness, "and that was why they took no notice of you."

We go down stairs. At the head of the large dining-room, in front of the fireplace, a young man is standing. He has a time-table in his hand, which he is pretending to read, and his hat is on his head. He hastily removes that most important part of an Englishman's attire

when my lady enters the room, and then he comes forward with a certain apprehension and embarrassed look on his face. If he had been growing nervous about his reception, there was nothing, at all events, to be feared from Queen Titania, who would have welcomed the — himself with an effusive courtesy if only she had regarded it as her duty.

"Oh, Arthur," she says, her whole face lighting up with a gladness which amazed even me, who am accustomed to watch her ways, "I am really delighted to see you! How good of you to come and spend the evening with us on so short a notice! I hope we have not taken you away from any other engagement?"

"No," says the young man, apparently very much touched by this kindness, "and—and—it is I who ought to apologize for breaking in on you like this."

"Then you will spend to-morrow with us also?" says my lady, quite lightly. Indeed, there is nothing like facing the inevitable with a good grace.

"Yes," says Arthur, rather humbly, "if you think I'm not intruding."

"Why, your coming will be quite a relief. I should never have forgiven you if you had been in our neighborhood without coming to see us."

You might think that this little speech was of the nature of a fib. But it was not, just at that moment. When people are absent, Tita is about as cool and accurate and severe in her judgment of them as any woman can be, and she is not disinclined to state her opinion. But once they come near her—and especially if she has to play the part of hostess and entertain them—the nature and exuberant kindness of the woman drive her into the most curious freaks of unconscious hypocrisy. Half an hour before she had been talking of Arthur in a way that would have astonished that young man if he had known, and had been looking forward with dismay and vexation to all the embarrassments of his visit. Now, however, that he was there—thrown on her mercy as it were—she showed him a quite inordinate kindness, and that in the most honest

way in the world. A couple of minutes sufficed to convince Arthur that he had at least one firm friend in our household.

He began to look anxiously toward the door. Presently a voice that he knew pretty well was heard outside, and then—ominous conjunction!—the lieutenant and Bell entered together. Von Rosen had held the door open for his companion, so that Bell advanced first toward our visitor. Her face was quite calm and a trifle reserved, and yet every one could see that as she shook hands with the young man there was a timid, half-concealed look of pleasure and welcome in her eyes. He, on his part, was gloomily ceremonious. He scarcely took any notice of the greeting which the lieutenant carelessly addressed to him. He accompanied us over to the table, and took a seat on the right hand of Tita with a silence that portended evil. We were likely to have a pleasant evening.

Had he possessed a little more worldly prudence or *savoir faire*, he would now have made some light excuse for his being there. He ought, for form's sake, have given us to understand that, as he was obliged to be in Oxford, he had come on by rail to pay us a visit. But, as it was, no explanation was forthcoming. Our Apemantus at the feast had apparently dropped from the skies. He looked very uncomfortable, and replied in monosyllables to the various and continuous remarks that Tita addressed to him. He had never spoken to Bell, who sat next him, and who was herself silent. Indeed, the constraint and embarrassment from which she was suffering began to vex the lieutenant, who strove in vain to conquer it by every means in his power.

The barometer steadily fell. The atmosphere grew more and more gloomy, until a storm of some sort was inevitable. The anxious efforts of Queen Tita to introduce some cheerfulness were touching to see; and as for Bell, she joined in the talk about our journey and what we had seen in a series of disconnected observations that were uttered in a low and timid tone, as if she was afraid to draw down lightning from the thunder-clouds.

Lieutenant von Rosen had at first addressed a word or two to our guest, but finding the labor not productive, he had dropped him entirely out of the conversation. Meanwhile, Arthur had drunk a glass or two of sherry. He was evidently nettled at finding the lieutenant almost monopolizing attention, for Tita herself had given up in despair and was content to listen. Von Rosen was speaking as usual of the differences between English and German ways, and social aims, and what not, until at last he drifted into some mention of the republican phenomena that had recently been manifested in this country.

Now what conceivable connection is there between the irritation of an anxious lover and republicanism? Master Arthur had never alarmed any of us by professing wild opinions on that subject or on any other. We never knew that the young man had any political views, beyond a sort of nebulous faith in the crown and the constitution. Consider, therefore, our amazement when, at this moment, he boldly and somewhat scornfully announced himself a republican, and informed us that the time was come for dismissing old superstitions and destroying the last monopolies of feudalism. There would be a heavy account to settle with the aristocracy that had for generations made laws to secure its own interests, and tied up the land of the country so that an idle population had to drift into the big towns and become paupers. All this was over. New times were at hand. England was ripe for a new revolution, and woe to them that tried to stem the tide!

The explanation of this outburst was merely this—that Arthur was so angry and impatient with the state of things immediately around him that he was possessed with a wild desire to upset and destroy something. And there is nothing so easy to upset and destroy, in rhetoric, as the present political basis of England.

Well, we looked at the lad. His face was still aglow, and there was something of triumph as well as of fierceness in it. The hero of the old Silesian song, when

his sweetheart has forgotten the vows she made and the ring she gave him is broken in two, would like to rush away into battle and sleep by camp-fires under the still night. But nothing half so ordinary would do for this fire-eater, who, because he could not very well kill a Prussian lieutenant, must needs attack the British crown. Was there any one of us four inclined to resent this burst of sham heroics? Was there not in it something of the desperation of wretchedness that was far more entitled to awaken compassion? Had Arthur been less in love he would have been more prudent. Had he controlled his emotions in that admirable fashion with which most of our young gentlemen now-a-days seem to set about the business of choosing a wife, he would not have made himself absurd. There was something almost pitiable in this wild, incoherent, ridiculous effort of a young man to do or say something striking and picturesque before the eyes of a girl whose affections he feared were drifting away from him.

The lieutenant, to whom this outbreak was particularly addressed, took the affair very good-naturedly. He said, with a smile, "Do you know who will be the most disappointed if you should have a republic in England? Why, the republicans that are very anxious for it just now. Perhaps some of them are very respectable men—yes, I believe that—but if I am not wrong the men who make the great fuss about it in your nation are not like that. Agitators—is not that what you do call them? And, if you have England a republic, do you think the government of the country will be given to those noisy persons of the present? No—that is not possible, I think. When the republic comes, if it does come at all—and I do not know how much force is in this demonstration—all your great men, your well-educated men, your men of good position and good breeding and good feeling—they will all come forward, as they do now, to see that the country is properly governed. And what will become of the present republicans, who are angry be

cause they cannot get into Parliament, and who wish for a change that they may become great persons? When you take away the crown, they will not all be kings, I think: there is too much of good sense in this country and of public spirit, that makes your best men give up their own comfort to look after the government; and so it will be then."

"I hope there will be no violent change in our time, at least," said Queen Tita.

"Madame is anxious about the Church, I know," remarked the lieutenant with great gravity, but he looked at Bell, and Bell could not altogether conceal a smile. Arthur, watching them both, noticed that little bit of private understanding, and the gloom on his face visibly deepened.

This must be said, however, that when an embarrassing evening is unavoidable, a dinner is the best method of tiding it over. The various small incidents of the feast supply any ominous gaps in the conversation, and there is, besides, a thawing influence in good meat and drink which the fiercest of tempers finds it hard to withstand. After the ebullition about republicanism, Arthur had quieted somewhat. By the time we had got down to the sweets, and perhaps with the aid of a little champagne—the lad never drank much at any time, I ought to say—his anger had become modified into a morose and sentimental melancholy, and when he did manage to speak to Bell he addressed her in a wistful and pathetic manner, as if she were some one on board a vessel and he saw her gradually going away from him, her friends and her native land. One little revelation, nevertheless, comforted him greatly; and lovers apt to magnify their misfortunes will note that he might have enjoyed this solace long before if only he had exercised the most ordinary frankness. "You got a letter I sent you to Oxford, I suppose?" he said with a studied carelessness.

"Yes," said Bell, with a little conscious color in her face as she bent down her eyes.

"I am glad I had the chance of seeing you to-night," he continued with the same effort at self-possession, "because

I—I fancied you might be unwell or some accident happened, since you did not answer the letter."

Here an awful moment of silence intervened. Everybody trembled for Bell's reply, which might provoke the catastrophe we had been seeking to postpone. "We did not go for letters on reaching Oxford," she said in a low voice. "It was late—I suppose the office was shut—and we were rather tired."

This is felt to be an awkward commencement. A deeper constraint is visible. For if she had been very anxious—this is the reflection that must naturally occur to the young man's mind—would she not have asked whether the office was shut or not? Arthur was silent.

"So it was only the day before yesterday I got your letter," Bell says, apparently feeling the silence uncomfortable, "and—and I meant to have answered it to-night—"

"Oh, you were going to answer it?" he says, with his face suddenly getting bright.

"Yes," she says, looking up with some surprise. "You did not suppose I wouldn't answer it?"

In fact, that was just what he had supposed, considering that she had been grievously offended by the tone of his letter.

"I meant to have let you know how we all were, and how far we had got," says Bell, conveying an intimation that this sort of letter might be sent by anybody to anybody.

Nevertheless, Arthur greatly recovered himself after this assurance. She had not broken off with him, after all. He drank another glass of champagne, and said, with a laugh, that he had meditated surprising us, but that the design had failed, for every one seemed to have expected him.

"And I suppose I must go back on Monday," he remarked ruefully.

This looked so very like a request for an invitation that I was bound to offer him a seat in the phaeton if he did not mind a little discomfort. You should have seen the look of amazement and

indignation which my lady darted across the table at this moment. Fortunately, Arthur did not see it. He said he was very much obliged—he feared he would have to return—if he went with us for a day or two he would inconvenience us sadly, but he would consider it before Monday morning.

After dinner Von Rosen got up and proposed that he and I should go down to the billiard-room—which is in the end of the building abutting on the stable-yard—and smoke a cigar. Surely generosity could go no farther. Arthur looked surprised, and wore quite a pleasant smile on his face when we rose and left.

But perhaps it was merely selfishness that caused our Uhlan to leave the field, for as we two went down the passage and made our way up to the spacious room, he said, "I am rather sorry for mademoiselle. She does not seem to be very glad to meet her old friend—perhaps because he is not in a good temper. That is why I did say we should go and play billiards: there will be a chance of explanation, and to-morrow he will be all right. It is foolish of him to be disagreeable. All this time of dinner I was thinking to myself how well he might make himself agreeable if he only wished—with knowing all the polite phrases with ease, and being able to talk without thinking. For me, that is different, you know. I am bound in by stupid limits, and when I think to say something nice to any one, then I stop because I know nothing of the words—just like at a wall."

He sent the red ball up and down the table in rather a peevish manner: he felt that Arthur had an advantage perhaps.

"But you talk English remarkably well."

"But I have remarked that you English always say that to a foreigner, and will not tell him when he is wrong. I know I am often wrong, and always about your past tenses—your '*was loving*,' and '*did love*,' and '*loved*,' and like that; and I believe I am very wrong with always saying '*do*' and '*did*,' for I studied to give myself free-speaking

English many years ago, and the book I studied with was Pepys' *Diary*, because it is all written in the first person, and by a man of good station. Now I find you do not say '*I did think*,' but '*I thought*,' only it is very hard to remember. And as for pronunciation, I know I am very wrong."

Well, he certainly had marked forms of pronunciation, which I have considered it unnecessary to reproduce in recording his talk. He said "*I hef*" for "*I have*," and "*a goot shawt*" for "*a good shot*." He also made occasional blunders in accent, through adopting the accent of the Latin word from which the English word is derived. But what were such trifles to the main fact that he could make himself understood, and that when he did talk he talked remarkably good sense in sufficiently intelligible English?

"But this is very strange," he said, "how much more clearly mademoiselle speaks than any English lady or any English person I have known yet. It is very remarkable to me how I have great difficulty to follow people who talk like as if they had several tongues rolling in their mouth, and others speak very fast, and others let the ends of the words slide away; but Miss Bell, she is always clear, distinct and very pleasant to hear; and then she never speaks very loud, as most of your people do to a foreigner."

"Perhaps," I say, "there is a reason for Bell's clearness of speech."

"Why?"

"Perhaps she takes pains to be very distinct in talking to you, while she manages not to show it. Perhaps other people can notice that she speaks with a little more deliberation to you than to any one else."

Von Rosen was obviously much struck. "Is that possible?" he said, with his eyes full of wonder. "I have not noticed that she did talk slow to me."

"No, she conceals it admirably, but all the same such is the fact. It is not so much slowness as a sort of careful precision of pronunciation that she af-



fects; and you ought to be very grateful for such consideration."

"Oh, I think it is very good of her, very good indeed, and I would thank her for it—"

"Don't do that, or you will have no more of it. And at present my lady is catching up a trick of talking in the same way."

"It is very kind," said the lieutenant, turning to the table with rather a thoughtful manner. "You would not have expected a young girl like that to be so reflective of other people."

Then he broke the balls, and by fair strength of arm screwed the white into the corner pocket. Nobody was more astonished than himself, except the marker. It was, indeed, the first losing hazard he had ever made, never having played before on a table with pockets. His next stroke was not so successful, and so he consoled himself with lighting a Partaga about eight inches in length.

"At all events," he continued, "your language has not the difference of *Sie* and *du*, which is a great advantage. Oh, it is a very perplexing thing sometimes. Suppose you do know a young lady very well, and you have agreed with her in private you shall always call each other '*du*,' and then before other people you call her '*Sie*:' it is very hard not to call her '*du*' by mistake, and then every one jumps up and stares at you, and all the secret is known. That is a very terrible thing."

"And please what is the interesting ceremony with which you drink *brüderschaft* with a young lady? The same as usual?—a large jug of beer, your arms intertwined—"

"No—no—no!" he cried. "It is all a mystery. You shall not know anything of that. But it is very good, it is a very pleasant thing, to have *brüderschaft* with a young lady, although you drink no beer and have no ceremonies about it."

"And what did *Fräulein Fallersleben's* mamma say when you called her daughter '*du*' by mistake?"

The large empty room resounded with the lieutenant's laughter. "That is a

good guess—oh! a very good guess—but not just good enough. For it was she who did call me '*du*,' and all the people were surprised, and then some did laugh; but she herself—oh, she was very angry with herself, and with me too, and for some time she called me '*Sie*' even when we were together, until it was like to be a quarrel. But one more quarrel," added the lieutenant with indifference, "was not much matter. It was usually one every day, and then writing of sorrowful letters at the night, and next morning some reconciliation. *Sackerment!* what is the use of talking of all that nonsense?"

And then once more the ball flew about the table, finally lodging in a pocket and scoring three for a miss. Indeed, our Uhlan was not at home with our big English tables, their small balls, pointed cues and perpetual pockets. Even when he got a good chance of a carrom the smallness of the balls caused him to fail entirely. But he had a very excellent cigar. It was something to be away from the embarrassment that had prevailed at dinner. Perhaps, too, he enjoyed a certain sense of austere self-satisfaction in having left to Arthur full possession of the field. On the whole, he enjoyed himself very well, and then, our cigars being finished, we had a final look at the horses, and then returned to the hotel.

"I am afraid," said Von Rosen with some alarm, "we have been negligent of our duties."

Master Arthur had left some half hour before. The ladies had retired. Only one or two of the busiest toppers were left in the bar-parlor: the waiters looked as if they considered their week's work fairly over.

"Tell me," said my Prussian friend as he got his candle, "is that young gentleman coming round here to-morrow?"

"Probably he is."

"Do you not think, then, it would be good to hire a vehicle and go away somewhere for a drive all the day, before he comes?"

"To-morrow is Sunday."

"Well?"



"Do you fancy you would get either Bell or my lady to go driving on Sunday? Don't you propose such a thing if you are wise. There is a cathedral in this town, and the best thing you can do is to study its history and associations early in the morning. You will have plenty of time to think over them to-morrow inside the building itself."

"Oh, I do not object to that," he remarked coolly as he went up stairs, "and I do not care to have too much driving: it is only to prevent mademoiselle being annoyed, as I think she was at dinner this evening—that is all. I suppose we may go for a walk to-morrow after the church-time? And he will come? Very well, he will not harm me, I am sure; but—but it is a pity—that is all."

And with this somewhat mysterious conclusion the lieutenant disappeared toward his own room.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A TERRIBLE DAY.

When on the gentle Severn's sedgey bank,  
In single opposition, hand to hand,  
He did confound the best part of an hour  
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.

"If we could only get over this one day!" That was the burden of Tita's complaining the next morning. Arthur had been invited to breakfast, and had declined, but he was coming round to go with us to the cathedral. Thereafter, everything to Tita's mind was chaos. She dared hardly think of what the day might bring forth. In vain I pointed out to her that this day was but as another day, and that if any deeds of wrath or vengeance were hidden away in the vague intentions of our young friend from Twickenham, there was no particular safety gained in tiding over a single Sunday.

"At all events," says my lady firmly, "you cannot do anything so imprudent as press him to accompany us farther on our journey."

"Cannot the phaeton hold five?"

"You know it cannot, comfortably.

But that is not the question. For my own part, I don't choose to have a holiday spoilt by provoking a series of painful scenes, which I know will occur. We may manage to humor him to-day, and get him to leave us in an amiable mood, but it would be impossible to do it two days running. And I am not sure even about this one day."

"But what prevents his dropping down on us at any time—say at Shrewsbury, or Chester, or Carlisle—just as he has done here at Worcester?"

"I will."

That was enough. Having some regard for the young man, I hoped he would submit quietly. But lovers are headstrong, and jealousy, when it is thoroughly aroused, leaves no place in the mind for fear.

It was a bright morning. We could see, through the wire screens of the windows, the Worcester folks walking along the pavements, with the sunlight shining on their Sunday finery.

The lieutenant, as we hurriedly despatched breakfast, for we were rather late, gave us his usual report. "A very fine town," he said, addressing himself chiefly to Tita, who was always much interested in his morning rambles, "with old religious buildings, and houses with ivy, and high walls to keep back the river. There is a large race-course, too, by the river, and on the other side a fine suburb, built on a high bank among trees. There are many pleasant walks by the Severn when you get farther down; but I will show you all the place when we go out of the cathedral. This is a great day at the cathedral, they say—a chief sheriff of the county, I think they call him, is living at this hotel, and he is going; and you see those people?—they are loitering about to see him drive away."

Even as he spoke two resplendent creatures in gray and gold, resembling beef-eaters toned down in color, and gilded, advanced to the archway of the hotel with long trumpets in their hand. These they suddenly lifted, and then down the quiet street sounded a loud *fanfare*, which was very much like those

announcements that tell us, in an historical play, that the king approaches. Then a vehicle drove away from the door: the high sheriff had gone to the cathedral, while our breakfast was not even yet finished.

"He does not have the trumpets sounded every time he leaves the hotel?" said the lieutenant, returning from the window. "Then why when he goes to church? Is it exceptional for a high sheriff to go to church, that he calls attention to it with trumpets?"

At this moment Arthur entered the room. He glanced at us all rather nervously. There was less complaisance, too, in his manner than when we last saw him: the soothing influences of dinner had departed. He saluted us all in a somewhat cool way, and then addressed himself exclusively to my lady. For Bell he had scarcely a word.

It is hard to say how Queen Tita managed, as we left the hotel, to attach Bell and herself to Master Arthur, but such was the result of her dexterous manoeuvres; and in this fashion we hurriedly walked along to the cathedral. There was a great commotion visible around the splendid building. A considerable crowd had collected to see the high sheriff, and policemen were keeping a lane for those who wished to enter. Seeing that we were late, and that the high sheriff was sure to draw many after him, we scarcely expected to get inside; but that, at least, was vouchsafed us, and presently we found ourselves slipping quietly over the stone flooring. All the seats in the body of the building being occupied, we took up a position by one of the great pillars, and there were confronted by a scene sufficiently impressive to those of us who had been accustomed to the ministrations of a small parish church.

Far away before us rose the tall and graceful lines of the architecture, until, in the distance, they were lost in a haze of sunlight streaming in from the south—a glow of golden mist that struck upon the northern pillars, throwing up a vague reflection that showed us something of the airy region in which the lines of the

great arches met. We could catch a glimpse, too, of the white-dressed choir beyond the sombre mass of the people that filled the nave. And when the hushed, deep tones of the organ-prelude had ceased to sound along the lofty aisles, there rose the distant and plaintive chanting of the boys, then the richer tones of the bass came in, and then again burst forth that clear, sweet, triumphant soprano that seemed to be but a single voice ringing softly and distantly through the great building. I knew what would occur then. Somehow, Tita managed to slip away from us and get into the shadow of the pillar, with her head bent down and her hand clasped in Bell's; and the girl stood so that no one should see her friend's face, for there were tears running fast down it. It is a sad story, that has been already briefly mentioned in these memoranda. Many years ago she lost a young brother to whom she was deeply attached. He used to sing in the choir of the village church. Now, whenever she hears a choir singing that she cannot see, nothing will convince her that she does not hear the voice of her brother in the clear, distant music; and more than once it has happened that the uncontrollable emotions caused by this wild superstition have thoroughly unnerved her. For days after she has been haunted by the sound of that voice, as if it had brought her a message from the other world—as if she had been nearly vouchsafed a vision that had been somehow snatched away from her, leaving behind an unexplained longing and unrest. Partly on that account, and partly by reason of the weariness produced by constant standing, we were not sorry to slip out of the cathedral so soon as the first portion of the service was over; and so we found ourselves once more in the sweet air and the sunlight.

There was an awkward pause. Tita rather fell behind, and endeavored to keep herself out of sight, while the other members of the party seemed uncertain as to how they should attach themselves. Fortunately, our first movement was to go round and inspect the curious remains

of the old cathedral, which are yet visible; and as these were close at hand, we started off in a promiscuous manner, and got round and under King Edgar's Tower without any open rupture.

How still and quiet lay the neighborhood of the great church on this beautiful Sunday morning! It seemed as if all the life of the place were gathered within that noble building, while out here the winds from over the meadows, and the sunlight, and the fleecy clouds overhead, were left to play about the strange old passages, and sunken arches, and massive gateways, and other relics of former centuries. The bright light that lay warm on the fresh grass and on the ivied walls about lit up the flaky red surface of the old tower, and showed us the bruised effigy of King Edgar in sharp outline; while through the gloom of the archway we could see beyond the shimmering green light of a mass of elms, with their leaves moving in the sun. From thence we passed down to the river wall, where the lieutenant read aloud the following legend inscribed near the gate: "On the 18th of November, 1770, the Flood rose to the lower edge of this Brass Plate, being ten inches higher than the Flood which happen'd on December 23, 1672." And then we went through the arch, and found ourselves on the banks of the Severn, with its bridges and boats and locks and fair green meadows, all as bright and as cheerful as sunlight could make them.

Tita and myself, I know, would at this moment have given a good deal to get away from these young folks and their affairs. What business of ours was it that there should be a "third wheel to the cart," as the Germans say? Arthur was sadly out of place, but how could he help it? My lady having fallen rather behind as we started on our leisurely stroll along the river, Bell, the lieutenant and Arthur were forced to precede us. The poor girl was almost silent between them. Von Rosen was pointing out the various objects along the stream, Arthur, in no amiable mood, throwing in an occasional sarcastic comment. Then more silence. Arthur breaks away from them,

and honors us with his company. Sometimes he listens to what my lady says to him, but more often he does not, and only scowls at the two young folks in front of us. He makes irrelevant replies. There is a fierceness in his look. I think at this moment he would have been glad to have played Conrad the Corsair, or avowed his belief in Strauss, or done anything else desperate and wicked.

Why, it was natural to ask, should this gentle little woman by my side be vexed by these evil humors and perversities—her vexation taking the form of a profound compassion, and a desire that she could secure the happiness of all of them? The morning was a miracle of freshness. The banks of the Severn, once you leave Worcester, are singularly beautiful. Before us were islands, set amid tall river weeds and covered with thick growths of bushes. A gray shimmering of willows came in as a line between the bold blue of the stream and the paler blue and white of the sky. Some tall poplars stood sharp and black against the light green of the meadows behind, and far away these level and sunlit meadows stretched over to Malvern Chase and to the thin line of blue hill along the horizon. Then the various boats, a group of richly-colored cattle in the fields, a few boys bathing under the shadow of a great bank of yellow sand,—all went to make up as bright and pretty a river-picture as one could wish for. And here we were almost afraid to speak, lest an incautious word should summon up thunder-clouds and provoke an explosion.

"Have you any idea when you will reach Scotland?" says Arthur, still glaring at the lieutenant and his companion.

"No," replies Tita: "we are in no hurry."

"Won't you get tired of it?"

"I don't think so at all. But if we do we can stop."

"You will go through the Lake Country, of course?"

"Yes."

"It is sure to be wet there," said the young man.

"You don't give us much encouragement," says my lady gently.

"Oh," he replies, "if people break away from the ordinary methods of enjoying a holiday, of course they must take their chance. In Scotland you are sure to have bad weather. It always rains there."

Arthur was determined that we should look upon the future stages of our journey with the most agreeable anticipations.

"Then," he says, "suppose your horses break down?"

"They won't," says Tita with a smile. "They know they are going to the land of oats. They will be in excellent spirits all the way."

"Have you read Mr. Collins's *Cruise upon Wheels*?"

"No, I have not," says my lady.

"That, now, is a remarkably clever book."

"So I have heard people say," rejoins my lady. "It is a story of an excursion in France, is it not?"

"Yes, but"—and here Master Arthur casts his eye around the horizon—"I am afraid it will be said that you have borrowed the idea of driving to Scotland from him."

Could anything more cruel have been imagined? After she had planned the excursion with the greatest forethought and care, and invited the lieutenant, and worked hard to put everything straight for our long holiday, to say that she had stolen the notion from a book was excessively humiliating. Queen Titania could not reply, from pure vexation. She would not justify herself—repeat that she had never seen the book—point out how her project of driving from London to Edinburgh was a wholly different matter—as any person outside Hanwell might see—or appeal to our old and familiar drives around the southern counties as the true origin of the scheme. She preserved a cold and warning silence, and Master Arthur, little heeding, went on to say, "I have always found that the worst of driving about with people was that it threw you so completely on the society of certain persons, and you are bound to quarrel with them."

"That has not been *our* experience," says my lady, with that gracious manner of hers which means much.

Of course she would not admit that her playful skirmishes with the person whom, above all others, she ought to respect, could be regarded as real quarrels. But at this point the lieutenant lingered for a moment to ask my lady a question, and as Bell also stopped and turned, Tita says to him, with an air of infinite amusement, "We have not quarreled yet, Count von Rosen?"

"I hope not, madame," says our Uhlan respectfully.

"Because," she continued, with a little laugh, "Arthur thinks we are sure to disagree, merely on account of our being thrown so much into each other's company."

"I think quite the opposite will be the result of our society," says the lieutenant.

"Of course I did not refer particularly to you," said Arthur coldly. "There are some men so happily constituted that it is of no consequence to them how they are regarded by their companions. Of course they are always well satisfied."

"And it is a very good thing to be well satisfied," says the lieutenant, cheerfully enough, "and much better than to be ill satisfied and of much trouble to your friends. I think, sir, when you are as old as I, and have been over the world as much, you will think more of the men who are well satisfied."

"I hope my experience of the world," says Arthur, with a certain determination in his tone, "will not be gained by receiving pay to be sent to invade a foreign country—"

"Oh, Count von Rosen—" says Bell, to call his attention.

"Mademoiselle!" he says, turning instantly toward her, although he had heard every word of Arthur's speech.

"Can you tell me the German name of that tall pink flower close down by the edge of the water?"

And so they walked on once more, and we got farther away from the city—with its mass of slates and spires getting faint in the haze of the sunlight—and into the still greenness of the country,

where the path by the river-side lay through deep meadows.

It was hard, after all. He had come from London to get speech with his sweetheart, and he found her walking through green meadows with somebody else. No mortal man—and least of all a young fellow not confident of his own position, and inclined to be rather nervous and anxious—could suffer this with equanimity; but then it was a question how far it was his own fault.

"Why don't you go and talk to Bell?" says my lady to him in a low voice.

"Oh, I don't care to thrust my society on any one," he says aloud, with an assumption of indifference. "There are people who do not know the difference between an old friendship and a new acquaintance: I do not seek to interfere with their tastes. But of course there is a meaning in everything. What are those lines of Pope's?"

Oh say, what stranger cause, yet unexplored,  
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?

I should not attempt to cure a woman of her instinctive liking for a title."

Tita placed her hand on his arm. After all, this excited young man was an old friend of hers, and it seemed a pity to see him thus determined to ruin his own cause. But the light talking we heard in front seemed to say that the "gentle belle" had not overheard that pretty speech and its interesting quotation.

At length, coming to a sudden bend in the river, the lieutenant and his companion proposed that we should rest for a while; and accordingly we chose out comfortable seats on the steep green bank, covered by bushes and trees, which here slopes down to the stream. The picture that lay before and around us was sufficient to have calmed the various moods and passions of these young folks if they had but had eyes for anything but their own affairs. Bell was the only one who paid attention to the world of bright colors that lay around: the lieutenant, imperturbable, easy in manner and very attentive to her, was nevertheless obviously on the watch, and certain to resent any remark that

might by chance miss him and glance by toward her. Certainly, these were not comfortable conditions for a pleasant walk: Tita afterward declared that she was calculating with satisfaction that she had already got through several hours of that terrible day.

The sun was shining far away on the blue Malvern Hills. From the level meadows the lines of pollard willows were gray and silvery in the breezy light. Close at hand the rich masses of green were broken by the red sandstone bank opposite, while the tall trees above sent straggling duplicates of themselves—colored in deep chocolate-brown—down into the lazy stream that flowed beneath us. And there, as we sat and listened for the first ominous observation of one or another of these young folks, lo! there came into the clear white and blue channel of the river a gayly-bedizened barge, that gleamed and glittered in the sunlight and sent quivering lines of color down into the water. The horse came slowly along the road. The long rope rustled over the brushwood on the bank, and splashed on the surface of the stream. The orange and scarlet bands of the barge glided away up and through that world of soft greenness that lay under the shadow of the opposite bank, and then the horse and rope and driver turned the corner of a field, and we saw them no more.

The appearance of the barge had provoked attention and secured silence. When it was gone the lieutenant turned carelessly to Arthur and said, "Do you go back to London to-morrow?"

"I don't know," said the young man gloomily.

"It is such a pity you can't come with us, Arthur!" says Bell very gently, as if begging for a civil reply.

"I have no doubt you will enjoy yourselves very well," he replies, with a certain coldness in his tone.

"We have hitherto," she says, looking down; "the weather has been so good—and—and the scenery was so pleasant—and—"

It was Arthur himself, singularly enough, who came to the rescue, little

knowing that he was affording her such relief.

"I don't think you have chosen the right road," he remarked. "The real reminiscences of the old stage-coach days you will find on the York and Berwick road to Scotland. I never heard of any one going to Scotland this way."

"Why," says one of the party, with a laugh that seemed to startle the silence around, "that is the very reason we chose it."

"I have been thinking for some time," he says coldly, "of getting a dog-cart and driving up the old route to Scotland."

The heavens did not fall on him. Queen Tita looked at the tips of her gloves and said nothing; but Bell, having less of skepticism about her, immediately cried out, "Oh, Arthur, don't do that: it will be dreadfully wretched for you going away on such an excursion by yourself."

But the young man saw that his proposal—I will swear it had never entered his brain before that very hour—had produced an effect, and treated it as a definite resolve.

"At least, if you are going, you might as well come with us, or meet us farther on, where the road joins," says Bell.

"No, I am not so mad as to go your way," he replied with an air of disdain. "I shall keep out of the rainy districts, and I mean to go where one can find traces of the old times still hanging about."

"And pray," I venture to ask him, "are all the old inns confined to one part of this unfortunate country? And were there no ways of getting to Scotland but by York and Berwick? I commend to you a study of Cary, my dear boy, before you start for the North, and then you will find a whole display of routes along which stage-coaches used to run. And if you should be tired of driving alone, you can do no better than strike across country from York by the old coach-road that comes on to Penrith, and so go up with us through Carlisle and Moffat on to Edinburgh."

"I am not so sure that I shall go alone," he said quite fiercely.

What did the boy mean? Was he going to drive a white elephant about the country?

"Do you know much of the management of horses?" says the lieutenant, meaning no harm whatever.

"Arthur is in the volunteer artillery—the field artillery do they call it, eh?—and of course he has to manage horses," explains my lady.

"Oh, you are a volunteer?" said the lieutenant with quite an accession of interest. "That is a very good thing. I think all the young men of this country would do much good to their health and their knowledge by being volunteers and serving a time of military service."

"But we don't like compulsion here," says Arthur bluntly.

"That," retorts the lieutenant with a laugh, "is why you are a very ill-educated country."

"At all events, we are educated well enough to have thrown aside the old superstitions of feudalism and divine right; and we are too well educated to suffer a despotic government and a privileged aristocracy to have it all their own way."

"Oh, you do talk of Prussia," says the count. "Well, we are not perfect in Prussia. We have many things to learn and to do, that we might have done if we had been preserved round about by the sea, like you. But I think we have done very well, for all that; and if we have a despotic government—which I do not think—it is perhaps because what is good for England is not always good for every other country; and if we have an aristocracy, they work for the country just like the sons of the peasants, when they go into the army and get small pay, instead of going abroad, like your aristocracy, and gambling away their fortunes to the Jews and the horse-dealers, and getting into debt, and making very much fools of themselves."

"When we of this country," says Arthur proudly, "see the necessity of military preparations, we join the ranks of a body that accepts no pay, but is none the less qualified to fight when that is wanted."



"Oh, I do say nothing against your volunteers. No, on the contrary, I think it is an excellent thing for the young men. And it would be better if the service was continuous for one, two, three years; and they go away into barrack life, and have much drill and exercise in the open air, and make the young men of the cities hardy and strong. That would be a very good army then, I think; for when the men are intelligent and educated, they have less chance of panic—which is the worst that can happen in a battle—and they will not skulk away or lose their courage, because they have so much self-respect. But I do not know whether this is safer—to have the more ignorant men of the peasantry and country-people who will take their drill like machines and go through it all, and continue firing in great danger because they are like machines. Now, if you had your towns fighting against the country, and if you had your town volunteers and your country regiments, with the same amount of instruction I think the country troops would win, although each man might not have as much patriotism and education and self-respect as in the town soldiers. Because the country troops would march long distances, and would not be hurt much by rain or the sleeping out at night, and they would go through their duties like machines when the fight commenced. But your city volunteers—they have not yet got anything like the training of your regular troops that come from the country villages and towns."

"I know this," says Arthur—"that when people talk of an invasion of this country by Prussia, a regiment of our city volunteers would not be afraid to meet a regiment of your professional soldiers, however countrified and mechanical they may be."

"Ah, but that is a great mistake you make," says the lieutenant taking no notice of the challenge. "Our soldiers are not of any single class: they are from all classes, from all towns and villages and cities alike—much more like your volunteers than your regular soldiers, only that they have much more

drill and experience than your volunteers. And what do you say of an invasion? I have heard some people talk of that nonsense, but only in England. Is it that you are afraid of invasion that you imagine these foolish things, and talk so much of it?"

"No, we are not afraid of it," says Arthur, evidently casting about for some biting epigram.

"Yet no one in all Europe speaks or thinks of such a thing but a few of your people here, who give great amusement to us at home."

"There would be amusement of another sort going," says Arthur, getting a little red.

And just at this instant, before he has time to finish the sentence, Tita utters a little scream. A stone has splashed into the stream beneath us. The author of the menace is unknown—being probably one of a gang of young rascals hidden behind the bushes on the other side of the river—but it is certainly not anger that dwells in my lady's bosom with regard to that concealed enemy. He has afforded her relief at a most critical moment, and now she prevents Arthur returning to the subject by proposing that we should walk back to Worcester, her suggestion being fully understood to be a command.

We set out. The lieutenant willfully separates himself from Bell. He joins us elderly folks on the pretence of being much interested in this question of volunteer service, and Bell and Arthur are perforce thrown together. They walk on in front of us in rather an embarrassed way. Bell's looks are cast down: Arthur speaks in a loud voice, to let us know that he is only talking about the most commonplace affairs. But at the first stile we go through they manage to fall behind, and when, at intervals, we turn to see how the river and the meadows and the groves of trees look in the sunshine, we find the distance between us and the young couple gradually increasing, until they are but two almost undistinguishable figures pacing along the bank of the broad stream.

"Well, we have got so far over the

day," said my lady, with a sigh. "But I suppose we must ask him to dine with us."

"Is it necessary, madame?" says the lieutenant. "But perhaps you might ask him to bring better manners with him."

"I am afraid he has been very rude to you," said Tita, with some show of compunction.

"To me? No. That is not of any consequence whatever, but I did think that all this pleasant walk has been spoiled to mademoiselle and yourself by—by what shall I say?—not rudeness, but a fear of rudeness. And yet, what reason is there for it?"

"I don't know," was the reply, uttered in rather a low voice. "But I hope Bell is not being annoyed by him now."

You see that was the way in which they had got to regard this unfortunate youth—as a sort of necessary evil, which was to be accepted with such equanimity as Heaven had granted to the various sufferers. It never occurred to them to look at the matter from Arthur's point of view, or to reflect that there was probably no more wretched creature in the whole of England than he was during this memorable Sunday.

Consider how he spent the day. It was the one day on which he would have the chance of seeing Bell for an unknown period. He comes round in the morning to find her sitting at breakfast with his rival. He accompanies them on a walk into the country, finds himself what the Germans call "the third wheel to the cart," and falls behind to enjoy the spectacle of seeing her walk by the side of this other man, talking to him and sharing with him the beautiful sights and sounds around. Ye who have been transfixed by the red-hot skewers of jealousy, consider the torture which this wretched young man suffered on this quiet Sunday morning. Then he walks home with her: he finds her, as we afterward learn, annoyed about certain remarks of his. He explains in a somewhat saucy manner, and makes matters worse. Then he takes to reproaches, and bids her reflect on what people will say; and here again he goes from one blun-

der to another in talking in such a fashion to a proud and high-spirited girl, who cannot suffer herself to be suspected. In his blindness of anger and jealousy he endeavors to asperse the character of the lieutenant. He is like other officers—every one knows what the Prussian officers, in general, are. What is the meaning of this thing, and the dark suspicion suggested by that? To all of these representations Bell replies with some little natural warmth. He is driven wild by her defence of his rival. He declares that he knows something about the lieutenant's reputation; and then she, probably with a little paleness in her face, stands still and asks him calmly to say what it is. He will not. He is not going to carry tales. Only, when an English lady has so little care of what people may say as to accept this foreign adventurer as her companion during a long journey—

That was all that Bell subsequently told Tita. The boy was obviously mad and reckless, but none the less he had wrought such mischief as he little dreamed of in uttering these wild complaints and suspicions. When we got back to the hotel, he and Bell had overtaken us, and they had the appearance of not being on the best of terms. In fact, they had maintained silence for the last quarter of an hour of the walk.

My lady asked Arthur to dine with us at seven, so that during the interval he was practically dismissed. Seven came, and Arthur appeared. He was in evening dress, conveying a rebuke to uncouth people like ourselves, who were in our ordinary traveling costume. But Bell's seat was vacant. After we had waited a few minutes, Queen Tita went to inquire for her, and in a few minutes returned: "Bell is very sorry, but she has a headache, and would rather not come down to dinner."

Arthur looked up with an alarmed face, the lieutenant scowled, and Tita, taking her seat, said she was afraid we had walked too far in the morning. Strange! If you had seen our Bell walking lightly up to the top of Box-hill and running down again, just by way of amusement

before lunch, you would not have expected that a short walk of a mile or two along a level river-course would have had such an effect. But so it was, and we had dinner before us.

It was not an enlivening meal, and the less said about it the better. Arthur talked much of his driving to Scotland in a dog-cart, and magnified the advantages of the York route over that we were now following. It is quite certain that he had never thought of such a thing before that morning, but the attention that had been drawn to it, and the manner in which he had been led on to boast of it, promised actually to commit him to this piece of folly. The mere suggestion of it had occurred at the impulse of a momentary vexation, but the more he talked of it, the more he pledged himself to carry out his preposterous scheme. Tita heard and wondered, scarcely believing, but I could see plainly that the young man was determined to fulfill his promise if only by way of triumphant bravado, to show his independence of us, and perhaps inspire Bell with envy and regret.

When he left that night nothing was said about his coming to see us away on the following morning. Tita had shown her usual consideration in not referring at all to our drive of the next day, which she understood was to be through the most charming scenery. And when, that same night, she expressed a vague desire that we might slip away on the next morning before Arthur had come, it was with no thought of carrying such a plan into execution. Perhaps she thought with some pity of the young man, who, after seeing us drive away again into the country and the sweet air, and the sunlight, would return disconsolately to his dingy rooms in the Temple, there to think of his absent sweetheart, or else to meditate that wild journey along a parallel line which was to show her that he, too, had his enjoyments.

[NOTE.—I find that the remarks which Queen Titania appended to the foregoing pages when they were written have since been torn off; and I can guess the

reason. A few days ago I received a letter, sent under cover to the publishers, which bore the address of that portion of the country familiarly called "The Dukeries." It was written in a feminine hand, and signed with a family name which has some historical pretensions. Now these were the observations which this silly person in high places had to communicate:

"SIR: I hope you will forgive my intruding myself upon you in this way, but I am anxious to know whether you really do think living with such a woman as your wife is represented to be, is really a matter for *raillery* and *amusement*. My object in writing to you is to say that if you can treat lightly the fact of a wife being waspish at every turn, cuffing her boys' ears and talking of whipping, it would have been better not to have made your *extraordinary* complaisance public; for what is to prevent the most ill-tempered woman pointing to these pages and saying that that is how a *reasonable* husband would deal with her? If it is your misfortune to have an ill-tempered wife, you ought not to try to persuade people that you are rather proud of it. Pray forgive my writing thus frankly to you; and I am, sir, your obedient servant, — — —"

By a great mischance I left this letter lying open on the breakfast-table, and Tita, coming in, and being attracted by the crest in gold and colors on the paper, took it up. With some dismay I watched her read it. She laid it down, stood irresolute for a moment, with her lips getting rather tremulous: then she suddenly fled into the haven she had often sought before, and looking up with the clear brown eyes showing themselves frightened and pained, like those of some dumb creature struck to the heart, she said, "Is it true? Am I really ill-tempered? Do I really vex you very much?" You may be sure that elderly lady up in Nottinghamshire had an evil quarter of an hour of it when we proceeded to discuss the question, and when Queen Tita had been pacified and reassured. "But we ought to have known,"

she said. "Count von Rosen warned us that stupid persons would make the mistake. And to say that I cuffed my boys' ears! Why you know that even in the magazine it says that I cuffed the boys and kissed them at the same time—of course, in fun—and I threatened to whip the whole house—of course, in fun, you know, when everybody was in good spirits about going away; and now that wicked old woman would make me out an unnatural mother and a bad wife, and I don't know what! I—I—I will

get Bell to draw a portrait of her and put it in an exhibition: that would serve her right." And forthwith she sat down and wrote to the two boys at Twickenham, promising them I know not what luxuries and extravagances when they came home for the Easter holidays. But she is offended with the public, all through the old lady in Notts, and will have no more communication with it, at least for the present.]

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## ROSEMARY.

"There's Rosemary—that's for remembrance."—*Hamlet*.

PALE blossom, colored like a woman's eyes,  
 Dewy, gray-blue, of pungent, spicy smell,  
 Bitter in savor as dear memories,  
 I will be brave to pluck thee, and to tell,  
 Charmed by the mystic powers of thy spell,  
 Long-buried thoughts, grave reminiscences,  
 Dead glorious hopes and tenderest reveries.

Let me remember—for on such a day  
 'Tis sadder to forget than to recall:  
 The perfect fullness of the golden May  
 Holds earth and heaven in its subtle thrall;  
 Blue-green the mists that on the hilltops fall;  
 Far off the river shines, swift boats slide past,  
 The calm, deep sky vaults doubly high and vast;

The wild vine hugs the oak and tamarind  
 With many a flower soft and delicate spray,  
 And, yielding silent to the moderate wind,  
 Like a thin haze of woven green and gray,  
 The long, ethereal mosses stir and sway  
 In joyous sympathy with bud and leaf:  
 At such an hour the soul refuseth grief.

The thought of death seems no ungentle thing  
 In this warm light, 'midst these reviving woods,  
 Rich with the bright encouragement of Spring.  
 Peace in the sky, peace o'er the woodland broods,  
 And thickly peopled are these solitudes  
 With souls whose dwelling is the unbounded air,  
 Whose presence is a fragrance and a prayer.

Forgotten by a hollow-hearted world,  
The dead lie in their quiet graves, folk say:  
In this still landscape, with wreathed smoke upcurled  
From happy hearths, no part nor share have they,  
Nor in the resurrection of the May;  
Nowise remembered nor remembering,  
While the glad hours lead in the dewy Spring.

The awful void that once loomed dark and wide  
Now, in these calm, changed days, is nowhere found:  
New forms arise, the want hath been supplied;  
No scar is visible to mark the wound,  
And life again grows cheerful, sweet and sound.  
Yea, though the dead returned (folk say), their place  
Would have no welcome for the once-loved face.

'Tis false against the heroic human soul,  
The aching, uncomplaining, dauntless heart,  
That breaks not, neither fails, but can control  
The tears that to the burning eyelids start—  
The outward show of weakness—and take part  
In life when all that made it life hath gone,  
A trouble and a memory alone.

Grief dies not, but grows part of the great soul:  
Though many an outstretched hand with gentle might  
At first may move her, yet as seasons roll  
She slowly, surely learns how weak and slight  
Is every outward hold, and in the sight  
Of very Heaven feels herself alone—  
Her woe and joy none other's but her own.

On such a day, in such a spot as this,  
A presence fills the haunted, fragrant air:  
From where clear waters the green meadows kiss,  
From sunny-hearted cloud and gossamer,  
It floats and hovers near us everywhere.  
The sweet communion rests the wearied soul,  
Heals it and soothes, and the sick brain makes whole.

Blurred, wet and strange look sky and field and grass,  
But let the tears flow swift and hot again:  
How rich is life when its chief light may pass,  
And such infinity of good remain!  
This pain is no kin to the first wild pain:  
It melts beneath these sacred memories,  
And from all gracious hopes it gaineth ease.

EMMA LAZARUS.

## ON FOOT IN NAVARRE.

THE stranger who enters Spain from the north is bewildered by the complete change he encounters. La Belle France, ever gay and pretty to the eye, fades out of the canvas, and the wild, broken ranges of the Pyrenees rise up one by one, bleak and frowning in the background. Picturesque pastures merge in brown, defiant sierras cleft to the corselet by gulches, ravines and rock-bound abysses. Nor is the character of the people unaffected by the nature of their surroundings. It has been well said that Africa begins at the Pyrenees.

The trim, jaunty peasant of the French vineland here becomes the bronzed and hardy mountaineer. In this region the old brigand once thrived. Travelers by diligence in times past were wont to tremble and cast furtive glances about them when plunging into the black, unroofed caves through which the road wound, and their dismal dread was not materially allayed at seeing here and there, stuck upright in a fissure, a timber cross, to mark the spot on which some luckless wight of a wayfarer had met with pillage and foul play. By moonlight ghostly shadows fell across the solitary path, and made mule, muleteer and traveler start alike whenever a cloud-hand suddenly passed over the face of the pale orb. Even at this day it is far from safe to go on foot by this route with knapsack on shoulder, as summer tourists like to do among the Alps. But that the thing can be done without resultant harm to body and mind in early manhood, however the purse may suffer, let the following extracts from the pocket journal of an anonymous American tell.

June 1, 1870.—Jocelyn and I, having decided to try a trip on foot into Northern Spain, bought ourselves stout hob-nailed shoes, Scotch-tweed suits, knapsacks and a brace of small revolvers. In our knapsacks we each carried an extra striped traveling shirt, two thin flannel under-waistcoats, half a dozen

pairs of thick woolen socks, a flask for wine and a tin case to hold sandwiches. These preparations were made in London, and a few valuable hints as to the best mode of walking were obtained from our polite acquaintances of the Alpine Club.

Dashing through France by rail, but few of the war-rumors rife at Paris came to our ears, nor did we care to hear them. Riding all night, this morning at six o'clock we stopped at St. Jean de Luz, a frontier fishing-village on the coast of Navarre, where we shall breakfast and whence make a start on foot soon after.

June 2.—Yesterday, upon quitting the train, we set out in quest of a matutinal meal of any quality, provided the quantity were ample. We had resolved to cut hotels and inns, in order the better to mingle among the natives and study their habits; so, strolling off to the shore instead of going to the village, we stood and gazed a while at the surf breaking turbulently upon the crags, and took in an excellent appetite "at the pores" from the salt sea-air.

Not far from where we loitered we saw a clay hut with potsherd roof, and lounging thither were met at the door by a burly fishwife, who stared at us in ominous silence. Jocelyn, who has learned a little Spanish in Mexico and Cuba, mustered courage and words enough to ask if she could furnish us with *almuerzo* (breakfast). The good woman shook her head, and answered in a patois of French and Spanish in the negative, but relented, and beckoned us in at the sound of some loose silver which Jocelyn was knowing enough to jingle in his pocket. This incident speaks well for our thorough disguise of gentility.

The hovel consisted of but one room, bare ground the floor and smoked pottery the ceiling. Some drift-wood was burning on a large flat stone in one corner, the room having no chimney, and



a fetid smell of dried fish drowned every thing else.

Without a word the woman proceeded to prepare some fresh bass, which she broiled on the embers and served up to us with some cold potatoes, sweet wine and hard bread, stale and crusted. Such as it was, we did ample justice to the meal, paying the price without grumbling, for the inmates of the hut were doubtless very poor. Threading the outskirts of the village, we set out at a brisk pace along a dusty country-road lined with pleasant cottages, and pushed on all the morning without meeting any novelty. At noon the sun grew so oppressive that we were glad to sink at full length under a stunted tree and fall asleep.

Toward evening we started again, and walked until nine o'clock in the cool of the twilight, when we began to think of seeking shelter for the night. Nothing either cleanly or safe-looking had we seen since leaving St. Jean. At length a clay cabin loomed up from the horizon.

"Darkness falls apace," said Jocelyn. "I am aware, not to speak of blisters inside my shoes. There is a humble but welcome roadside cot: shall we appeal to human sympathy?"

"Appeal by all means; but don't you perceive a pungent odor of—of— Let me see: is it—a cage of kangaroos?"

"I do, fastidious mortal, most distinctly, but drowsiness overpowers me. I must yield."

"Jocelyn!"

"Command me."

"Do you see that villainous-looking person smoking a cigarette on the door-sill?"

"If you refer to that swarthy but amiable native with the Arkansas toothpick in his belt, I do."

"Do you think it safe to enter?"

"Safer than to sleep in the open air."

"I'm with you then."

"Usté, can you afford us a bed for the night?"

Man stares and scowls.

Aside: "Rattle your money, Jocelyn."

Man hears it and smirks: "Enter,

señoritos. I have but one chamber, but you are welcome to it. My family and myself will sleep in the shed with the assling."

In spite of our protesting that we wouldn't hear of such a thing, an earthen lamp containing fat was lighted, two frowsy women and a litter of children were hustled out of doors neck and heels, and some coarse covering was spread on a pallet by the man; after which we turned in, half clad and supperless.

An hour elapsed. "I say, Jocelyn, are you asleep?"

"Goodness, no! How can you ask?"

"What's to be done?"

"Let's go out and sleep in the straw with the donkey."

"I can't stand it any longer."

"I'm flayed alive."

So up we got, struck a light, took a peep at the bed, shuddered, gave it up as useless, tumbled down in the middle of the floor and lay there coiled till daylight, when we called the hombre, who hoped we had rested well, cooked us a bowl of garbanzos and garlic, cheated us all he dared in the change, and gave us his blessing with fervor as we departed, commending us to the especial protection of a local edition of the Virgin, understood to be peculiarly efficacious in that region.

"I guess we've had quite enough of rustic simplicity," said Jocelyn: "suppose we contrive to catch up with a hotel at nightfall henceforth?"

"Just what I was thinking."

"How do you like garbanzos?"

"That staple and nutritious article of diet may be at least appropriately named in this instance—donkey-feed."

"So say I;" and we shook hands upon it with warmth.

June 3.—Last night we put up at the Posada de las Diligencias in the town of Irun, and had two decent meals, our first in three days. We are now over the border, and clearly within the boundaries of Spain.

The day was cloudy and close when we set out, and the air so dense that we soon felt fatigued, and were glad to rest

by the roadside. As we sat there conspiring, a little mule came ambling along with a fat, red-faced priest set on his back like a bag of meal, who good-naturedly saluted us, and stopped to wipe the drops from his dripping brow.

"Buenos dias, caballeros! Warm weather this, but good for the crops and grass. Have you traveled far?"

We told him.

"It is dangerous for gentlemen to journey on foot in these parts. Men have been murdered hereabouts. You should have a guide."

It hadn't occurred to us before.

"Si, señores, by all means employ a native to take you over the mountains."

"Many thanks!"

As the puffing father jogged on we mooted the point of hiring a guide, and finally decided in the affirmative. We must have one to-morrow if possible, as we are now nearing the wilder passes of the Pyrenees.

*June 6.*—We are among the snowy sierras of Spain. At Vera, one of a cluster of hillside hamlets, we found a lazy, lounging fellow, Jacobo by name, whom we hired for the round trip, and Anglicised or Yankeeized into *Jake*. He wears the national costume of Navarre, has a long moustache, says he has seen service in the Spanish army, but is quite foggy as to when and where, and presents the general aspect of a reformed but regretful ruffian. As we all marched together out of Vera, the villagers eyed us with sternness and shook their heads suspiciously, as if we were three unhung highwaymen out for a lark, and I am afraid it is somehow on Jake's account. The steep and rugged road led us up a poyo which commands a fine view of the lovely valley of Vera, with its almost Swiss chalets and broad wooded slopes. At the flattest part of the path we stopped to lunch upon the contents of our cases and a bottle of Val de Peñas, which Jake of Spain had stuck in his girdle like a blunderbuss. To balance it, he bore an ugly Albacete knife, about two feet and a half in length, on the other side. As he uncorked the bottle for us by means of

this blade, he really looked so very untrustworthy that Jocelyn said to him, with seriousness, "Jake, my friend, how many rivals have you killed in your time?"

"Only one, señor, but many enemies."

"How many of those?"

"Dozens, señor."

"Ah! Let us hear about the rival. You needn't mind the enemies."

"Bien, señores, it was in this fashion: I was an innkeeper's boy at Sanguesa before I went to the wars and slew the enemies. I was a very docile lad, and used to pray to our Lady of the Snows thrice a day. But ah, señores! love, love got possession of me by stealth, and made me unhappy. It was with Manuel's daughter, Teresa, that I fell in love."

"Who was Manuel?"

"Ah, si: he was the innkeeper of Sanguesa with whom I lived. Teresa used to make buñuelos as well as the best, and I would help her ladle them out of the pot of boiling oil; but she would never let me sprinkle on the sugar—that was her province. Well, I loved her, and she said she loved me; but ah, these women, señores! they are all the same—fickle."

He seemed so overcome at this point of his narrative that we offered him a glass of the wine in our tin cup, which he took and drank with much dignity.

"Gracias, señores! One July day about dark a traveler from Pamplona put up with us, and after he had dined came out to smoke and look about him. He was young and handsome, and his evil eye fell upon Chica, as I used to call Teresa, and he engaged her in conversation—the piece of deceit!—while I turned away burning with rage in my heart of hearts.

"Next morning Chica and he sat talking together a full hour, and I saw she loved him. She had put on her best ribbon for him—the very ribbon I had given her on her birthday, señores, and which she swore before the Virgin she would only wear for my sake.

"On the succeeding evening she slipped out so slyly, and they walked in the road under the trees with the moonlight

shining on them. I saw them. Ah, señores, these women they are all the same!" (with an appealing glance at the bottle, but we were not to be touched twice by the same sentiment). "It was too much: I vowed to have his life. I did not speak to Chica that night, but went away by myself and thought and thought. At midnight I packed up my bundle, and left it at the foot of the steps. Then softly I stole to the door of the stranger's room, and, finding it bolted, climbed out of the window above and dropped down on his shutter. Swinging into the chamber, I crept up to the bed, and just then the moonlight burst out of a cloud and shone full upon it. Madness, señores! There were *two* there, sleeping soundly side by side. She never heard me. The knife went in deep. A single shudder and he was gone. I thought to kill her too, but courage failed me. I was but a tender boy, señores, and it was before I killed the enemies. Noiselessly I fled from the room, and bundle in hand stole from the inn and the town for ever. Ah, these women! they are too much for us, señores."

It would have been simply cruel to deny him a drop of solace after so much tragedy, so another bumper of Val de Peñas helped to wash down his bitter memories.

"Would you like to hear about the enemies, señores?"

"No, no, thank you—not to-day. One murder at a time is quite sufficient. But what became of Teresa?—did you never hear?"

"Sí, señor. In the morning when she awoke and saw the horrid thing, she shrieked and fell in a fit to the floor—a raving maniac."

"Are you sure the enemies are all dead?"

"All, señor: I killed them myself."

To-night we sleep at Sumbillar, and I write this by the way.

*June 10.*—We have parted with Jake. On the morning of the 7th, when we were ready to pursue our way, the fellow was not to be found, and his absence detained us at Sumbillar until noon. To pass the time until he chose

to reappear, Jocelyn and I climbed an abrupt cliff, shady and moss-crowned, from which we drank in the charming prospect below. Hills—or mountains, rather—tower up on every hand, and hem in this warm, wooded dell, divided by the glancing, golden waters of the Bidasoa.

It was this river, it will be remembered, across which Marshal Soult retreated with a crippled army after his severe repulse by Lord Wellington at the bridge of Janci in the summer of 1813. Now, however, the stream was tranquil enough, and bore no relics upon its sunny bosom of scenes of blood and woe.

About midday Jake returned.

"Well," said Jocelyn, "I hope we have occasioned you no inconvenience?"

"Not the slightest, señores."

"We didn't know but you had gone to look after a last surviving enemy."

"You are pleased to be merry, señor. Oh no: I merely went on an errand of mercy" (crossing himself). "You see, señores, my aged mother of ninety dwells at Elizondo, and I embraced this providential opportunity to carry her all I can spare of my wages." (He had been paid in advance, by the by.) "Think of it, señores, and have pity—an aged mother of ninety!"

"I begin to doubt," said Jocelyn when we were again well on our way, "whether our friend Jake here is not only habitually addicted to falsehood, but a treacherous varlet as well. You remember what the old priest told us of robbers. We had best keep a sharp eye on him: don't you think so?"

"Pshaw! what can he do? There are two of us with seven shots apiece, and the days of brigandage are over, if they ever existed except in the crazy brains of hypochondriacs. If you doubt him, let us show him our pistols."

"No, keep quiet. I am anxious to test the question whether I am merely nervous."

Jake was moody and taciturn all day. We did a good afternoon's work, got far on our course toward Lanz, and felt a complacent consciousness that we were really accomplishing what we had set out to do, without let or hindrance.

The evening set in bleak and heavy. We were in a high hill district, some seven or eight thousand feet above sea-level, and not quite three miles from our night's goal, through Jake's dilatory proceedings in the morning. Black masses of cloud shut down upon the crooked ravines like a roof, save when they were rent by the rising wind and tossed angrily about. A peal of thunder afar off finally broke on the ear, and things began to look ominous and black with evil, particularly Jocelyn's bright eye, which was never that of a man to be trifled with.

"Don't say anything to this knave," he said very quietly.

I knew what lay underneath that perfect composure. Perhaps it would have been better for Jake of Spain if he had known also.

A few drops of rain came pattering down on the rocks. Night had closed in, and with it a settled storm. We all kept on in silence. Suddenly we missed our guide. He had vanished from before us, and was not to be seen anywhere.

"Now," said Jocelyn in a whisper, "we are near the dénouement. Cock your pistol in your pocket, and put your hand over the nipple to keep it dry. Best wrap your handkerchief about your hand. Steady!"

It had grown very dark, and the path was slippery, but we managed to hold to it by feeling, there being soil upon it which gave a softer, smoother surface than the stones at either side. No more thunder sounded. It had set in for a steady summer rain in right good earnest. Our position was anything but comfortable between drenching and apprehensions of danger.

"Is your pistol dry?" said Jocelyn hoarsely—"mine is wet."

I felt my revolver, and found it dripping and useless. "For gracious' sake, Jocelyn, what shall we do? We are defenceless."

Our plight had been deplorable enough before: it was now growing critical. We had both stopped, and were listening with painful intensity—we knew not why.

"Fred," said Jocelyn under his breath and clutching my arm, "don't stir, for your life. I just now put out my foot, and can find no ground. We are standing on the brink of a precipice!"

We both breathed hard, and remained as still as statues. A light flashed up from below us, and went out again abruptly. Again it shone full in our faces. I felt myself thrown violently on my back. A struggle short and fierce took place about me, something fell, striking among the trees, and I heard the word "Dios!" uttered beneath somewhere, in a trembling voice.

"Fred," shouted Jocelyn, "speak!"

"Jocelyn," I cried, "here! here!"

A hand grasped me hard: "Quick! Are you hurt? Come!"

I sprang to my feet, and hand in hand Jocelyn and I dashed down the steep hill or bluff for several minutes.

"We must take to the rocks," said Jocelyn.

After a lapse of time which neither of us took the pains to compute we paused, gasping, exhausted.

"I guess we are out of harm's way," said Jocelyn: "we can take it easier."

"Did you not throw somebody over the cliff, Jocelyn?"

"Yes," said he, coolly. "I believe that scamp Jake, but I'm not sure."

"He must be a footpad."

"Well, yes, in plain English, and a cutthroat in Spanish. I say, Fred, how about hypochondriacs' crazy brains—eh?"

Morning had dawned before we obtained refuge from the beating tempest in the cramped, rude hut of a grazier or shepherd, quite as shaggy in person as Orson. Primitive as it was, we there ate garbanzos without grumbling, dried our clothes, and slept on the bare floor all day with great gusto. Whether it was Jake of Spain who got his quietus, or one of his comrades in crime, we have no means of hearing in our retreat; but I am thankful to say that neither Jocelyn nor I seem to be any the worse for our wetting and little midnight adventure with the mountain marauders.

June 15.—We are still wandering

among the sierra ranges of Navarre, having penetrated as far as Caseda with infinite pleasure to ourselves. Park-like valleys, rich in shade and verdure, stretch beneath us for miles, watered by trickling, pebbly brooks, here called gabas, and by attenuated mountain torrents. Rocky crags wall the purple gorges into which it makes one so dizzy to peep that he is fain to let go his hold on the brink and sink down, down, down to destruction. And all this clustering beauty is canopied with the clearest of azure skies, flecked bountifully with fleecy cloud-wreaths. Plainly in this favored region only man, passionate and pinched with care and want, is pitiable in his stupor, squalor and superstition. The flora is curious and choice. We have culled many valuable specimens to take home.

June 20.—Doubling upon our tracks, we are now within a day's lazy walk of Elizondo. Tiring of purposeless sauntering, it occurred to Jocelyn to trace out Jake's venerable parent by way of diversion, and get from her a few facts relative to her worthy hopeful's career and present whereabouts. We have cleaned and loaded our revolvers, and are sanguine of being found equal to any ordinary emergency. By to-morrow we shall know something more—or nothing. This rough, roving life is certainly conducive to health and hardihood. We are both as hearty as if we were not by lot denizens of cities, and bound down daily in professional pursuits to the enervation and confinement of sedentary study.

June 23.—The reputation of Jake of Spain does not improve upon closer inspection. After a sound night's rest at the Posada de Archea at Elizondo, and capital refreshment next morning, Jocelyn and I equipped ourselves with fishing-tackle in case we should feel inclined to take a trout on the way, and set out to seek Madame Jake, senior. Nobody at the posada had ever heard of that estimable but most unfortunate female of venerable years, so we had to trust the matter to our lucky stars, which had well befriended us so far. The vale of Baztan in which the town of Elizondo

nestles and hides opens up finely to the view at this particular point, and numerous mountain-roads radiate hence, stony and steep. Troutng for a couple of hours is lively sport if the fish are willing, as they were not with us; at the end of which piscatory repulse we buckled bravely to the task of discovery with all the vim of Bow street detectives. An old woodman with a log on his head, *à la Espagnole*, hove most opportunely in sight. His answers were intelligent. There were several mothers of ninety in Israel, but none who owned a Jake that he knew of. "Jacobo? bien!" There was a young fellow of that name who belonged to a young woman in the hollow yonder: there was no old woman, however, but a whole hutful of nut-brown bantlings. With some wonder shadowed in our faces, well bronzed just then by the "livery of the burnished sun," Jocelyn and I made a bee-line for the "hollow yonder."

It was easily seen, but hard to climb to, for the hollow was in fact no hollow at all, but a slippery ledge high up on the hillside. We got to it at last. Some half dozen children of both sexes were tumbling about in the dirt with untamed freedom, and at the interruption of our presence one little urchin, bearing an appalling resemblance to Jake of Spain, stared up at us for an instant, and ran off frightened into the house. Directly, a rather plump, blooming woman of twenty-five, much marked from hard work and exposure to the weather, came to the door with a bold, self-possessed swagger, and eyed us keenly for several minutes. We went toward her.

"Does Jacobo the guide dwell here?"

"He is away, señoritos."

"You are his wife, and these are his children?"

"Sí, señoritos."

"Where is his mother?"

"Dead, señoritos, these twenty years. Why seek you Jacobo? Want you a guide?"

"Sí, señora — one for the mountains. When can we look for his return?"

"He is away now for more than a fortnight—I know not where."

"Ah!"

We consulted for a moment in English, when Jocelyn resumed the cross-questioning: "How long have you been married, señora?"

"Ten years, come next San Isidro, señoritos."

"Were you born at Elizondo?"

"No, señoritos—at Sanquesa."

"Did you know one Manuel, an inn-keeper at that place?"

"Ah, si, señoritos. I am his only daughter."

Jocelyn and I exchanged significant glances.

"Did not Jacobo once kill a stranger there from Pamplona, out of jealousy?"

"Oh no, señorito. Jacobo is a peaceable fellow, and never harmed a soul, to my knowledge."

"Has he not been to the wars?"

"No, señorito. He is nothing but an honest mountain-guide."

"Jocelyn," said I, "there must be some mistake here. May there not be two Jacobos?"

Jocelyn pondered, and then replied: "My dear fellow, that black-eyed boy peeping around his mother's skirt is a sufficient proof that we are right. We are on the trail of the knave, but how are we to catch him?—that's the question.—Señora, we have heard much of Jacobo the guide. Will you have the kindness to run down to the inn as soon as he comes home, and let us know of his return? We want him very much, and will pay him well. Here is a peseta for the little one."

"Si, señoritos—muchas gracias!"

When we were clear of her, Jocelyn said, "The scamp will suspect who we are, and be off again like a shot, I am afraid. But we can't sit here all night watching his lair. It won't pay."

"I wonder," said I, "if the woman surmises the sort of coin we intend to reward her worthy husband in when he turns up?"

"The fellow may be dead by this time, and poor Teresa (or Chica) there a 'widow with six small children,' according to the formulary. He had a pretty hard fall."

And so it all might be.

June 24.—But it wasn't. "Rogues and renegades are fire- and water-proof," runs the Castilian adage.

This morning, at the hour the larks regale themselves with song, a knock at our bed-room door disturbed the placid current of our dreams. Imagine our amazement when, in obedience to our crusty bidding, the redoubtable Jacobo himself, *in propria persona*, deliberately walked into the room, and gave us the top of the morning in Spanish, without the slightest show of embarrassment! Jocelyn and I, each supported upon an elbow and with mouth wide open, gazed long and stupidly at the early intruder, without uttering a word.

Jocelyn was the first to gain his presence of mind: "Will you be so obliging as to throw open that shutter, my good fellow? So! Gracias! Where were you hurt?"

"Hurt! hurt, señor?"

"Yes—when I flung you over the ledge?"

"I, señor? You must be still asleep. No ledge have I fallen over since my tender boyhood. I was a very gentle child, señores."

Even Jocelyn was staggered: "Well, you are an imp! Are you not bruised?"

"Not a bit. Why should I be, señor?"

"Tell me, if you please, as truthfully as you are able, what became of you when you gave us the slip that night among the mountains."

"Assuredly, señor. I will be as candid as a new-born donkey. You may trust me implicitly, except with a rival and enemies: there I am dangerous. You must know that when I lost you in the darkness of that storm on the poyo, I sought about for some hours, thinking you were hiding from me in jest—it would have been a likely practical joke, señores—then I slowly went back to Sumbillar to ask for you, but you had not been seen there. I even told them there that you might have fallen in with thieves. At the end of several days I started for Elizondo, with the intention of retracing my steps to Vera, in hopes of obtaining another engagement as



guide, for my integrity and honor are common topics of conversation among my friends. They all love me, señores."

"Jocelyn," said I, "what ought to be done with this rascal? Will you get up and give him a kicking, or shall I?"

Without replying, Jocelyn sat up slowly in bed, his countenance aglow with humor, and making a profound obeisance to Jake of Spain, addressed him as follows: "Señor Jacobo, your humble servant! I have met in my time a few expert diplomatists, but I think they must yield the palm of duplicity to you. You should seek service with the ingenuous Napoleon III. You have despatched a rival who never existed, slaughtered enemies by the dozen that lived and died but in your brain, and but the other day relieved the pressing exigencies of an aged mother of ninety who has been sleeping quietly in her grave for the last twenty years. In addition to these little miracles, you betrayed us, your benefactors, to your vile accomplices in cold blood, and would have robbed and, perhaps, murdered us, if we had been such cowards as you, or if I had not thrown you like carrion from the crag. However, we will refrain on your helpless family's account from handing you over to justice, and let you go about your villainy unharmed, if you will kindly explain to my friend and myself here how you contrived to escape unscathed from your fall among the rocks, for down you certainly went if I can believe my senses. Can you tell the truth for once in your bad life?"

Jake smiled, bowed low, and rolled up his eyes with mock sanctity as he made answer: "Ilustrísimos señores, the precipice over which you so angrily hurled me that dark and stormy night with murderous intent, happened, by the grace of God and our Lady, to be only about four feet and a half high, and at its base was a bed of mountain-moss, which held me as comfortably as a cushion. That is all. Adios, señores!"

"Jake," called out Jocelyn after him as he withdrew, "present my most distinguished respects to the innkeeper's daughter of Sanquesa."

"Bien, caballeros—muchas gracias!"

And the fellow sprang airily down stairs, whistling with easy insolence the merry Jota Aragonese.

June 27.—On leaving Elizondo we decided to regain France by the famous pass of Roncesvalles. Walking at a round but not too tiresome pace, we kept to the beaten road, and stopping at nightfall at a wretched halfway post-house, rose early next morning and pushed on briskly. About noon we struck the gorge whence the pass diverges, rested on a narrow knoll, lunched and read our guide-book, which we found far more reliable than a live guide such as ours had proved.

The hamlet of Roncesvalles lies in a lovely meadow carpeted by a velvet lawn and canopied by lofty forest trees—one of the finest pastoral plateaus in the world. As it broke upon us we involuntarily paused and pondered in delight. The ruined Augustan convent of our Lady of the Dale still stands as a sentry over the Virgin of Roncesvalles' beautiful valley-home.

We were glad to see that the village posada was almost opposite this forest sanctuary, and from the little window of our chamber we commanded a superb view of it, especially after the moon arose and its orange-tinted beams quivered among the broken towers and turrets. Truly it was a magic scene, such as the fancy loves to dwell upon throughout a lifetime.

The ground about Roncesvalles is classic in history. During the eighth century the emperor Charlemagne ruthlessly invaded Navarre at the front of a noble army bearing the saintly banner of the Cross, in order to drive out the caitiff followers of the Crescent from so fair a heritage. But, unfortunately, Moor and Spaniard, Mohammedan and Catholic, turban and plumed helmet flocked together with one accord under the same battle-flag, raised the stern war-cry of "Arm against the Francés!" and chose the brave Bernardo del Carpio for their common chieftain. At Roncesvalles the battle was fought with extraordinary desperation: the great

emperor of the West, after prodigies of personal prowess, was forced to withdraw; the carnage was merciless, and scores of mailed knights and their devoted henchmen were made to bite the dust in death. Both Cross and Crescent claimed the honor of victory, and Christian Charlemagne lost his best chivalry on that disastrous day.

The ballads of Bernardo are still chanted by the rustics of Navarre as they drive their flocks homeward at night, and in them the rout is ascribed wholly to the beneficent interposition of the Blessed Virgin of the Valley—a fact never doubted by any true Spanish believer. The Moors, on the contrary, attributed the exceeding happy result of

the conflict to the combined favor of Allah and Mohammed in smiling unison. Charlemagne himself, however, is reported to have stoutly maintained to the last that the scurvy business was brought about solely by the wiles of the devil, in his ecstasy at seeing the holy Cross and infidel Crescent warring side by side in the bonds of fellowship. Who shall presume, after these, to advance an opinion?

June 30.—To-day we start by donkey diligence for the nearest railroad station, tired of footing it, wiser by a month of novelty, and lighter in weight, spirits and pocket than when we set out upon our tramp.

DAVID G. ADEE.

#### A FRENCH GIRL.

THE first domicile in which I set foot on French soil was a *pension* in the Rue de Castiglione. Many Americans will recollect the place, for to many it has been, as to me, a first introduction to dark-paved entrance-vaults, to concierges living in a hole in the wall, to stone stairways which lead up through a house with musty, obscure passages, and dining-room and kitchen in the third story, and to Françaises skating every morning over the bed-room floors after deftly arranging bed and toilet-table. I sat in the breakfast-room a few mornings after I came, a large mirror opposite me reflecting every movement, another so arranged as to convey the reflection on into the passage, to a little box where the waiter, a round, handsome Italian, seemingly beset with a chronic wonder why Americans run round the world so much, arranged his forks and napkins. The room seemed full of eyes all around. I was chilly, felt very strange to the place, and not at all sure I had done a proper thing in coming down and ordering my breakfast alone: in short, quite uncomfortable.

Suddenly a door behind me opened, and Mademoiselle Ronselle, a large, well-made girl with a resolute little mouth, glided in: "Pardon, mademoiselle: is it that I am permitted to breakfast with you?" The little red mouth smiled sweetly as she seated herself at the long table. What a bath of pleasure and comfort she gave me at once! Her gay, unembarrassed grace was charming. I know I seemed *gauche* beside her.

In a moment a gentleman of my own party, Mr. Leonard, came in. It was a case of unmixed, direct fascination. He absolutely stared at Mademoiselle Ronselle, ordered tea instead of coffee, and, as he listened to her enthusiasm about last night's opera, actually drank the stuff. When she addressed him with, "Monsieur vient de St. Louis?" which she had gathered from our talk, he succumbed at once.

As soon as we rose he went and intrigued with the head-waiter to change his place at dinner so as to face Mademoiselle Ronselle. She was not remarkably pretty, though she had "a smile

which would have gilded the mud," and wonderful eyes, holding more passionate possibilities than one often reads in French eyes; but the quality of her nature just wrapped him in complete and instant isolation from every other. One most telling charm was her quickness of feeling and her unrestrained way of expressing it. Evidently no harsh, repressing frown had checked the spring of her spirit. Afterward I found this to be common with well-brought-up French girls. They are taught to regulate and express gracefully their impulses, but the fine charm of an open, fearless, innocent eye and lip is never brushed off. What we call self-control, which is really mere reticence, is not so present as with us.

John Leonard's was a kind of possession one reads of, but does not often see. The audacious, yellow-haired young American reveled in it.

At dinner the father and mother appeared—nice people, and Fortune having been kind to them, they had come up from the provinces for their first visit to the capital. "À présent," M. Ronselle said, "nous faisons le Dimanche tous les jours;" and then madame trod on his toe, for the phrase savored too strongly of the time when Sunday was their only "day out."

What pleasure they had! so sincere, so hearty! Mademoiselle Ronselle became a great favorite in the house, and went everywhere with us American girls.

One day we went to Malmaison. The air was crisp and sparkling as in America, the pink horse-chestnuts gleamed like an Aurora on the banks of the Seine, the pink parasols were flushing the Champs Elysées, the fountains seemed glad to be in Paris—as glad as we were. Out in the country were trim cottages with pear and cherry trees trained against the walls, a white wilderness adazzle with sunkissed blossoms, the tiny kitchen-gardens, crammed with daintily-kept vegetables, tossing up a vivid emerald-green against the whiteness—as the grass of an Alpine dell creeps up to the snow-peaks. The vermilion-tiled roofs—for the old thatch flowering with house-leeks and clematis is now unlawful—

were of the same shade as the scarlet umbrellas which dotted the road, borne by the market-women, with their keen, patient eyes and bronzed foreheads coming out finely underneath their white caps.

We saw fields of buckwheat, reminding us of America. We heard also our American oriole, whose note I have listened for in vain among English groves all dripping with song. The river caught and caressed the sunbeams, so willing to be rocked thus. As we flew past a sudden blue of violets was flashed to us from the woods—naïve imperialists, wearing Napoleon's flower.

At Reuil we found a fête. It was perhaps one of the many fêtes of the "mois de Marie," or else the stony little village, near which is Malmaison, celebrated the day of its patron saint with the usual procession of young girls in white veils scattering flowers, children dressed as angels, priests and censer-boys. Not a soul was left in the houses, which were festooned outside and across the street from window to window with roses and azaleas. It was very pretty to roll into the midst of so gay a scene through arches of evergreen twined with flowers. It was almost as if they had expected us, and made ready with music and holiday garb.

We jumped out of the carriages. "Allons!" said Mademoiselle Leontine, slipping her arm in mine. "I make you to see everything. I explain all to you. Me, I understand this. We do like this at home in St. Savinien;" and casting a quick glance to see if Mr. Leonard was following, she mingled in the crowd, asking questions quickly, kindly, graciously. She was one with them at once. "Voici something of the prettiest!" and she directed us to one of the repositories erected at intervals along the street. Like all the others, it was made of white linen, with moss and evergreen twisted into pillars decorated by colored mosses in patterns, the roof formed of laurel leaves, close and shining, just like emerald scales. Inside of each was an altar with candles and bouquets, and when the procession halted at the door, as many as could

crowded in to kneel before the image of the saint who caused all this fuss.

Farther on was a tent with an exhibition such as I have never seen in any other place—a kind of tableaux or *poses plastiques*, taken by children from ten to thirteen robed in pure white, as nearly as possible like the drapery of a statue, elevated on a large revolving platform. The scenes were the adventures of Joseph and his brethren, and the sufferings of our Lord at the twelve stations on the Via Dolorosa. In this last the costumes were bright and carefully accurate. Evidently the grouping was by some artistic hand, but the children, with their fine perception and vivid intelligence, had added, I could not doubt, a subtle grace, a warmer meaning, in the droop of an eyelid or the poise of a limb. St. Veronica especially, a little maid with solemn brown eyes, holding out the handkerchief, was as reverent and enthusiastic as any Bavarian actor in the Passion-play of Ober-Ammergau. There was nothing dramatic: the effect was of groups of statues, for the children stood literally motionless.

The procession outside swept on to the church, the priests continuing to chant, the boys to wave their censers, for which a man gave them the time by opening and shutting something in the form of a book.

"Shall we go in?" we queried.

"Pourquoi pas?" said Leontine. "You should see all."

We were given the post of honor. There was a mass, and then a short address. Mademoiselle Leontine sat there, her hands folded in her lap, a complacent smile on her face, and such a pretty little air of having got up the whole thing for our entertainment: you would have said, a gracious young lady from a château near by, and these her faithful vassals.

When the festal pomp had left the church—the same where poor Josephine is buried—two little girls started up and began scattering lilies on the altar-steps, and a bride tripped up and was married. She would have been very pretty but that her head was cropped, for the peasants sell their tresses every four years;

but the veil and wreath hid the loss pretty well.

"Oh, how she is innocent! how she is sweet!" exclaimed Leontine; and while a little girl and boy, carrying small baskets, went round with true French grace to gather the usual alms for the poor, she pressed forward to offer her good wishes.

I don't know what it was, whether she crossed the path of a woman in the throng, or the woman hers—I thought the woman jostled her, and then was angry at her being there—but I saw Leontine shrink back with a shudder, and then bow and murmur something apologetic to the bitterest face I ever saw. There was malignity, a sneer, in every fibre. For a few seconds the cold, cruel eyes rested on Leontine steadily, the lip curled, and while we all shuddered simultaneously, she said distinctly, "*Au revoir, mademoiselle!*"

"Come out, Leontine," I said, rushing up. "Let us go! let us go!"

With the unsaid congratulations palshed on her lip, Leontine left the church. Out in the sparkling air throbbing to the music of "*Mourir pour la Patrie*," she laughed merrily. "Me, I am not superstitious," she said. "What have you, my friends? What have you, Mr. Leonard? It was a *mauvais cœur*—that is all."

With a little of the dash taken out of us we pursued our way to Malmaison. The roses which Josephine cultivated—especially the coquettish one named after her—laughed inside the railings, the laburnum blossoms lit the avenue with the gentle glow of their gold, the masses of rhododendron chanted of Virginia woods, but we hurried on to the house, with merely a look at the garden-seat where the empress received Napoleon's visit after the divorce.

On the threshold Mrs. Burnham turned: "I suppose there never was a more unhappy woman than Josephine when she entered here."

Leontine looked at her, and I saw she grew a little pale. One by one we walked into the shadow of that great grief not yet paled.

They showed us the rooms—dining-

room, bed-room, salon — smaller and plainer than we expected, with an abundance of polished woods, inlaid cabinets and beaufets, all exquisitely neat and homelike. At last we came to that sad piece of tapestry-work which has Josephine's needle stuck in it as she left it for the last time. We all shed tears as we stood and gazed. I stood next to Leontine. She trembled, and I heard a hollow sound come from her lips, "Deserted! deserted!" All at once she sank down on the floor beside the frame, crouched together in a heap, her head on her knees, in a passion of sobs. We were all thunderstruck. John Leonard rushed forward impetuously, and tried to raise her. But she resisted when she saw who it was: she pushed him away. Then he knelt down and passionately whispered something in her ear. I think he told his love in that moment. At any rate, she let him help her to rise and lead her to a window.

"We had better be off," said Mrs. Leonard, John's mother. "Poor Made-moiselle Ronselle is nervous. That woman frightened her in the church, and then this was too much for her."

"Vous croyez, madame?" said Leontine simply. "I never was nervous before."

We all studied Leontine after that.

"Bourgeoise!" said some of our party, and talked about tradespeople with a curl of the lip — an amusing curl when one reflected that all their drafts from home had a soap-and-candle or dry-goods basis, or perchance a note-shaving one.

Two years passed on, and over the brilliant, tossing sea of the Boulevards came a voice, "Peace! be still!" heard in the hissing of the first Prussian shell.

"Listen!" said I to Mrs. Burnham one October morning. "We have let the last detachment of Americans go through the lines, and now—"

"Yes, now our lot is cast in with this city for better or worse," replied Mrs. Burnham, assuming an elevated expression. "It has been our home: we will not desert it now."

Mrs. Burnham, most matter-of-fact of Americans, had risen to living for an idea, and she seated herself by the window with the mien of dame in beleaguered fortress. We were but three now—our original party had scattered.

At that window we sat for many weeks, feeling the slow tightening of the chain around us, our perceptions sharpened by the patient suffering we witnessed.

"What, in the name of mercy, is that?" exclaimed Mrs. Burnham one morning as we heard overhead a terrific thumping and stamping and pounding, with bounds like those of a catamount. It continued at intervals through the day, and at night became frightful.

We appealed to Madame Brigau, our landlady. She came back to us a moment after: "Ah, madame! the poor gentleman above is desolated. He sends a world of apologies. It is long since he had a spark of fire, and for one week he has kept his bed so as not to freeze; but now it is that the bed-clothes are sold, mon Dieu! and he says he cannot feel him the legs; and so he take a little exercise."

And so—and so, after that, M. Monselet studied his Sanskrit Veda by our fire every evening, burying himself among the strange sounds, his lips moving like a priest's over a breviary, so as to be no check on our conversation. To our great delight, we had in the meagre, bright-eyed man the figure of the Scholar, the traditional type, springing up only in the old civilizations like this, of marvelous learning and marvelous poverty, and simple as a baby.

On New Year's Day, voilà, a spy! Four gendarmes came to take one of our fellow-boarders and his wife, soi-disant Belgians, but they had fled just in time. Then we had a domiciliary visit. We also were foreigners. We must go instantly before the mayor of the arrondissement. In vain we protested ourselves Americans, showed the United States flag, and demanded that the United States consul should be sent for.

Quite a little crowd was on the stairs and in the court. I noticed a man in a red waistcoat, bareheaded, with black

curly hair, and caught the gleam of a black eye that sent me back into the room with a knowledge of what faces swarmed behind barricades not far from here eighty years ago.

"There is nothing to do but go quietly," said Mrs. Burnham, but I determined to make an effort. "Is it we," said I—"is it we you would accuse, who have worn ourselves out for the people of your quarter? We have given of our substance, we have eaten but two meals a day, to have a portion for your wives and daughters. You, Jacques," said I suddenly to one sullen-looking creature just outside the door—"you know that but for us your wife would have frozen her feet off standing in the line waiting for a meat-ticket. We have worked our fingers off to make you warm garments. Tenez!" and I ran to Mrs. Burnham's armoire and showed the coats and clothes that "Dorcas had made." "And as for wood—regard our wood-box! It is empty, wellnigh. Where is the rest? Gone to keep you warm."

"C'est vrai, c'est vrai," interrupted the landlady: "the ladies have the little blaze very mean now, and besides, the poor gentleman au quatrième, whose knees are no more knees to him, they have him down all the evenings to sit in the salon with them. Is it for a friend they give up their so delicate privacy? No, it is a poor creature who is none of their acquaintance, but he is of us, mes amis—nous autres."

"And to crown all," I continued to the sergent-de-ville, "you come for us when our protector is gone, to take us to the bureau, before the crowd, where it is not proper for ladies to go alone. We go not. Return in two hours—M. Burnham will then be here. Till then put a guard at the porte-cochère if it pleases you. We cannot escape up the chimney."

"Ah," cried a voice in the crowd, "these are no Americans. The Americans, they speak not French so well."

"I know that accent," said another: "it is German. Me, I have been in Germany; and she has the hair blonde just like the Prussians."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake be quiet!" said Mrs. Burnham to me. "I told you our best plan was to go along quietly."

"Ah bah!" cried another, "I have seen Americans who had the hair as that, on the Boulevard. I have driven them when I had a carriage."

"Va," said the first, contemptuously, "thou hast no eyes. The shade is quite other."

I should have laughed any other time at my safety turning on the shade of my hair, or rather on the correctness of eye of two *vauriens*. But I did not then.

"That we are Americans can easily be ascertained, you know," I said to the officer. "Return in two hours. And clear the house of madame of these ingrates. Put a guard at the door. We demand that."

The house was cleared, three sergents-de-ville were set pacing up and down outside. Mrs. Burnham devoted herself to making her "préparations."

She put on nearly all the clothes she could find, among the rest an enormous petticoat, down-quilted, which she had picked up in Switzerland, one or two worsted sacques, and a large quilted one over them. Her traveling-suit was of bearskin, cloak, cap and muff, and over the cap a thick red woolen hood was tied tightly under the chin, a Macpherson plaid round her shoulders, and as an extra wrap she threw over her arm a thick coarse skirt of blue serge we had made for a poor woman. She grasped a large American flag in one hand, the other, thrust through her muff, held one of the yard-long loaves our bread came in, and a huge bunch of wax flowers we were just making for a fancy fair. "It is as well to be prepared," she said. "We don't know what may happen."

Thus she stood, bolt-upright in the middle of the floor, holding tightly the unfurled American flag, when the mayor of the arrondissement was announced.

"Show him up," said she.

Frightened as I was, I laughed.

"Pardon, madame!" said the little man, panting and bowing low.

"We are quite ready to go," returned Mrs. Burnham: "you need not have



taken the trouble to come for us yourself."

"Mais madame does not comprehend."

"Excuse me, sir: I comprehend all I want to," she continued loftily. "I have nothing to say about it now: I cannot talk. I must save my strength for what may be before me. Have the goodness to lead the way, monsieur;" and she advanced to the door, waving him on before her.

"Mais, madame, permit that I explain—"

"Explanations would be supererogatory. We shall submit. Pass out, if you please;" and she bore down upon him waving the American flag, pressing him to the very threshold, where the little man capered about in perplexity. "Pass out! pass out! We are ready, as you see. Submission and patience are woman's only resources. I regret that my young friend"—here a reproachful look at me—"should have given way to her excitement before your officials, which I suppose has brought upon us this fresh ignominy."

The poor little man, in complete bewilderment, repeated her last word, "Ignominy?"

"Yes, ignominy," returned Mrs. Burnham: "we may feel it, I suppose, though—"

"Madame does not refer to the visit I have the honor to make her at present?"

"I most certainly do—a very unusual proceeding on your part, I take it, Monsieur le Maire."

"Pardon, madame—"

"Pardon! Do you ask my pardon?" and Mrs. Burnham's features relaxed into an angelic smile. "You have it, be assured. I am a sincere though humble Christian, I trust, and I shall harbor no resentment. You are only doing what you believe to be your duty, my poor monsieur. We too know our duty, and shall endeavor to perform it—in silence. Conduct us, if you please."

"Oh, madame, madame! be pleased to listen—"

"We are in your power. We make no resistance;" and Mrs. Burnham cast

up her eyes and took a fresh hold of her muff, flag and wax flowers.

M. le Maire struck his forehead with both hands, then plunged them in his pockets and stamped on the floor.

"As a sheep before her shearers—" commenced the lady.

"Dear Mrs. Burnham," I said, "there is some mistake: perhaps monsieur does not wish to take us away."

"Let him summon his minions," replied Mrs. Burnham, now wrought up to the highest pitch. "I have shown him I know what will honor a woman and the United States of America."

"The young lady has right," shrieked the mayor. "I come to apologize, to rehabilitate everything, to make it all level, and madame will not let me finish one sentence. If madame would remove her—her scarf and her—her coiffure, and relieve herself of the so heavy satchel, maybe she would understand."

It was indeed time to lead madame to a seat and relieve her of some of her wraps—not the satchel, though. "My bag—no!" she roused herself to say.

Just at this moment Mr. Burnham appeared at the door: "In the name of common sense, what's all this?"

"C'est un monsieur!" exclaimed the official in ecstasy.

All this time we heard nothing of our old companions. The Leonards had taken Leontine Ronselle to Germany with them, but we knew nothing more of them, except that we had heard Monsieur and Madame Ronselle had come to Paris and established themselves. One day I met a priest attached to St. Sulpice, which we called our parish-church. "Mon père," I said, "you come from a place of suffering, is it not so? Can I do anything?"

"I go to a place of suffering," he answered. "If mademoiselle went with me?"

He led me to a room where a girl had starved herself for her parents. Help had come that day, but too late. She was not in the first enthusiasm of youth, but a woman past thirty, and she had done it deliberately.

"Poor thing!" said Father Brefet, "it was her religion. All she had, for this poor family do not attend to their religious duties."

By the pallet, to my surprise, sat Leontine Ronselle, thin and pale. What astonished me more was that she was in the dress of an *ouvrière*, and her manner, though graceful and self-respecting, was entirely changed.

"Will you relieve mademoiselle?" said Father Brefet: "she is exhausted and the mother sleeps."

"I live *au cinquième*," whispered Leontine, "if you will ascend some time."

I sat down by the bed in bewilderment. An evening of dread and gloom began. Across the floor of the bare room fell the shadow of the jagged corner of the *Hôpital de la Pitié*, whose roof had been blown off the day before, and chambers laid bare, whence they had borne shattered bodies. I had never before been so near the woe of the city. I heard a shell pass over the house, followed its screaming track, and then bent my ear to hear it strike if it were not too distant. It was not, and I heard the thunder of the explosion, and then almost immediately a horrible confused outcry—howling—I don't know what to call it—an inarticulate medley of sounds, as if men, beasts and things inanimate were sending up a wail. It lasted perhaps five minutes, and died away slowly, very slowly, and the dolor and pain of the entire city seemed compressed in the last breath that floated past on the night wind.

Then all was still. I looked at the dying girl. Her ears were closed to all such sounds—her eyes were fixed on a crucifix. I rose and went nearer to her. I too had need to realize a protecting Presence of love. But I could not. The room, the house, the city, seemed utterly abandoned. The horror that once streamed from such a Cross when darkness was over all earth was upon me. I thought of the weird, horrible outcry I had heard, and still the figure with arms outstretched in helpless suffering seemed to mock us as it heard the infinite wail of all time, and moved not—nay, its feet were *nailed* to the cross.

Suddenly I perceived the dying woman had turned her head and was looking at me. She tried to speak, but her tongue refused its office. Her last words had been uttered when she said "Ma mère" half an hour before.

The curé returned. She pressed the cross to her breast. Her eyes turned to her mother, then back to him with a speaking gaze.

"Wonderful grace of God!" murmured he. "Behold how she unconsciously imitates her Saviour! As He from His cross looked on the mother that bore Him, so— It is her religion, *la pauvre fille!*"

Then he commenced the prayers for the dying. Leontine Ronselle had crept back again, and we knelt side by side and watched the laboring breath.

When all was over I went up with Leontine to her little room. It was bare, no fire, no comforts—nothing. "Nothing," did I say? Nay, a smile was there, a trusting, happy smile. It was filled, garnished, warmed, illumined. I looked and learned a new lesson, or rather a clear and sweet reading of an old one. She wept as she spoke of her father and mother, both dead of smallpox. They had lost their all before, for it was precisely this class of small capitalists on whom the war fell hardest.

"I have to work now," she said.

"It is hard," said I, remembering the gay vision of two years ago.

"No, it is not hard. I do not feel it hard," she replied, and again beamed that lovely smile.

She spoke frankly of John Leonard. He had been back in Paris, had gone and was to return. "It cannot be long now, they tell me."

The last words fell dreamily, and she evidently had flown off on the wing of anticipation. There was no need of commiseration here. We parted, promising to meet often.

Quite the worst feature of our imprisonment—I mean to us Americans—was the complete isolation from the world outside. True, Mr. Washburne got a bag of letters occasionally, but seldom any for our party. By long brooding

our spirit-perception, or whatever it was, sometimes became so vivid and penetrating that we saw, heard and felt the ongoings of those lives so dear to us. Since my return I have learned facts of correspondence which convince me of a capacity of perception (magnetic or other) in the soul for which we have no name, and to which the untried majority will give no credence. One memorable day I found in the *London Times*—oh, joy! joy!—three blessed, priceless lines for me from New York. In tears and foolish laughter I borrowed the paper and carried it home. A lady picked it up, and glancing over the touching list, said, "Don't you see all these are written cheerfully and give good news only? Nobody would write otherwise, even were it so." May God forgive that woman! She robbed the draught my parched lips had snatched of almost all its strength, certainly of all its sparkle.

"Alice, go to Mademoiselle Ronselle," said Mrs. Burnham one morning. "She must have news from some one we know—better than nothing. Between photography and pigeons, I know St. Louis people would manage to get a letter inside."

I went, but to my astonishment found Mademoiselle Ronselle gone. She had left us no clew to her whereabouts. I searched the neighborhood, all in vain.

Mrs. Burnham looked at me fixedly when I returned from my last ineffectual quest. "Do you know," she said, "I think John Leonard has been in Paris all the time of the siege? I have a fancy I saw him on the Boulevard yesterday. And if he has been here without letting Mademoiselle Ronselle know—"

Poor Leontine! She had disappeared, engulfed in the freezing, starving, suffering world of Paris.

A month after—it was the day before the armistice—I crossed the river sadly. Last May a flower-maker, a pretty, engaging woman we had known a good deal of, came to me timidly, asking, "Would I do her the honor to go to the font with her little baby?" Among its half dozen names she put mine, and I accompanied the proud and happy moth-

er as she carried the little queen to St. Sulpice on a lace-covered pillow. To-day came the oldest child: "Oh, the baby! the baby!"

The innocent little thing lay on its mother's lap gasping: it was past crying. A splinter of a shell had taken off one of its legs, a piece of its cheek, and struck out one eye.

"Do you think she will live, mademoiselle?" said Annette.

Her husband started up from a bed in the corner. "I hope she will die," he said. "The woman is a fool. Do we want to have a child like that? What kind of life would she have? I hope she will die!" and he strode over to it and stood looking down on the little mangled, writhing form till large tears dropped on it.

"My husband says he knows not what," said his wife, apologetically.

"Non—it is not true. I say the thing I mean," rejoined the husband; and he shook his fist savagely in the direction of the forts. Quickly wheeling, he shook it in the opposite direction, toward the Tuileries, with an oath. "Is it that we are tossed between the two like footballs?" he asked, waving his hand back and forth with a tigerish glance.

It was almost the last shell thrown that took away that baby-life.

In that quarter I found what I had long sought. From something Annette's husband dropped, I knew their opposite neighbor could be no other than Leontine Ronselle. I was soon running up the stone staircase to her room. Was I always to be heralded to that sweet presence by suffering and death? Halfway up I saw a face thrust over the last balustrade, white, sharp and bitter, but I knew it for hers. She recognized me, for she disappeared, and I heard a garret door closed and bolted. No knocks, no calls of mine, could gain admittance. I went away, and came back to entreat, to conjure. Next day I came again. I haunted that stairway, that quarter, but I never could meet her, I never could melt her obstinate resolution.

I actually hovered around that house. I used to perform circles almost uncon-

sciously, having that for a centre. I felt Mrs. Burnham's guess to be true.

The gates were opened again now, and I almost think that had it not been for my feverish feeling about Leontine Ronselle, I should have gone out among the first. There was no rebound in any soul. We had lost heart. When we came to see how we had been betrayed and trifled with, how all our sufferings and sacrifices had been only the playing out of a farce, to reconcile us to a result foreseen and determined on—not even a heroic, desperate resistance!

About this time I met John Leonard, frank and hearty as ever. "Have you been here all the time, or have you just come?" I asked him.

"Oh I have been all through. I did not know you were here," he replied.

"None of your friends have known your whereabouts," I said.

"Yet I've been always round. I used to have gay times at the railway stations, watching the balloons start."

"Have you seen Mademoiselle Ronselle?" I asked. "She came back from Germany with you and your mother, I believe."

"I have not seen her since I left here a year ago."

He looked grave, but spoke readily.

"But I have seen her," I burst out.

He glanced up quickly and colored, but returned quietly, "Her father and mother died, and she has lost all."

"It was her misfortune, not her fault," said I.

"I never said it was," he replied, drawing himself up with hauteur.

"Do you remember," I continued, "that day, the first summer we were here, when we all went to Malmaison, and she sank down beside Josephine's tambour-frame, crying, 'Deserted! deserted!'"

"What right have you to torture me this way?" he roared, his eyes flaming, and he dashed out of the room.

Soon after this the tiger in the Parisians we had so often commented upon, hardly believing what we said, woke up. When we heard Rigault, then procureur-general to the Commune, had given a

*laisser-passer* to a priest, running, "Allow to pass M. —, who calls himself a servant of some one named God," we felt it a portent.

The shining May-days we spent in dread and watching. I saw men dragged to prison by armed women for refusing to fight. That sight always sent me back from the window quick. Not for worlds would I have caught the eye of one of those viragoes. Physicians say that the average human pulse has gained ten beats within the last fifty years. I wonder how many were gained last year in Paris? If, as the poet says, "we count time by heart-throbs," we lived years in the week before the twenty-eighth of May, when the Versailles troops triumphed.

The last two days we nearly starved to death, though provisions were in the next street, for we could not go out to get them, and had omitted to lay in any. When the barricade near us was carried, one of the last, and "Vive la Ligne!" echoed down the street, we all rushed out in rapture. That night we stood trembling and gazed at the south-western sky, lurid with flames which seemed to have a malign personality. The Commune had said it would die red-handed.

A day or two afterward, Annette, the mother of the baby killed by a shell, was very ill, and I had gone over to watch with her. My maid came for me at daybreak. Just then on the staircase was some confusion; a gendarme and I know not who else were there. I told her to run down and bring the *fiacre* to a side door, and while I waited I heard a heavy foot come up to the fifth *étage*, where I stood. I knew the floor above was empty, a range of garrets, and I turned and ran up and stepped inside a small one which the rays from an opposite one showed to be bare and deserted, and sat down on a box to wait for Valentine's footsteps. It was long ere I heard that, but I heard something else which froze my blood with horror. Two women were in the opposite garret. One I could not see, but the profile of the other, by leaning forward, was within my view, I being in darkness, and the

wan, drear light of early morning revealing its cold, dull lines. Something about it seemed not unfamiliar. I sat quiet and listened.

"Give me your hand! embrace me!" said one voice. "You have been capable of avenging yourself—thus! You have put the fire to his house. To meet that in these days, it is refreshing!"

The other seemed to listen unwillingly, coldly, if I could judge from the tone and look with which her companion continued, "Bon! bon! give me the hand."

"She is frightened at what she has done!" murmured my trembling lips.

The talk went on, or rather the monologue of exultation: "They think to have it all their own way, these coquins—ah! Yet who would have thought it of you, mon enfant? And is it that he has escaped?"

"I don't know," said a voice that thrilled through my every nerve.

Was I awake? Had this come into my every-day life, this opening of horrid, shuddering secrets? I knew now whose was the last voice—Leontine Ronnelle's—and the remembered face was that of the woman who had frightened us all at the church in Reuil two or three years ago. Her "au revoir" had been a prophecy, then? "You have put the fire to his house." I could not doubt whose house it was.

Valentine's voice rose: "Mademoiselle! mademoiselle!" and I started down.

One day in December, John Leonard came to me, saying that the examination of two pétroleuses arrested for firing the house where he lived in the Rue Royale was to take place the next day at Versailles, and he had been summoned, in common with the other inmates.

"Do you know who one of these women is?" said he, looking at me intently.

"Yes, I know," I said shortly.

"You do? How?"

"No matter."

"How long have you known it?"

"From the day after it was done."

"Well," grimly, "I thought if some of you went down with me, there might

occur some chance of being of use to her."

We set off early in the morning. It was the same road by which we had gone to Malmaison on that well-remembered day. How different all without as well as within us! Every now and then we came to a heap of stones, a rude cross and an inscription like this: "Ici reposent les corps de 19 Français": farther on the same thing in German, over perhaps the same number of stranger hearts stilled for ever. Then a church with the steeple gone and roof blown off. On the outside of some barns fragments of last year's electoral addresses still hung. I saw a rag of the famous plébiscite of '70, and deciphered the emperor's "Frenchmen, I have given you twenty years of prosperity and glory!" How long ago all that seemed! One keen-witted farmer was philosophically illustrating the proverb, "It's an ill wind that blows no one any good," for he had put up palisades around his ruined domain, and charged half a franc for admittance to see the ravages. Photographs of the house were also sold for the benefit of sufferers, and pieces of riddled furniture and farm-implements as souvenirs. Ah! we needed no souvenirs.

We drove on past the prison of St. Pierre, where the poor girl we so yearned over had spent the last six months, to the place where the conseil de guerre was held. The room was large and well-filled. Other examinations came first, three or four precocious *gamins* of seventeen or eighteen, who had sat on the courts-martial of La Roquette prison, where the silver hairs of the saintly archbishop had been dabbled with blood; and then a number of men charged with assassination near Montmartre. These occupied much time in a sad persistence to prove their presence elsewhere, and it was growing dark when the tragedy drew near its end. It lacked nothing to make it look tragic when one of them, lifting his eyes to heaven, swore his innocence on the ashes of his father and mother, and another, a tall, pale man, stretched forth his long arms and ex-

claimed, "Je me tournerai vers cette grande figure divine et humaine, et je lui dirai, j'ai été enchaîné comme toi, martyrisé comme toi, et de toi seul j'attends la justice qui n'est pas de ce monde."

The examination of the two pétroleuses was adjourned till the next day, and the next day we were there again with nerves whose tension was pain.

We had to wait in the ante-room. Before long, John Leonard's ruddy face grew ashy, his strong frame shook like a leaf, and we really thought he would faint. We looked around for assistance. Near us sat a religieux who had been pointed out to us as a witness connected with the murder of M. Daguerre, curate of the Madeleine—a man with a fine face, and clear brown eyes looking inward with unutterable sadness, as if seeing again the scenes of the past months. To him I turned: "Would monsieur give the gentleman his arm to the window?"

"No, no, no," said Leonard. "Don't, Miss Alice! Stuff! Be quiet!"

"It is too close for mademoiselle here: I will get the window open for her," said the religieux in low, smooth tones; and under this pretext we followed him as he made way for us through the throng. He was a large, powerful man, in the dress of his order, with very flowing robes, and he stood in front of us and made a sort of screen, so that unobserved Mr. Leonard got a breath of the biting December blast.

"That will do," he said at length, and I knew he would not falter again.

We went in presently, the penetrating eye of the Dominican following us. The accused were shown to seats near us—Leontine white and wasted, but never so handsome. Every fibre of her face, every movement of her pliant form, had found and taken its function. Each was a separate voice for the soul within. She wore a loose waist of some scarlet stuff drawn slightly at the top, baring part of her shoulders and all her marble-white throat. It was exactly Charlotte Corday's costume in her portrait at the Luxembourg, and had much the effect of the blood-red tunic Mary queen

of Scots donned for execution. Leontine was quite French enough to have regarded this effect. By her side was the woman I had seen with her in the Rue Garancière. They told us she was the one who used to rush round, revolver in hand, during the courts-martial at La Roquette, threatening all who spoke for the prisoners. She did not seem to me of the lowest depravity. I think she was drunk—as all Paris was then—with excitement and horror.

"Avancez, citoyenne," said the president to Leontine. "Does monsieur recognize this woman?" to Mr. Leonard.

John did not look at Leontine, but steadily at his interrogator.

The president mistook the meaning of this, for he added hastily, "I wish to say, does monsieur recognize her as one of those on the stairs the night of the fire?"

"No," said Leonard, "I do not."

"You have seen those women, monsieur?"

"I have, and I know this was not one of them."

"Then you have never seen her before?"

John's face worked. He answered doggedly, "Monsieur, I am not acquainted with the manner of conducting examinations in this country. In mine we should say that was wandering far from the point. It wastes a deal of time. I was kept here dancing attendance all day yesterday. I don't see what difference it makes, even if I could say who I have or have not seen in this confounded place."

"But, monsieur, these women were found on your stairs," said the public prosecutor.

"Oh, the idea is to hang some one for the fire, whether the right one or not?"

"Ah—a—a—sacre! sacre!" and the whole court rose in a fume of indignation. The hubbub was deafening.

"Monsieur forgets himself," panted the prosecutor. "We are not a tribunal of the Commune, as he has perhaps seen them last May. We want only justice—we."

"For God's sake, don't irritate them!" whispered Mrs. Burnham.



Leonard swept the damp hair off his forehead: "I was wrong. I've no smooth ways—never had—and haven't learned them in this blasted city, which I wish to God I had never seen. But I ask your pardon, monsieur—I ask your pardon," bowing with true Western frankness to each member of the commission des grâces. "Can I do more?"

"C'est bien, monsieur—c'est tout bien! Think of it no more. Will you swear to your statements?"

Certainly he would, and he did swear up and down that he had seen and noted the women on the stairs the night in question, and that the prisoner was surely not one, perjuring himself over and over again.

There was a pause during some formalities. I had time to look at John Leonard's face, the perspiration standing on it in big drops, and wonder if he was capable of the only reparation in his power. Then I looked at the girl with the red chemise like Charlotte Corday's, and the desolate violet eyes, on trial for her life, and queried, Would it be accepted? I doubted. And I could see no way to make it possible.

"The name of monsieur," was the next question.

"That again, is not to the point," growled Leonard, "but I've no objection to telling you, especially since you've got it there on your paper. John Leonard, an American citizen."

A ring, one we all recognized, was produced. This was found on the prisoner. "Have you seen it before, monsieur?" John eyed it fixedly. He wanted to aver positively that his eyes had never rested on it, but he feared to get entangled in some net.

"Behold the initials of monsieur on the inside," continued the lawyer. "Is it your property?"

"It is none of my property," said John quickly. "As for the initials, they may mean Jacques Lesueur or Jacques anybody else: indeed, perhaps they stand for Jules Le Favre."

The joke was not well received. No one laughed.

"She must have stolen it from some-

body," said the judge. "It is too valuable for her. She is a thief, at all events."

"I did not steal it," said Leontine, speaking for the first time.

"Where did you get it then?"

"It was given to me."

"Yes, very probable. By whom, pray?"

Leontine hesitated a moment, looked round like a hunted animal. "By my fiancé," she firmly said.

"Where is he?"

"He is dead—to me," she answered, in a voice so hollow that it made a silence in the room.

John's eyes met hers for an instant—that was all: another second would have betrayed both. One flash of passionate adjuration on his part not to betray their acquaintance, for her own sake—her own sake: she was lost if she did. These lawyers were on the right scent now.

Leontine smiled. How strange was a smile on that hard, wild face! "Do you think it was this gentleman, monsieur?" said she boldly. "Ah, no: I have not a rich American fiancé—I, a poor ouvrière."

Slowly, scaldingly the words fell, in tones of the most cutting irony. Leonard withered before them.

Then he shot an angry glance from under his brows, and I almost thought him provoked to abandon his efforts, but no, he had good blood. He lifted his face firmly.

The matter was further complicated by Leonard's servant swearing he had seen the ring in his master's drawer the night before the fire.

All eyebrows were raised as the commission des grâces regarded Leonard.

He ground his teeth. "All the same, monsieur," he said after a second, "she did not steal it. It was her own property. I took it to have a little repair made a year ago, and omitted to return it."

"You then had acquaintance with the prisoner?"

"I never told you I had not."

"But we certainly understood—"

"I can't help what you understood. I don't speak your language very well."

"But you certainly comprehended clearly that in this case the girl must have been in your house the night of the fire."

"She may have been. I dare say many crowded in. It is not necessary for me to tell you that during those days, if a poor woman was found with a can of oil in her hand, her fate was sealed. Hundreds—I dare say innocent—were shot on suspicion. For the rest," fiercely, "it strikes me I am not the one under examination now, and anything else any of you may be itching to ask me must be reserved."

"En tout cas, she was in bad company," said the commissaire du gouvernement. "The wretch there is—I go not to soil the lips by saying what."

The procès, or whatever it is called, of the "wretch" was then separated from the other: she was sentenced, and then came a call for Leontine's advocate. There was some mistake. No one appeared.

There was a pause, a terrible pause, during which we could hear the clock ticking loudly.

Then the tall religieux glided forward and asked permission to defend the prisoner. It was granted him, and he advanced to her side. I cannot pretend to give even a shadow of his subtle elo-

quence. It was a simple appeal to the commission des grâces to recollect how often during these last weeks it had been their hard duty to condemn. Now let mercy speak!—give themselves that joy! There is uncertainty, there is confusion here—we know not—our best judgments are fallible. "I demand, messieurs, nothing less than a full, free pardon for this unfortunate girl!" and he raised over her scarlet-robed shoulders his long arm, its deep sleeve floating back like the snowy wing of the Angel of Mercy.

I doubt if he would have succeeded with any but a French court, but here, after a moment, the pardon he asked for was granted.

During the interval he had studied Leonard steadily. Apparently he had made up his mind before he turned away.

"This, for the present," he said to Leontine in slow rolling tones. "For the future—" He extended his hand. She turned and looked at him, a breathless, breathless look—indeed she seemed unable to look away. And when he noiselessly, with his sandaled feet, passed to the door, she followed him, on, on, with moveless eyes and passionless gait, till both were lost to our sight.

ALICE GRAY.

## SISTERHOODS IN ENGLAND.

THE *Church Calendar* for 1872 shows between thirty and forty sisterhoods now existing in England, some of which have been established for upward of twenty years. They have a great diversity of names, some familiar and scriptural, as St. James', St. John's, St. Peter's and the Good Samaritan; others more sentimental and fanciful, as Holy Cross Home, Sisters of St. Saviour's Priory, Sisterhood of All-Hallows, Sisterhood of St. Ethelreda, St. Lucy's

Home of Charity, the Sisterhood of Compassion. The Guild of St. Alban's has no less than six branch-sisterhoods in different parts of England—St. Agnes', St. Hilda's, St. Faith's, etc. The Virgin Mary, naturally, is the favorite patroness, and there are St. Mary's Missions, St. Mary's Homes, the Mission Sisters of St. Mary the Virgin, and so on, until it becomes quite confusing. Some consist "exclusively of gentlewomen," like St. John's House and Sisterhood, London;

others are for women of all classes. There is an association called the "Parochial Mission-Women's Fund," intended "to reach the lowest classes of the population by means of the agency of women of the same station as themselves," which requires that the members "be *bona fide* of the lower class, having had some experience of poverty themselves." But this society does not style itself a sisterhood. Their objects, as set forth by themselves, are chiefly religious exercises and works of charity, the prominence given to one or the other differing greatly in the different establishments. Sometimes their duties include "sponsorship on behalf of the poor, choirs, choir-training and the formation of church-music societies;" sometimes a little ecclesiastical upholstery, such as "illuminated scrolls, carved frames and brackets." St. Margaret's Convent enumerates among its institutions "the School of Ecclesiastical Embroidery," while others are merely asylums for aged women, like St. Edith's Hostel, Warwick, "founded on Lammas Day, 1865, in honor of St. Edith de Polesworth." One of them, St. Ethelreda's in London, thus describes its aim: "This sisterhood has been established for promoting the reverence due to our Lord in His Blessed Sacrament, and for works of mercy among the poor." Another, the Society of St. Joseph of Nazareth, "an offshoot of the Society of the Blessed Sacrament," publishes its objects as follows: "The adoration of the Blessed Sacrament by works of mercy—1. To outcast and friendless children, especially foundlings, in honor of the Adorable Mystery of the Sacred Manger of Bethlehem; 2. To the homeless, in honor of His outcast life and holy poverty; 3. To the fallen, in honor of His mercy in visiting us sinners in the Holy Sacrament of the Altar. The members must use every endeavor to establish Communities, found Hospitals, Refuges, Homes and Penitentiaries, and, where possible, to restore ancient Monasteries, and recover them for the use of the S. J.; also to recover the full observance of the ancient Holy Days of the Angli-

can Church, together with the beauty of holiness in Catholic Ritual." Miss Sellon's establishment at Plymouth, under the special auspices of the Rev. Dr. Pusey, obtained unenviable notoriety as to its aims and purposes from a trial which took place two or three years ago.

Among these numerous communities, that of Clewer has been longest established, and is universally spoken of as the most successful example of an Anglican Sisterhood: great praise is given to its hospitals and the nursing of its Sisters, even by those who do not think well of the mode of life. To Clewer, accordingly, I went, without prejudice or prepossession, and entirely unprepared for the sort of thing I found. The railway station is Windsor, and as I was inquiring the way of a porter a figure in the dress of a nun passed me, walking with the peculiar step which every one who comes to Europe soon learns to recognize as the conventual gait. I say, in general terms, "the dress of a nun," for it was black and clinging; there was a deep cape, a long veil, a white cap and a crucifix: there may have been special buttons which distinguished it from a nun's dress, but that was the effect. "There goes one of the Sisters," said the porter. I ran after her and asked her if she would show me the way to Clewer. She turned a sweet, fresh, intelligent young face upon me, and in a still sweeter voice assented. We walked along the dusty road together for about a mile: the autumn sun was shining with unusual brightness for England, but it was still early in the day, and the air was chilly. I noticed that my companion's hands—a lady's hands—were gloveless, and red and purple from cold. Windsor straggles out on one side in detached houses and cottages until it reaches the ugly and unpromising village of Clewer. Here my guide, who had been talking busily about the institution, stopped and said that there was a mission-school, if I would like to see it. It was a low, gabled building with some architectural pretension. As we turned in at the gate she was greeted eagerly by a group of children in the

street. She spoke to them by name, and asked why they were not at school: they gave their excuse, and the eldest girl, looking at her with beaming eyes, exclaimed, "Oh, Sister, won't you go and see Agnes soon? She *do* want to see you so!" The Sister smiled, blushed a little, looked down, and explained carelessly that "Agnes" was a sick child; but the little scene spoke for itself.

The school is a very well arranged building, sunny, clean and airy: the aspect of all the rooms was bright and wholesome. There are rooms for children of every age, also of every condition, for after attempting to classify them only according to years or learning, it has been found necessary to separate them according to their station in life—a troublesome and complicated division, but answering much better than the other. This does not include the first two rooms, one a mere *crèche*, where toddling things of two years old and under are kept out of mischief, nor the infant school; and naturally these comprise only children of the lower orders. Above these grades there are three distinct sets of classes, arranged according to the age, station and advancement of the pupils; and after a certain period the girls and boys are separate. All these are taught by members of the institution—I will not say by Sisters, for fear of making a mistake, as the complexity of degrees, marked by slight differences of dress, is bewildering to a stranger. Some of the children are inmates of the house, especially older girls who are being educated as governesses: some of these were taking music-lessons. Every possible advantage is given them. All the children looked clean and tidy, even those who were almost in rags—my Sister said that cleanliness is made a *sine qua non* with the parents; the rooms were all perfectly fresh and sweet; the children looked happy, the teachers very happy. Along the corridors were doors on either hand, over each of which was illuminated the name of a saint—St. Eulalia's, for instance, and others little known out of the calendar. These are dormitories, and the inmates are known

as belonging to the room of this or that saint. We next went into the chapel, which adjoins the schoolhouse, where were attempts at ecclesiastical decoration in the way of modern stained glass, wood-carving and pictures, an altar duly arranged with candlesticks and flowers, the stations of the Cross hanging round the walls. My companion uttered a few sentiments, with which I was already familiar, about the necessity of outward beauty in worship, to which I did not reply by expressing my conviction that all modern attempts of this sort are as much beyond one class of worshipers as they are below another, and therefore must be failures for all.

We left the school, and went on beyond the thickly-built part of the village to where the houses stood sparsely again, and presently came in sight of a group of handsome buildings with a peculiar ecclesiastical stamp, difficult to define, but impossible to mistake. These were the hospital, for sixty patients; the home for indigent ladies, with accommodation for nine; the orphan asylum, for fifty; and the house of mercy, which will contain eighty "Penitents," besides the Sisters. The scale of the work took me altogether by surprise. In addition to these there are several branch establishments—a school, an orphanage, a mission and a house of charity in London, a house of mercy and hospital in different parts of Devonshire, a female penitentiary at Oxford, and a sanatorium and schools at Folkestone. At the hospital my gentle guide left me, and I was consigned to another Sister, a very striking person, with a remarkable expression of power and restrained will in her face. My interest in her was heightened by my knowledge that she was a fellow-countrywoman, and that, though not much above thirty, she had been placed at the head of a cholera hospital in London at the last outbreak. She showed me all over the hospital, discoursing quietly but steadily the while about the institution. I never saw so beautiful a hospital: its order and convenience reminded me of some of our military hospitals during the war. The

brightness and taste of its arrangements were like those of a special sick room: these were effected by a few flowers, engravings and gay-colored table- and bed-covers, which, without in the least detracting from the air of cleanliness—the first requisite in a sick room—went far to modify the ordinary hospital look, which is not cheerful. Kitchens, refectories, wards, offices, all wore the same neat, orderly, homelike aspect, and the halls and staircases are very handsome and of fine, large proportions. Every building of the establishment is planned with due regard to future additions. All the nurses and attendants wear the dress of the sisterhood.

We then went to the house of mercy, the mother-house of the society. Its object is to reclaim fallen women, who, after a certain residence, are successively called penitents and Magdalens—the latter only after having made a "profession" and received "consecration." Sisters they never can become. Here, again, the utmost order and neatness reigned, and the desire for embellishment was visible in many engravings, photographs, illuminated mottoes and monograms, which were all of a religious character, and scarcely softened the monastic simplicity and severity of the household arrangements. The kitchen, laundries, refectories, dormitories and private apartments of the Sisters—which are separate from those of their unfortunate inmates—were samples of system and order. The chapel is very rich: they have succeeded in producing an illusory effect of the real thing: it is a complete specimen, too, of the extreme complexity which pervades the whole establishment. There is a seat for the Mother Superior, higher than the rest; there are separate places for the postulants, the novices, the full Sisters, the penitents, the Magdalens; a gallery, almost closed, for strangers, and another closely latticed, for—most sad to say—*lady penitents*, women of good position, often, alas! clergymen's daughters, who are mercifully allowed a greater share of seclusion when they seek refuge and a place for repentance here. It is impossible to describe how deeply and

painfully it affected me to think of my two companions, both young, unmarried women—one as pure as new-fallen snow, the other more like stainless marble—coming in contact with the misery of sin in such a form. Doubtless there is something poetical in the idea of these spotless spirits ministering to the fallen ones, but inasmuch as they are not angels, but mortals, it seems more fit that women who have necessarily more knowledge of life should have to deal with its darker realities.

I had no time to visit the orphanage or the home for invalid ladies, but from their external aspect there could be no doubt that the same order, propriety, taste and wonderful administrative power were paramount there. Among the branch institutions are schools for training girls for service; missions for district-visiting among the poor and sick; convalescent homes for needy women of good character who require rest and change of air; boarding-schools for young ladies; a *night-school for tramps* in the worst part of Windsor.

"How do you approach such people?"

I exclaimed. "How can you hope to get the smallest hold upon them?"

"I hardly know," was the reply: "they come to the school the night or two that they stop in the place, they seem pleased that we feel interest enough in them to try and collect them, and they often leave their children with us when they go off." Verily this is spiritual bread cast upon the waters.

The sisterhood is that of St. John the Baptist. There are two orders of Sisters, the first order consisting of two classes: the postulancy lasts six months, the novitiate two years for the first class, four years for the second class, after which the member is in full fellowship and called a Confirmed Sister. The second order consists of those unable to live entirely in the community: while doing so they are subject to the same rules as the other Sisters: when in their own homes they are merely expected, as far as possible, to conform their dress and mode of life to their special profession. There are also Sisters Associate

—single women not belonging to the community, or members of either of the other orders, who devote themselves to live by the same rule as far as possible. Besides these are the Associates—ladies living in their own homes and aiding the sisterhood by prayer, collecting alms, finding places for the penitents and girls of the industrial schools, etc. No one is admitted as a Sister unless a member of the Church of England, or, if under thirty, without the consent of her parents. Each Sister who is able is expected to contribute at least fifty pounds (two hundred and fifty dollars) per annum toward the maintenance of the house. The vows are taken for life—obedience, poverty and chastity. They are scrupulous to spend as little money as possible: they travel third-class, and never call a hackney-coach when it can be avoided. This, no doubt, was also the secret of the ungloved hands on the cold morning. Their obedience is implicit and unquestioning. Although generally assigned to the work for which they have been found most fit—teaching, nursing, visiting the poor, influencing the penitents, or exercising any special talent for the use of the community—they may be sent anywhere without a moment's warning by the Mother Superior, and without any idea when they may be recalled.

The Sisters have entire freedom to correspond with, and receive visits from, their friends. There are also vacations—more properly leaves of absence—at stated times, and for a stated length of time, when they may go to them.

The rules for the penitents differ, of course, from those for the Sisters. Their probation I believe, varies according to the individual case: afterward they make the vows of poverty, obedience and mortification, and are "consecrated" as Magdalens.

Many hours passed insensibly while I was going over these different houses, and it was late in the afternoon when I drove away across Windsor Forest. Three things had struck me especially in my visit to Clewer, and after several months they are still uppermost in my

recollections. First, the noble scale and ambition of the enterprise, which strives to compass every form of charity, to lessen every shape of sin and suffering, to fill every gap in the social system as regards the needy. How far its efficiency answers to its endeavor I have been unable to ascertain: I can find no statistics sufficient to enable me to form even a conjecture, and private opinion is divided. The religious life, and not charity, is the first object of the community. Thus, the Sisters profess to minister primarily to the soul, all other aid, mental or material, being a subordinate part of their work, and all their spiritual ministry has but one channel, "the Church," as they proudly call her *par excellence*: they admit no other means of conveying spiritual succor save those which she provides, and as interpreted by modern ritualistic teaching. Every reader knows what the effect of this would be in America: how far it ties their hands and neutralizes their efforts in the native country of Anglicanism I cannot tell.

Secondly, the centralization which is observable throughout, even in the economy of the branch establishments in various parts of the country. An excessive intricacy of detail and tendency to elaboration and minutiae in all the technical arrangements—an indefinite multiplication of trivial distinctions—produce one of the most complex systems imaginable, both in theory and practice: at the same time the indications of a sole ruling mind, at once administrative and executive, the stamp of one controlling individuality, are so apparent that I asked whether there had ever been any Mother Superior before the present one. There has not: the sisterhood as it exists is her creation down to the smallest button: her hands hold the innumerable threads of every subdivision of the work, her eye follows every motion of the machine in its remotest ramifications. She must be a woman of extraordinary ability, fit to be, as she is, the head of a hierarchy; but will the scheme survive the person who has given it birth and breathes life into it at every step of the way? Is there not the inherent fatal



defect of all centralization in an institution which is animated by the pulse of a single individual?

The third and most profound impression made upon me by Clewer was its Romanizing tendency. Converting the places of worship of the established Church of a Protestant country into Popish chapels, turning one's living rooms into dilettante oratories, adopting names, titles, costumes and modes of life which, whether or not originally distinctive of Roman Catholicism, have become so by immemorial usage, the mystic ring of plain gold worn by the Sisters, the habitually lowered eyes, the gestures and genuflexions, the bobblings and duckings, may be puerile and absurd enough in themselves, and innocent perhaps in single cases, but when a community of grown women set themselves to play at being Papists the thing assumes a serious character. The affinity goes much deeper. The dropping the surname and adoption of that of some saint, with the title of Sister, is merely an expression of the renunciation of individuality, the laying down of personal responsibility, independence, free-will and private judgment, which is characteristic of the whole system. Intellectual occupation is forsworn: the Sisters say that they have no need of it—that that part of their nature seems to have fallen off, and has ceased to be felt. The moral attitude they assume is that of children, the position of the Mother Superior one of arbitrary authority, such as very few parents at the present day arrogate to themselves. Even their asceticism is done by rule; their prayer, their meditation, their daily period of silence—an excellent feature in itself—are all regulated for them. Even the spiritual nature, the one part of themselves which they profess to cherish, they put into bonds. The stifling effect of all this oppressed me momentarily more and more as I looked and listened and perceived the results. As I drove through the ferny glades of Windsor Forest, and saw the happy, irrational creatures, the dappled deer, the brown hares, the nimble squirrels, frisking in the sunlight which

slanted in broad bands between the great arcades of rugged oaks and beeches, I drew long breaths of the fresh October air with the instinctive sense of relief and escape which comes after the contemplation of voluntary slavery and captivity. I asked myself then, and have done so many times since, whether the injury which such a life must do to those who lead it does not outweigh any good that their teaching, nursing and visiting may do to others, and whether the harm of an institution based on such principles is not far more active than its usefulness. I have no intention of discussing the good and evil of a conventual life, but whatever may be said for or against it may be said of Clewer. Auricular confession and penance hold a large place in the scheme. The rule for the internal government of the Sisters I did not see, but there is a series of manuals for their spiritual instruction by the Rev. T. T. Carter, rector of Clewer, warden of the institution and coadjutor of the Mother Superior, which contain the following passages, among innumerable others of a similar tendency: Repentance and amendment of life "are the truest means of making satisfaction to the Church" for past sins. "This spirit of satisfaction will also make us severe and strict with ourselves, resolute in keeping under our body, and bringing it into subjection by fasting, mortification and self-denial. It will dispose us to be lavish in our alms-deeds and unwearied in self-denying acts of charity, in order that we may, in some degree, by such tokens of our love, *make reparation* to our gracious and merciful God." Contrition "makes us long to take a holy revenge upon ourselves." In an explanation of the Ten Commandments we are told that the first forbids "going to other places of worship besides the Church which He has ordained"—that the fourth forbids "neglect of the Holy Days of the Church." There are "prayers pleading the Seven Effusions of the Precious Blood of Jesus against the Seven Deadly Sins," and "prayers pleading the Five Sorrowful Mysteries of our Lord's Passion." Elsewhere we are told: "Devout

communicants become, as they feed upon the Body of their Lord, 'bone of His Bone and flesh of His Flesh'—an indissoluble union!"

These extracts are taken almost at random from two of the manuals: to give a full account of the whole six would be to enter into an analysis of the theology of Clewer, while my purpose is only to illustrate what I have said about the Romanizing influence which prevails there.

There is an attempt on foot to encourage an association of a less conventual character, called Deaconesses. The archbishop of Canterbury and the bishops of London, Ely, Chester, Salisbury, Peterborough, and Bath and Wells give it the sanction and approbation of their names, and the dean of Chester, the Very Rev. J. S. Howson, is its champion, or, as we are fond of saying, "exponent." The objects are stated to be: "The revival of the Primitive Order of Deaconesses, and the training of women for authorized parochial work—*e.g.*, nursing, visiting, teaching, managing charitable agencies, etc." There are institutions in London, Salisbury, Chester, Ely, Bedford and Liverpool. The peculiar position of a deaconess is described thus: "She differs from the Sister precisely as the parish clergyman does from the monk or friar. She is bound by no rule; she does not necessarily live in a community; she has taken no vow of obedience to a special Superior of her own, but is simply subject to the control of her bishop, and under the orders of the incumbent of the parish in which she is placed." In September, 1871, a conference was held for the purpose of giving some shape and system to the order of Deaconesses, and a set of definitions and rules was drawn up, which has been signed by the dean of Chester and five of the above-mentioned bishops. The rules demand that no one be admitted as a member without previous training, technical and religious; that a simple yet distinctive dress be adopted; that members shall not drop or change their names, but merely add the title of Deaconess; that members shall

be paid, but only what is enough for their bare maintenance. There have been deaconesses *de facto* working on these principles for some years past in the Church of England, but it is only now that an attempt is being made to formularize the undertaking. The system seems to combine many advantages—personal freedom with official subordination to authority—individual effort in associated work. But as yet it is only in the condition of an enterprise, and is general and indefinite in its terms.

My object has been to give facts, not to comment upon them: every reader will judge them according to his or her own bias. On the whole, the review of sisterhoods as they exist in England is far from satisfactory. The fanciful names, the extravagant observances, the ultra ideas openly professed by most of them, of which the few short extracts given at the beginning of this article are fair examples, show that the tendency is in one direction, and that is backward. They are laboring to reproduce a state of things of which it has long been the consistent effort of England to rid itself, as it has done in some measure, and is struggling—yes, struggling for its life—to do altogether. The name of Protestant they disclaim. Their first object is not charity, but devotion, and devotion kept alive by external aids in the performance of infinite and infinitesimal minutæ. In fact, strip the whole scheme of its externals, and far the greater number of English sisterhoods must perish instantly. Even if the dress of all orders were the homely cotton gown and housewife-like cap and apron of Kaiserwerth, I fear that there would be far fewer candidates.

Yet I cannot accept Miss Stephens's book upon this subject as final. She appears to consider sisterhoods exclusively as they are, not as they might be. She wholly overlooks what is technically called "vocation"—a positive and predominant element in some characters; and, as a friend well remarked, she undervalues the force of religion as a motive in works of charity, forgetting our warrant for giving even a cup of cold water in Christ's name. And there

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is another feature, which to some may seem only a sort of spiritual self-indulgence, but which others will recognize as one of the deepest and most imperative needs of our nature—the necessity for occasional withdrawal from the jar and clash of the world to refresh our souls by solitude and meditation, by retirement and repose; opportunities to look within and above such as ordinary life does not afford, for the soul cannot be attuned to a different key and brought into accord with higher harmonies in a moment; and what ordinary existence, with its incessant demands, gives us more than scattered moments? There is a provision in the Roman Catholic Church for this need in the practice call-

ed Retreat, and sisterhoods should afford the same occasional refuge for a weary soul. The difficulty would always be the tyranny of creed: it would be no easy matter to make room for free religious thought, however private, in a form of life where one set of religious opinions is asserted and acknowledged as supreme. I do not believe that any now existing in Europe fulfills the manifold requirements of such a community: my mind still goes back to the quaint and quiet Béguinage of Ghent as the best framework. There cannot be a doubt that in some form or other the desire of so many pious souls will take permanent shape.

SARAH B. WISTER.

## PRIVATE ART-COLLECTIONS OF PHILADELPHIA.

### II.—MR. HENRY C. GIBSON'S GALLERY.

THREE tiny marble rooms from Pompeii seem to have been dipped into the sea, like Gulliver's casket, and to have floated to a bed of roses and anchored. That is the impression made by Mr. Gibson's little suit of cabinets. The sky shines through the ceilings, as it does into the House of Pansa or the House of the Faun. The figures that cover the walls are many of them riant and erotic. To get the full effect, the exploration should be made by full moonlight, in utter solitude. In such circumstances the robe of a goddess fluttering on the wall or the gray silhouette of a statue clearly pertains to some villa at Baïæ, or Parthenope, or Pompeii, or Capri. To help the illusion, there steals through the quadrangle the captivating odor of warm conservatory earth: excavations in such a precinct, one feels, should turn up a bronze Lar, or a mosaic. Through a low doorway, stooping as they enter, come the flower-scents, leaving their velvet homes to accost the

paintings and the busts. There is a perspective of rose-banks, a surrounding of color and form, a cold pale inlaid floor. Enormous sea-shells swing to and fro, holding air-plants, or flowering creepers that fill their labyrinths with perfume instead of murmur. If there were a window—but there is none—Fancy would like to sketch in, under the moon, the Bay of Naples and the gray cap and plume of Vesuvius.

Our business, however, is with the more rigid daylight view.

"Please Jove, I will never have more than a hundred paintings." Such is the anchorite vow of the owner of this gallery. But men hardly ever realize an ideal, and Mr. Gibson occasionally finds himself compelled by fate or a sudden appetite to admit a new five- or ten-thousand-dollar picture, without casting away an old one. His visitors, if they are human, usually march straight up to the "Venus," painted by Cabanel: she occupies a little pavilion against the

innermost wall, the draperies of which pavilion are dispersed around her figure—altogether centrifugally—with a slight air of mockery. This is a replica of the painting of 1863, sold to Mr. Gibson in the great Derby sale of winter before last: it is said to have belonged to Eugénie, who is probably better off without it. The "Venus" is surely very beautiful, with a completely uncelestial beauty, and with that absence of soul which evades responsibility. Granting that it is the divinity of an essentially trivial man—a painter who has more of Ovid in him than of Hesiod—the goddess has a kind of foolish, fond perfection about her. She lies arched on the wave from which she is just born, her whole boneless body twisting on it and her limbs embracing each other; one nonsensical little great toe of her curls up the reverse way, a rose petal—to be kissed, maybe; she is bedded on her warm hair, which floats, the color of honey, on the Mediterranean blue; the foam creams up, to pillow her head, into impromptu tufts and roses; she peeps from under one elbow; five little Desires, blowing conchs or catching each other's hands, link and dissolve and form again among the light clouds of the sky—the foam of the atmosphere; on the horizon an island profile, which should be Cythera, but is Capri. All this, of course, is no way to represent the divine principle of Love, but the French court-painter's "Venus" is a mischief that will never mend, and the picture laughs in the face of those who would try it by the great grave principles of Greek religious art. In tone it is shadowlessly gay: it seems to throw a light around the place, and to be modeled in excesses of brightness rather than in shades. Unashamed, alluring, and conscious of a very narrow sphere of influence, this Venus seems born to be called a baggage by our Sir Roger de Coverleys, and to go off with a piece of money.

Capri, and Capri again! The lights of Capri gleam from the distance of this pretty little folly by the painter Hamon, hung alongside. Two girls are flying, fathoms above the sea, their drapery

stretched out horizontally with the force of their motion, and their eyes staring like those of somnambules. Who is their Mab, the captain of their dream? Why, it is Dan Cupid, who has leaped right upon their shoulders, a foot on each, and is lashing them inexorably with the cord of his bow. Granting to Hamon the faculty of devising these epigrams very neatly, and of knowing just enough of the human figure to draw his pulpy puppets without absolute disgrace, we confess to a wish that he would generally confine his work to the fans which he decorated so well: what would seem charming on a semicircle of vellum in a lady's fingers seems to empty itself into nonsense when heavily framed and hung among the works of artists whose pencils are of the male sex.

In close contrast hangs a small morsel of the boudoir art of the First Empire, "Psyché enlevée," by Prudhon; the old-young torso, the drawing-room smile, the attitude with a grimace in every finger and toe—making rather hard lines for the moth-winged beings who are charged with the portage of so much wriggling grace—form a composition which Récamier and Marie Louise may have admired, but which now has some of the weediness of a last year's bonnet.

French art since Prudhon painted has been chastened to a sincerity, an anxious quest of the central channel and axis of the ideal, which—to us, at least, of to-day—seems much nearer true classicism. One can only be of his own century, and the critics of the future will doubtless discover in us affectations which we do not suspect; but, to the best sense we can attain, paintings like the "Décadence" of Couture in the Luxembourg, and statues like the "Infancy of Bacchus," by Perraud, also in the Luxembourg, come nearer to the modesty of Nature and the directness of passion than the older works to be found in the Hall of the Seven Chimneys in the Louvre, where the naked, frog-like antique heroes of Lebrun and Prudhon are assembled in what Thackeray punningly called a green old age. Mr. Gibson's gallery is not without works which

we would cite as proofs of the earnestness we mean. Over one of the doorways, for instance, rises a simple head, by Couture, which does not seem to us at all trivial or ephemeral, but rather painted to last, like a portrait by Dürer or Vandyke. Such lines as Shakespeare's: "A vision of a crowned head rises," or Shelley's: "Chatterton rose pale," seem to toll into the mind as the eye contemplates this simple bust. What young Roman or Florentine is he, whose countenance seems to bring into our presence at once the air of courts and the austerity of cloisters? We are interested, but we shall never know him, for he is only a painter's ideal; but the narrow, prominent forehead, the long bare neck, like a woman's or like Raphael's, the fastidious nostril, the eye crowded with shadows and dark reserves, and the forest of brown-black hair, make up one of those personalities which the memory cannot get rid of. He seems like the spectre of some long race, ever refining upon itself, and attenuated to a phantom by its own teasing purity and pride: the portrait might have hung in the House of Usher. In the painting of it there is the same grave sincerity as in the conception: it has limpid coloring in the shadow, firm but soft modeling, and the sense of quality everywhere. Here is a painter bringing to his work the directness, the narrowness, the singleness of aim which make him brother to Rembrandt, to Tintoretto. Couture has never traveled, he is almost illiterate, and he is a genius. Such predecessors in art as the Louvre enshrines he is conversant with, but he is no haunter of museums, no sketcher in distant countries: he is a man whom our age of pedantic scholarship has touched as little as may be, and this head alone is perhaps enough to prove that he paints with much of the innocence of the grand centuries.

Or, if we prefer something with more of the grit and fracture of the live earth-clod, we can go to Jules Breton. He is one who comprehends the immense poetry, and who has been darkened with the immense dumb sorrow, of the fields. He pronounces this poetry not at all in

the old French style of (it is a shame even to defend him from it) supposititious pastorals, garlands and shepherds' pipes. But he sees in the life of clowns their narrowed opportunities, and is penetrated with pity even during their awkward snatches of hard-won merriment. As the rustic pageant of the Host winds through the yellow cornfields, this Breton, who probably has but slender belief in transubstantiation, is struck to the soul with the tender trust of the hard-fisted spectators, who lift up their bent backs to view the solemnity, and absorb an instant's share of the ideal into their stony minds. Why should immortal intelligences be cast into such circumstances? he asks and makes us ask, until, in the presence of the rural congregation, we seem like thieves, with our apparatus of libraries, education, music, art and travel. His peasant-women repose after the day's harvesting, each a female Hercules, able to carry her sheaf with the grace of a caryatid; and they seem, as they linger or stretch their large muscles, to stand upon the brick-fields of their Babylon, faintly conscious of some happier heritage, to which, in right of their sex, they should return. The French farm-lands, with their simplicity, patient cultivation, humble ambition and moral purity, are full of the atmosphere of the pastoral, and there are interpreters, like Breton and Millet, who know it. Strange that this rarest of *motivi* has not got into literature; but French art is much more radical and penetrating, much less a thing of sophistication and of cities, than French letters.

By Breton, Mr. Gibson possesses a picture of two figures, the largest, and we believe the best, in this country. In prose, two women are gathering potatoes. In poetry and truth, a pair of Titanesses, who have battled with the earth, are stripping the dark Amazon of her scanty trophy. They stand into the sky like Druid towers, and around them stretch the immeasurable Landes; their thick frocks fall upon them like the hammered drapery of iron statues; their muscular faces are composed by the unmitigable monotony of their toil into



proud granite masks; and their huge arms, under their thickened, leathery skin, are the arms of the gladiator. What but the magic of genius could transform subjects so obstinately simple into figures of art, and make you *feel* the art beyond the subject? But so it is, and the canvas seems like a Hymn of Labor, with the burden devil-changed into a curse. The picture aches with wasted power. Dürer, as we know, has drawn a figure that has puzzled the world—a woman brooding amid all the appliances of art and labor, sullen in the very centre of improvement, and mocked by a Bat that flies away into the sunrise with "melancholy" written on its wings. Our later poet paints these women in their shipwreck of opportunity, bereft of everything that nurses womanhood into grace; and, weaving its circles in their solitary twilight, we seem to see *their* familiar, and the word upon its wings is "melancholy," too.

Another grave and virile painter, yet with something in the quality of his mind that approaches clumsiness, is Gustave Brion, here represented by a scene of a burning village. There is nothing agreeable, though plenty of the powerful, in this composition. Savagely fine is the young mother who has run out first, and who carries at the head of the fugitives her two children—one in her elbow, the other, who has saved its little windmill, in a fish-basket on her head. The man who bears the girl with a bandaged foot, the old mother in the cart, the light snow and the background of ruddy and sooty distance, are all ably painted, but without much of that indispensable in the fine arts—charm. This picture, though by a man who has done superb things, repeats one of those narrative subjects which have accumulated to nausea in the Düsseldorf school, and does not distinctly rise above the Düsseldorf manner in the painting.

An excellent, flattering example of Kaulbach permits us to set this master's art in vivid contrast with that of similar reputation from France. His subject is an allegorical female figure nursing four children; it was catalogued in the Derby

sale as "Maternal Affection"—a title which would indicate that the personage was mother of triplets at least—and sold as such to Mr. Gibson: it is, of course, a "Charity." It is by a man of philosophy and genius, who, as we all know, has the imaginative ability to think out grand compositions, crowded with the most ingenious, suggestive and explanatory incidents, and moving to an intellectual result as regularly as a classic drama. The question is, Is he a painter?—can he paint? And the answer is at least doubtful. Here are chalky highlights, thoroughly conventional forms, drawing that has neither the life-look of the model nor the transcendental purity of the antique, and old-fashioned, conventional action. The female head has that strange type so common with Kaulbach, and so purposeless and puzzling. We can only describe it by saying that the whole *muzzle* of the face, so to speak, has been seized by the fingers and drawn away forward, leaving the forehead upright, but too far back, the nose elongated, the mouth large and prominent. It may be a tribute to a favorite model, or it may have been evolved after much mathematical measurement and study of phrenology—a calculated Frankenstein of a face; but we have seen it imposed on so many Werthers, Fausts and Young Goethes as the face of a lovely woman that the monotony of the assumption has tired us.

We have thus far reviewed painters who have been inventors and thinkers and creators. It is a question whether, as artists, they were any the better for it. There is Alfred Stevens, for an instance on the other side, who has never thought out a dramatic situation in his life. He dresses a model in certain colors, puts a vase near by on a table, and copies what he sees in a picture that is a *chef d'œuvre*. Here is a plain woman in a velvet jacket edged with sable—harp, music, flowers, a rose at her foot—and it seems as if nothing could be finer: it is to be noticed, for instance, that the glitter of changeable silk is perfectly hit off in her skirt; this effect depends, in nature, upon depolarization, the two eyes receiving im-



ages of different colors at once, with a result only to be imitated, one would think, in the stereoscope; yet here is this magian of a painter making us see, or declare we see, all the *shake* of the changeable surface in a piece of coloring which may be perfectly viewed with one eye alone. Again, for powerful painting that is mere model painting, go to Tissot for his "Girl Reading." Her only merit is, perhaps, that she is utterly well understood and seems to be alive. She is the girl in the next street, the girl you were introduced to last evening. She is decidedly ugly, with her bull-dog sallow face, and she is absorbing the *Figaro* newspaper in a gormandizing, unlady-like manner. But she lives there where the painter has set her—lives to the tips of those long, intelligent fingers enclosing the lower part of her face like the basket-hilt of a sword. Or for something still less elevated, yet true to Nature, pass to the "Girl Deciphering the Seal," by Toulmouche. If you think a muddy skin and a bombazine dress cannot be coquettish, look at this grudging girl with some other girl's letter, who curls her body backward over the table against which she leans, catching her weight on a hand that is covered with rings, for she has many, poor worm! Or again, if the millinery of art may arrest us a little longer—it arrested Veronese and Titian, in their day, a good while—take a study of the different ways of painting white satin in the pictures here present by Bagniet and Florent Willems.

Again, for vivacity and a kind of boyish thoughtlessness and *verve*, who can tire of Vibert and Zamacois? The surfaces of things are by these artists so nimbly painted that we forget, in their spell, that there is any graver way of looking at life. The specimen of Vibert is long since celebrated, and will remain as satisfactory as anything from his hand in the country. It is the "Roll-call after the Pillage." Loaded with booty, drunk, holding each other up, swaggering, the men-at-arms form into a zigzag line in front of the captain: one, with liquor in each hand, staggers out from the Golden

Lion inn, whose tap-boy lies on the ground, dead or stunned. The foremost volunteer is a graceless and superb Don Cesar de Bazan, who has taken a prisoner—the prisoner being a magnificent white goose, for whom the lad's sabretache is the gallows. The humors of an incident, the superficies of a situation, could hardly be better displayed. The example of Zamacois is less choice, the incident being low, and the color a little too glittering—too much picked out, *un peu précieux*. An old chamberlain, whose wife must be the favorite soubrette of the establishment, is seized with misgivings in his prophetic soul as he approaches a pair of ornamented ox-horns on a chimney-piece: this is painted, however, with the rich, begemmed manner of the artist's *début*, and will hold a fair place among the limited treasures left by him at his early death.

Mr. Gibson's specimen of Gérôme is one of his cynical and cruel pictures—one of his most depressing examples of "showing up" some distant country where we hoped there was some romance left, and proving by a piece of literal transcription how vile and mean is the actuality. It is a Spanish arena, with excruciating, almost perpendicular, seats; a prosaic audience of sombreros, toques and yellow feminine veils; a villainous picador, without a shade of gallantry, with mean black eyes and broad jaws; an ugly gray horse, lame in the near foreleg; a sorrel lies dead on the sand, which is elsewhere decorated with obscure reddish blots; another embroidered bull-fighter, his legs in buckram armor, awaits the opening of the gate where the victim will appear. If there is a sermon, as some say, in the bare revelation of truth, then this revolting portrayal of the ugliness and prose of the bull-fight may do a little good, and relieve M. Gérôme's artistic soul of certain sins of seduction that now lie with some weight upon it.

In the "Halt in the Desert," M. Fromentin, in his elegant, porcelain painting style, shows several excited sheikhs interrogating each other and making a vast bustle to little purpose, after the manner

of Oriental confabulators. Schreyer, in "The Retreat," shows an Arab on a black horse, who has tied the riderless gray of some friend to his own steed: thus embarrassed, he vanishes pell-mell into a cloud of white bournouses that swarm up a low, scrubby hillside, turning, as he rides away, for a Parthian shot.

If we stand so as to get into view at once Rosa Bonheur's group of long-haired sheep, the large sheep by Schenck of Écouen, and Auguste Bonheur's cattle-picture, we shall appreciate the vast superiority of the last-named painter to both his sister and his elder rival. Schenck's flock is quite conventional, and seems to stuff up all the neighborhood. Mademoiselle Bonheur's has the blotted manner of English water-color, with the English occasional dab of hard, uncompromising white. But Auguste's cattle, how perfect they are! The red-and-white cow that drinks stands out sculpturally in the frank clear afternoon light, just yellowing enough to gild a little the white portions of its hide: it is a piece of sculpture in oils, modeled with the precision and solidity of bronze. A dark cow has lifted her head toward the herd, shaking her ear, whose shadow plays over her neck of silk. They stand in a river peacefully brimmed with high tide against a background of low hill-forms. Another painter, Troyon, gives us a black-and-white cow in a landscape too small to show his resources of scenic effect. This master, who took up animal-painting comparatively late in his career, because his landscapes were not successful to his wish, remained a landscape-painter to the close, valuing his animals principally for their relief and

contrast—incidents in his paradise, not sharers of his love. His black ox throws back his distance; his red cow contradicts his meadow: such are their functions; they are not studied as individuals, with the love of the true animalist.

A truly admirable picture by Baron Henry Leys must close our mention of the figure-pictures, and precede our enumeration of a very few of the well-chosen landscapes, in the Gibson gallery. It is a lady in white satin giving a message to a page, the two figures set like jewels in a dim, mirrored interior. It is completely different from most pictures by Leys, his voluntary crudeness being here replaced by all the distracting softness and tenderness of Rembrandt. The atmosphere here is full of air, distance and mystery, and the picture, if it does not blacken from its already dark present standard, may one day perplex the critics as a picture in which Van Ryhn himself, with all his own witchcraft of shadow, combined the silvery elegance of Terburg.

A powerful scene by E. Isabey, with duelists in a gloomy mood, we notice only to mention. The landscapes we could select for the highest praise are a lovely, fading St. Martin's summer scene by Corot, a windstorm by Oswald Achenbach, a coast-scene (under glass) by Andreas Achenbach, and a fine Swiss valley by Calame.

With which insufficient notice we leave the charming and happy little chain of Pompeian galleries belonging to Mr. Gibson. Could an old Pompeian visit them, he would brush past the landscapes and the *genre* pictures, and close himself in devoutly with the curtains of Cabanel's "Venus."

E. S.

## ARNOLD AT STILLWATER.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1777.

AH! you mistake me, comrades, to think that my heart is steel,  
Cased in a cold endurance, nor pleasure nor pain to feel:  
Cold as I am in my manner, yet over these cheeks so seared  
Tear-drops have fallen in torrents, thrice since my chin grew beard.

Thrice since my chin was bearded I suffered the tears to fall:  
Benedict Arnold, the traitor! he was the cause of them all.  
Once, when he carried Stillwater, proud of his valor, I cried:  
Then with my rage at his treason—with pity when André died.

Benedict Arnold, the traitor, sank deep in the pit of shame,  
Bartered for vengeance his honor, blackened for profit his fame;  
Yet never a gallanter soldier, whatever his after-crime,  
Fought on the red field of honor than he in his early time.

Ah! I remember Stillwater, as it were yesterday:  
Then first I shouldered a firelock, and set out the foemen to slay.  
The country was up all around us, racing and chasing Burgoyne,  
And I had gone out with my neighbors, Gates and his forces to join.

Marched we with Poor and with Learned, ready and eager to fight;  
There stood the foemen before us, cannon and men on the height:  
Onward we trod with no shouting, forbidden to fire till the word;  
As silent their long line of scarlet—not one of them whispered or stirred.

Suddenly then from among them smoke rose and spread on the breeze;  
Grapeshot flew over us sharply, cutting the limbs from the trees;  
But onward we pressed till the order of Cilley fell full on the ear:  
Then we leveled our pieces and fired them, and rushed up the slope with a cheer.

Fiercely we charged on their centre, and beat back the stout grenadiers,  
And wounded the brave Major Ackland, and grappled the swart cannoniers:  
Five times we captured their cannons, and five times they took them again;  
But the sixth time we had them we kept them, and with them a share of their men.

Our colonel who led us dismounted, high on a cannon he sprang—  
Over the noise of our shouting clearly his joyous words rang:  
These are our own brazen beauties! Here to America's cause  
I dedicate each, and to freedom!—foes to King George and his laws!"

Worn as we were with the struggle, wounded and bleeding and sore,  
Some stood all pale and exhausted; some lay there stiff in their gore;  
And round through the mass went a murmur, that grew to a whispering clear,  
And then to reproaches outspoken—"If General Arnold were here!"

For Gates, in his folly and envy, had given the chief no command,  
And far in the rear some had seen him horseless and moodily stand,

Knitting his forehead in anger, and gnawing his red lip in pain,  
Fretting himself like a bloodhound held back from his prey by a chain.

Hark! at our right there is cheering! there is the ruffle of drums!  
Here is the well-known brown charger! Spurring it madly he comes!  
Learned's brigade have espied him, rending the air with a cheer:  
Woe to the terrified foeman, now that our leader is here!

Piercing the tumult behind him, Armstrong is out on his track:  
Gates has despatched his lieutenant to summon the fugitive back.  
Armstrong might summon the tempest, order the whirlwind to stay,  
Issue commands to the earthquake—would they the mandate obey?

Wounds, they were healed in a moment, weariness instantly gone:  
Forward he pointed his sabre—led us, not ordered us on.  
Down on the Hessians we thundered, he, like a madman, ahead:  
Vainly they strove to withstand us—raging, they shivered and fled.

On to their earthworks we drove them, shaking with ire and dismay;  
There they made stand with a purpose to beat back the tide of the day:  
Onward we followed, then faltered; deadly their balls whistled free.  
Where was our death-daring leader? Arnold, our hope, where was he?

He? He was everywhere riding! hither and thither his form,  
On the brown charger careering, showed us the path of the storm:  
Over the roar of the cannon, over the musketry's crash,  
Sounded his voice, while his sabre lit up the way with its flash.

Throwing quick glances around him, reining a moment his steed—  
"Brooks! that redoubt!" was his order: "let the rest follow my lead!  
Mark where the smoke-cloud is parting! see where their gun-barrels glance!  
Livingston, forward! On, Wesson! charge them! Let Morgan advance!"

"Forward!" he shouted, and, spurring on through the sally-port then,  
Fell sword in hand on the Hessians, closely behind him our men.  
Back shrank the foemen in terror, off went their forces pell-mell,  
Firing one Parthian volley: struck by it, Arnold he fell.

Ours was the day. Up we raised him; spurted the blood from his knee—  
"Take this cravat, boys, and bind it—I am not dead yet," said he.  
"What! did you follow me, Armstrong? Pray, do you think it quite right,  
Leaving your duties out yonder to risk your dear self in the fight?"

"General Gates sent his orders—" faltering the aide-de-camp spoke—  
"You're to return, lest some rashness—" Fiercely the speech Arnold broke:  
"Rashness! Why, yes! tell the general the rashness he dreaded is done!  
Tell him his kinsfolk are beaten! tell him the battle is won!"

Oh that a soldier so glorious, ever victorious in fight,  
Passed from a daylight of honor into the terrible night—  
Fell as the mighty archangel, ere the earth glowed in space, fell—  
Fell from the patriot's heaven down to the loyalist's hell!

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

## AYTOUN.

## CHAPTER IX.

My own name shames me, seeming a reproach.

THE wind dies away as the day dawns, and every trace of the clouds with which it warred last night has fled, leaving a blue sky, and a dazzling sun streaming into the unshuttered windows of Hortense's room—streaming in upon the girl who lies there motionless on the bed.

Alas for the sad hearts the sunshine forces to come back into the world of daily life and put on the accustomed look and smile! When we can bow the shutters and tell the world that we would be alone with our sorrow, we are at least more fortunate than those who must spread their windows wide open, letting in the gaze of passers-by, and wearing the same mien as usual, though their hearts be very heavy.

Which has the heaviest load this morning—Gerald Alston's mother or Philip Dunbar's sister? One sits in her sorrow like a queen, and all around her bow at her requests and speak low words of sympathy; while the other must rouse herself and hide all traces of her grief. For the servants are there, and, though they are few, they are as watchful of their mistress as if they were a host. They talk about last night's storm, and they attribute Hortense's white face and Philip's late rising to the sleepless night the two must have had.

"Miss Hortense was frightened badly," the maid tells the cook. "I saw her in the hall, and her face is as white as my apron. Besides, she never went to bed last night, as you can see if you will look into her room."

Hortense is standing looking out of the dining-room window at all the havoc last night's storm has made. Seemingly, she is marking it, but her thoughts come back only now and then to the fallen trees. Yesterday she would have gone out at once and mourned each fallen giant as an old friend, but to-day she

is past caring for them. The breakfast-things stand untouched, for Hortense is waiting for Philip, who is late this morning. She is torturing herself with the question how it is best to meet him. If he had come in suddenly upon her, it would have been much easier. But now, to catch his footstep first on the stairs, then in the hall, and then to have to face him just as she did yesterday—she hardly knows if she has nerve enough to do it.

She never thinks of shunning him, for there is but little of the proud Pharisee in Hortense, haughty as some of the Bridgeford people believe her. She would never dream of any sorrow or suffering or sin separating her from Philip, for their bond is one of blood, and through it she would share all with him.

No feeling for herself is surging in her heart. Hortense Dunbar might as well be some unknown person for all the pity she will find in that heart. Philip only is written there, and what troubles her sorely is what is best for him. Would it be wisest to tell him all of last night's history—what she had found in the road, and what proof she had hidden up stairs that the work was his? If it was a woman she had to deal with, she would not hesitate. Isolation and loneliness break most women down utterly. But with a man it might be different—how different Hortense cannot tell.

Some might have deemed it their duty to read the sinning one a sermon, taking the sixth commandment for text, and illustrating it with Cain's unholy act. But Hortense is gentler and wiser. In her weak hands lies perhaps the guilt-stained soul, and she loves it none the less for this guilt, but with a tender pity.

To-day, no doubt, it would be a relief to Philip to know that there is one he can speak openly to, without avoiding any phase of his temptation and his fall. But after to-day might he not shudder at

the knowledge she has, and think sometimes that she turned away from his touch or words?

Will it not be better to leave it to himself to speak or keep silent? If he speaks she will not say she has his story by heart, and if he is silent she will not hint by word or action she knows more than he cares to tell her.

She has to come to some quick resolve, for there is a step on the stairs—a heavy step, as of an old man, and at first she fails to recognize it as Philip's. Then she remembers that a change has come over everything, and that henceforth nothing is to be to her as it was.

She hastens to the breakfast-table, to hide her face as much as possible behind the urn, for she is sure it must show some telltale traces of her last night's watch.

Her manner is very gentle, very tender, and Philip supposes she is thinking of Grace's behavior to him, and is sorry for him. He does not dream of whose face she looked into last night by the moon's ghastly light, nor does he know that she carries a key in her bosom.

"There was a dreadful storm last night," Philip begins, feeling that there must not be silence between them. "Hill tells me that some of the old trees were blown down."

"Yes," Hortense answers—"you can see them from the window."

"You must have slept soundly if you did not hear the wind," Philip goes on to say. "It blew loud enough to wake the dead."

Hortense puts down her coffee untasted. She wishes the wind *had* wakened the dead, and Gerald Alston with the rest of the cold sleepers.

Whether Philip's words recall last night's deed to his own mind she cannot tell, but she can guess why he pushes the morning paper from him, and why he leaves his breakfast almost untasted, though he makes a feint to eat it. She understands too why he makes an effort to talk.

Hortense knows all this, yet she cannot speak light words or discuss everyday things, trying to wile Philip's thoughts from what she knows they must dwell

on. There is blood between them, and it seems to gurgle up and separate them, even when she would fain cling closer to him than before.

Every little word they chance to say seems to turn on last night's deed, and unwittingly brings up before them Gerald Alston's dead face. And yet neither can tell what the other is suffering. Hortense is wondering if the missing pistol is giving Philip any anxiety, and Philip is wondering in his turn if Hortense thinks the loss of Grace Robson has worked such a mighty change in him.

A silence has fallen over both of them as icy as death. And yet they cling the one to the other, Hortense giving up all her usual employments and keeping near Philip, and he, like a frightened child who fears to be alone, is unwilling that she should leave him even for a moment.

The house seems to stifle Philip, and as the morning wears on he proposes they shall go out and see what destruction last night's storm has wrought. Hortense catches up a shawl she finds in the hall, and she and Philip go out together and see some of the wild work done last night which can never be undone. Many of the Dunbars have played under the shade of these prostrate trees, many have been sad and troubled under their green boughs, but never before have two such utterly wretched ones stood beside them.

"They make a great gap on the lawn," Philip says, touching one of the fallen trees with his foot. "I should have been very sorry a week ago. But, Hortense, Aytoun is not what it was to me. I would have made any sacrifice to keep it, even to marrying Grace Robson; but I have changed my mind now—changed it since—since last night. The old home must go, and if you go with me, I will willingly leave it."

"Leave it, Philip? Where would you go?" Hortense asks.

"Anywhere, so Aytoun is out of sight, out of hearing distance. Hortense, there are but two of us. Shall I go alone?"

"No," she says, quietly: "I will go with you."



"And Bryan?"

Bryan! Has she thought of Bryan in all this misery? Once in the night she thought of him—wished he were near her, so that she could unburden her heart to him. And then the thought came—it was Philip's secret, not hers, and her lips must be closed even to her lover. And with this heavy knowledge could she stand by Bryan's side and never flinch as if she too were guilty?

Philip is waiting for her answer—Philip, who has built up a wall between them so high no words of hers can reach him. Her lover's voice and all the sweet music of her wedding-bells were drowned out in Gerald Alston's blood. All is swept from her—the past, the future, Bryan, Aytoun. Only Philip is left to her, and they two must go hand in hand till the grave parts them.

So she says, firmly, "Bryan shall not part us. I will go with you, Philip."

"But he will try to part us," Philip returns, hastily. "We men are seldom generous, and hold fast to what we think belongs to us. Bryan will never give you up if he can help himself. It must be by your own act that you leave him."

"Then it shall be by my own act."

"You promise me this?"

"I promise you."

Philip turns and looks at her—at her still white face, at her anxious, troubled eyes—and conscience whispers, "Have mercy on her weak womanhood. Take her not with you, draw her not into the whirlpool of your misery. Let her go to Bryan. With him she will have the common lot of joys and sorrows—with you, wretchedness alone."

Philip loves Hortense, loves her better than anything on earth, and now in his sin and misery his heart pleads for her. And so he says, "Nay, Hortense, this is foolish in me. Bryan has the first claim to you. I must not let you leave him to go with me."

"Bryan can do without me," she replies, trying to speak lightly. "My word is given—I will go with you."

We cannot banish God's angels when He sends them to us in our need. So Philip accepts her promise, though he

does not know that she sees him as he is, and yet never turns away from him, though a happier lot may beckon to her.

"When shall we go?" Hortense asks after a few minutes' silence.

"Next week. You will not mind so early a flitting? Let there be no leaving-taking, please. Grace Robson need know nothing of our movements."

He tries to cover up the desire that their departure shall be secret by the mention of Grace Robson's name, and does not know that Hortense would shrink from such a leaving-taking and the gossip of Bridgeford as much as he would. If we only knew how few real secrets we possess, we should let go our subterfuges and be more honest in our words.

Grace need not know of their movements, for what has she to do with them now? More than she knows or will ever know till the judgment day, Hortense thinks. That Grace by her heartlessness has really caused all this misery, Hortense does not doubt. As little does she doubt that Grace will sleep and wake, dance and be merry, have her joys and pleasures, until death comes, without ever guessing that a deed of hers has caused blood-shedding. Grace, with her pretty face and not very deep heart, will live on the common life, with perhaps fewer cares than fall to the lot of most; and Hortense, crushed by another's act, robbed of her life's joy by another's deed, will live on too.

They are standing silently, the two who are to go out into the world together, held by a bond of blood, when a man rides in at the iron gate and up the avenue. They do not see him until he is nearly upon them and then both start with a sudden fear. There is no chance for Philip to get away unseen, no hope for an escape. Neither is it a time for weak, womanly fears, but for quick, quiet action, Philip thinks, as, a little pale from the thoughts he cannot put down, he advances to ask the stranger his business.

Hortense follows close behind him, ready for help, or even to fight for him as a tigress would fight. But "the guilty

are fearful where no fear is." The man is only a traveler who has lost his reckoning and would find Bridgeford; and with relieved hearts they tell him it is so straight before him he cannot miss it. But they do not tell him also that they took him for a law-officer.

"Let us go to-morrow, Hortense," Philip says as the man rides off—"to-morrow night."

And Hortense wishes he had said to-night, for a new fear has taken possession of her. But she does not urge him, lest he should guess how much she knows of what he would keep from her.

And so the day passes slowly. Both are clinging to each other, trying not to speak their thoughts, and yet dreading to be silent. They are longing for to-morrow, and yet striving to appear contented with to-day. Was this to be Hortense's life? Was it for this she was giving up Bryan and his love? And yet has she any right to hold him to his past vows, for is he not dead to her—killed last night when Philip took Gerald Alston's life from him? Would Bryan care to stand before the altar with the sister of Philip Dunbar if he knew the truth? She cannot tell, and she must risk nothing in the asking.

It is late when the brother and sister separate to-night, for there is a comfort in each other's presence, and neither of them hopes for sleep. Yet Philip is the first to say good-night, for, having the heavier load to bear, he is the greater coward of the two, and is fearful the servants may notice anything unusual in his habits.

Hortense lingers in the hall up stairs, thinking perhaps Philip will call her. But there is no sound from his room, and if he does not sleep he bears his wakefulness quietly. So she steals at last into her own room, not to try to rest, but to ponder upon what she had best do with the evidence she has kept of last night's deed. The pistol must be got rid of, for if she and Philip leave to-morrow night she cannot possibly carry it with her without Philip's knowledge. She dare not leave it behind her, for how can she tell that it will not in some

way witness against Philip? She cannot destroy it. What can she do with it?

Long does Hortense try to think of a safe hiding-spot, but she fears every place that her thoughts suggest. She cannot dig deep enough to bury it, and there is no pond which will hold it safe if an August drought should come to dry up its waters.

At last Hortense remembers that at the rapids there is a whirlpool—very small, it is true, and hardly worthy of such a name, but it is said to hold fast all which is cast into its waters. She remembers dropping a bracelet into it one day whilst looking over the cliff, and none of her party thought it of any use to try to rescue it, but counted it as a lost thing. She was sorry to lose her pretty ornament then, but she thinks of it now as an earnest that the waters will hold the pistol safe, giving no hint of what they have in their possession, until there are no seas nor water upon the earth, and man too is stripped of all the concealments he fain would wrap himself in.

This pool, which Hortense hopes will keep from Philip the knowledge that she knows his secret, is close under the cliff where she and Grace sat on the day Grace promised to marry Philip. Below the cliff the river foams and tosses itself in a wild way, forcing itself over the rocks. But between two of them it grows helpless, and for all its fuming it is held a prisoner, and in its small fury draws its own waters down; and the Bridgeford boys call it "The Whirlpool."

To find any safe hiding-place for the pistol is a relief to Hortense. The dread she has of Philip's knowing it is in her possession has made her doubly prudent. She changes her dress, though still keeping to an unnoticeable black, strews her things about, and tosses the bed she has never even lain down upon, to give it the appearance of having been slept in. The servants will not say she has kept two night-watches if they judge from the state of the room; and there will be no risk of Philip's learning that she has kept vigil as well as he.

It is well Hortense will not have much

of such work as this to do. Deception injures even the best of us, and the noblest cause becomes defiled when we stoop to falsehood to sustain it. And yet it is the penalty of all secret sin, and the guiltless may become guilty in trying to keep it hidden.

#### CHAPTER X.

I will not soil thy purple with my dust,  
Nor breathe my poison on thy Venice glass,  
Nor give thee any love—which were unjust.

BEFORE the sun is up or a servant is stirring in the house Hortense is ready for her walk to the rapids. She takes the key from her bosom, and unlocks the drawer and lifts the clothing, half afraid the pistol she has concealed is not there. But yes, it is safe—safe for her to carry to the river, there to hide it for ever.

Hortense shudders as she sees it, not altogether at the thought that with it Gerald Alston was robbed of life, nor that it was the means of making Philip a murderer. These thoughts might well make her shudder and turn pale. But besides there is a nervous dread she finds it hard to conquer—a foolish fear that to touch the pistol is to enter into the very shadow of death itself.

She is standing there shivering, not at the horror the only witness of Philip's guilt must give her, but at the knowledge that she must carry for three miles at least, pressed close to her, this deadly thing which has already taken one life and might steal away hers also.

Rob her of life? Was this life so sweet to her that she should cling to it and shrink from death?

Hortense starts as she fancies she hears the sound of servants moving down stairs. She must get the better of these foolish fears, and not run the risk of Philip's finding she has the pistol. And so she grasps it firmly and hides it under her cloak.

Noiselessly she creeps past Philip's room, the thought of him giving her nerve. And then she goes down stairs swiftly, and quietly draws the bolts of the

hall door, and lets herself out into the early morning.

It is the longest, weariest walk that ever Hortense has taken, though she cuts off more than two miles by leaving the road and taking a path across the fields. She walks very hurriedly, fearing the few laborers she meets going to their work—fearing they may in some way read her errand in her face and stop and search her. She is like the child in the fairy-story, who heard the bird singing her secret sin.

She hardly understands herself, and grows angry at her want of nerve when she needs it most. She forgets the two sleepless nights she has passed, her anxiety and fears, the stretch worse than the rack, she has been on all day. If she remembered them, she would not wonder why she stumbles on as if born blind, and why she loses the path because she never heeds its turnings.

The bank of the river is gained at last, and Hortense stands just where a few months before she sat with Grace while Bryan lay at their feet. Gerald Alston, she remembers, came that morning in his shooting-jacket, and rested his gun against the tree she is leaning against now, and he sneered at her fears. Fears? Were they not premonitions? And she was angry with him. Can she be angry now with that still white face, which has cut her off from life as most care to live it?

She has little time, however, for such thoughts. She goes to the cliff and looks over. There boils and seethes the small whirlpool to which she will entrust her secret. Will it keep it safe? There is ice formed around the margin, and it requires a firm hand and steady head to drop the pistol so that it will fall into the water. Better that it should remain in her own keeping than lodge on the ice at the edge of the pool, exposed to chance observation. So she bends still farther over the cliff, drops the pistol, and as she hears the splash which tells her it is securely hidden, finds she has lost her balance, and sways to and fro for an instant, clutching idly at the air.

She thinks in that instant, with a sense

of satisfaction, that there will be nothing found on her dead body to reveal the secret she has come to hide. If Philip only knew how safely it was buried!

The next moment a hand has caught her by her dress and draws her back from the edge of the cliff, and with a desperate effort not to faint she looks up, to see Bryan Bonham's white, frightened face bending over her. It calls her back to life and suffering.

"Hortense," Bryan asks, "what does all this mean?"

She thinks that he suspects her of seeking her own death amongst the rocks in the river below them. And she half smiles at the thought, for, hard as life is to her, she is not such a coward, even if she were such a sinner.

"I leaned too far over the cliff," she answers. And then the fear comes into her mind that Bryan has seen what she threw into the whirlpool, and she asks quickly, though trying to command her voice and seem to speak indifferently, "When did you see me first?"

"But a minute ago. I hardly expected to find you here at this early hour."

"Then you did not recognize me?" Hortense says, a little relieved of her fear.

"Not at first. I only saw a woman in imminent peril of falling over the cliff, and I hastened to you. I knew you, however, before I reached you. What could have tempted you so carelessly to risk your life?" asks Bryan, almost angrily, as he recalls how near he seemed to be to losing her.

What tempted her? A brother's danger. But she does not tell him this, nor that she wishes he had let her slip over the rocks. She is weary almost to death, and a walk with Bryan will be no rest to her.

"Hortense," Bryan says as they turn to walk to Aytoun through the fields, "I am glad I have met you this morning. We do not often see each other now, so I am rejoiced to have you a little while to myself."

Hortense does not ask whose fault it is that they have seen so little of each other of late. She has not left Aytoun for months except to go to church or to

make a hurried visit to Bridgeford on business of Philip's.

Bryan would rather be called to account for his remissness than that Hortense should be so cold and silent. She does not even seem glad to have him as her companion for this long walk across the fields. "Hortense," he asks, half angry at her silence, "what has happened to change you so? I hardly know you of late."

"How am I changed?" she asks, willing only to confess to what he charges her with.

"In every way. You have no smile to greet me with, and seem to feel but little pleasure in being with me. Is the fault in me or you? If in me, what have I done?"

"Nothing," she answers sadly. "I have no fault to find with you. We have seen but little of each other lately, but that may be from circumstances, not from intention on your part. I have nothing to complain of."

"And yet you have changed: you cannot deny you have."

"I shall not try to deny it. But did you expect me to be always as I was two years ago? If so, I do not wonder you are vexed to find me altered."

"I expect to find some reason for the change. I did not suppose you would have left me a stranger to your sorrows, if it is to them I must look for this alteration," Bryan says reproachfully.

"We have had a good deal of trouble at Aytoun," Hortense replies, evasively. "I suppose you know the old home is in danger of being sold?"

"But Aytoun will not be your home much longer."

Hortense looks up at him questioningly. Does Bryan know that she is to leave Aytoun to-night?

Bryan does not notice her startled look, and goes on: "You will come to me soon now, and will not miss Aytoun."

"There have been some changes lately," Hortense replies, relieved of her fear, which she sees now was a foolish one. "Philip's engagement with Grace is broken again — this time past all mending."

"And you mean to hint that I am again to be put off for Philip? Hortense, I shall lose all patience with you. If I am so secondary with you, compared to Philip, why did you ever engage yourself to me?"

"Philip did not need me then as he does now," Hortense begins.

"And is that the only reason you listened to me? What would you have done, may I ask, if you had married me, and Philip had needed you as much as you say he does now?"

If he would trap her in her answer, he is surprised to hear her reply hastily, "I do not know. I thank God that decision is not forced upon me."

"Speak more plainly, Hortense," Bryan says, angrily. "We two should at least understand each other. Why are you so thankful that you have not a decision to make, when the question is so simple a one?"

But can she speak more plainly? If she dare not tell him all, if she cannot tell him of Philip's crime to excuse her seeming waywardness, she had better keep silent, even if Bryan thinks the more hardly of her for it.

"Have you nothing to say?" Bryan asks coldly.

"Yes," Hortense answers, trying to speak without a faltering voice. "When I said I would marry you, I meant all I promised. I loved you as strongly as most women love—as much, at any rate, as I am capable of loving."

"As well as you loved Philip?" Bryan asks bitterly.

"Better, I thought. But everything has changed utterly since then. You cannot want me as I am now."

"Do you mean, when you speak in a past tense, that you no longer care for me—that this utter change you tell me of is, that you do not love me?"

Hortense cannot speak this falsehood. She is as true to him now as on the day she listened to his love-tale. Now that she knows she must lose him she is longing for him unutterably. She is not false to Bryan. Only, Philip's sin has shut her out from him, and yet she cannot tell him that it has.

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"Do you no longer love me, Hortense?" Bryan repeats, unwilling to read an affirmation in her silence.

"Love you? Yes, I love you. Yet, Bryan, you must let me go free all the same as if I said I hate you."

"That I will never do. I have your own confession, and I will hold you to it, no matter what reason you give for breaking your promise to marry me."

"Not if I wish to be freed from it?"

"No matter how much you wish it."

"But you *must* free me," she says vehemently. "You cannot hold me if I will not be held."

"Can't I?" he replies, smiling down on her. "I defy you to be rid of me after your confession that you love me."

He is counting on always being near her. It is only a little mile from Bridgeford to Aytoun, so cannot he press his love upon her day by day? and can she escape him? Yet to-morrow he may search for her and fail to find her.

She is tempted to let the old bond stand, and when she cannot be found, search as he may, Bryan will in time break it himself. This is the simplest way out of all her difficulties. But no, as Philip's sister she must break it. There must be no stain, no chance of stain, on Bryan's name.

"Bryan," she pleads, "why will you torture me? I tell you I cannot marry you, cannot let our engagement stand. We are forced to say good-bye to each other, and go our different ways."

"And do you think I am to be put off so easily—that I will make no fight for the old life and love? Hortense, what can you mean? In one breath you confess you still love me, and then at once you talk of our parting. You must give me some reason for it, then—something better than a seeming whim."

"It is no whim, only a sad necessity," Hortense says. "Others besides us have loved and have been forced to separate. Why should we complain?"

"Others may have separated for a sufficient cause. If you think I will blindly give you up, you are mistaken."

"You will not do it blindly if I tell you the cause is sufficient?"



"I will have your proof then, not your mere assertion. I will judge myself of the sufficient cause, not take your word for it. Hortense, cannot you see what you are asking me to do—to give up the love I have cherished for more than two years, and all the hopes born of it?—to give up all right to you, even the slight one of speaking to you calmly?—to give up all hope of having you always? Can you ask this of me, the man you still confess you love? Even if there is anything to part us, do not tell me of it. I will trust you to do me no harm."

"But I should harm you: I could not help doing so. Bryan, why make me confess so much when I would fain be silent? Is it not enough for me to say I cannot marry you?"

"No, not enough to say it. There must be something more than mere words to part us. You are speaking under some strong excitement, though you are so quiet, not from cool judgment. As if I did not know at least what is best for myself, and that is, to keep you as my own!"

"It is not best for you," Hortense replies hurriedly. "Bryan, there is that which should part us even if I stood by your side at the altar. And there are but few who would think I am wrong in resolving so."

Bryan is startled, and looks at her half angrily: "Hortense, do you know what you are saying?"

She does not flinch under his frown. She is Philip Dunbar's sister, and she must not be Bryan Bonham's wife. Neither must she put herself out of the reach of Philip, even if Bryan should urge her to. Both of her loves draw her into the same path now—the first time they have ever done so.

"I must say it," she answers firmly. "I must be as truthful as I dare to be. I must save your name from shame, mine from infamy. Because a sin is a secret one is it any the less black?"

"Sin and Hortense are not yoked together in my thoughts."

He speaks soothingly. Perhaps he begins to doubt if she is sane, and re-

members his fortunate arrival at the rapids a few minutes before.

Hortense is thankful for his faith in her, but the stronger she finds it the more reason that she should do him no wrong. "Bryan, there is something to separate us—something I dare not name even to you," Hortense says firmly.

"But you *must* name it. I will not let you go from me, leaving me uncertain of the cause."

"But I must go. I tell you I would not marry you if you were to plead with me on your knees, and knew without a doubt the reason why we separate."

"Then you have ceased to love me, Hortense?"

She does not answer him, does not even look toward him.

"And all the sweet things you said but a few minutes ago are false?"

Still she is silent.

"And you thought you would part from me, fooling me into a belief that you still loved me, and that an unhappy fate so willed it—making me think there was a reason for your change of purpose, more than a change in your feelings?"

She is like one swimming against the tide. If she hesitates, pauses a moment in her effort to save herself, she will drift back, and all her previous efforts will have been in vain. She cannot answer him, only remains silent, and this silence stings him past endurance.

"And you have been putting me off for months, pleading Philip's want of you, when your own falseness was the true reason—not letting our engagement irk you, only because you saw me so seldom—listening to my beseechings when you no longer cared to answer them? Hortense, have you neither honesty nor truthfulness to own it?"

Still she does not answer him. Better let him think what he will of her than know the truth, even if it made him cling but the closer to her.

"And you are shameless too," he says bitterly. "You would have me believe you guilty even of a sin rather than know you as you really are—merely heartless. You would play the heroic,



and make a seeming tragedy of your miserable farce."

Once before he finished she turned to answer him, but dropped her eyes when they met his, and walked on mutely. Bryan thinks he has hurt her with his bitter taunts. He does not know she only shrinks from the wrong he is doing himself, and from which she dares not shield him.

"Hortense," Bryan says, still angrily, "you must answer me. How long is it since you came to this determination to drop me? Have you been playing your pretty game of fooling me ever since you were engaged to me? When did you decide to tell me what you have to-day?"

"The night before last," she replies, and the words seem to come against her will.

"And I ask again, What decided you?"

She does not say, "Gerald Alston's dead face, and the knowledge of who killed him," but she replies, wearily, "What is the use of going back to causes? I tell you I must break our engagement, and you decide that I am false. I am content to let it rest there: why will not you?"

"Because I cannot bear to think of all my trust and all your falseness—because I would fain find a reason for your fickleness."

Again she does not answer him, for what has she to say? Only the truth, that she is steadfast to him. And if he questions her still further, what next must she tell him? Bryan is watching her face, and he reads something there—something of her love for him, something of her struggle.

"Hortense," he says very bitterly, "Philip is at the bottom of this, and you will not own it."

She starts and glances up at him with frightened eyes—eyes which have known no sleep for two weary nights. Bryan sees the start and her terrified look, and continues pitilessly: "And you are willing to sacrifice me to Philip, willing to render my life void and worthless, never heeding what you make me suffer, so

you can pamper him a while, until he finds another girl as great a fool as Grace Robson to throw you over for."

"Philip will never marry," Hortense rejoins.

"So no doubt you both think just now, whilst he is smarting under Grace's slight. He will think differently after a time, and your pretty martyrdom will go for what it deserves."

"Do you want me so much," Hortense asks, for the moment turning on him for his bitter words, "that you would taunt me into marrying you? Is it not enough that I am false and worthless, but you must hunt me to the death? Cannot you leave me to Philip if as yet he is not weary of me?"

"Yes, I surely can," Bryan replies. "But if you think I do it meekly, with a blessing on your future, you are wrong there. What right had you to come with your truthful-seeming face to fool me? what right had you to swear to love me, when I was less than nothing to you—nothing in comparison with your worthless brother? I tell you, Hortense, to his dying day Philip shall regret this piece of his handiwork."

Bryan's threat is idle. Angry as he is, he would not hurt Philip if it were in his power to do so. But by his threat he has sealed Hortense's lips. A moment ago she flinched so under his bitter words, which had seemed almost a curse, that she half decided to trust him with Philip's secret. But she will not now, but says quietly, "Let me bear the blame. Philip would not part us: he urged me yesterday to leave him and go to you—urged me strongly, with a love that thought first of my happiness."

Bryan does not notice her implied rebuke, but asks, "Then this separating from me is your own act?"

"My own," Hortense answers.

"Then there is nothing more to say. We must treat you women delicately, even if you are false and fickle. Why I should ever have trusted you is the mystery."

They have crossed the fields now, and have turned into the road not very far from Aytoun. Bryan stops here, as if

not going farther. In full view from where they stand is the belt of wood near which Gerald Alston lay the night Hortense found him with the wound in his head. But even at that sight she does not shudder, as she does at the thought that she and Bryan are parting now for ever, and that he is hurt and angry with her.

"Are we to part with only harsh words?" she asks.

"Do you wish soft, sweet ones from me now?" Bryan questions.

"They might as well be kind ones, as we are parting, perhaps, for ever."

"And do you regret the parting? I thought you wished it. I was slow to take in the fact at first, until you were at some trouble to convince me."

"And yet we need not part so bitterly. If you think me wrong, you may as well forgive me."

"If I think you wrong! If I am in doubt, there is no use in my striving to forgive you."

"Be it so, then. You are more cruel to yourself, Bryan, by far, than you are to me. And yet if at any time you find in your heart an excuse for me, it will be a comfort to me to know it."

"You will die comfortless then, I fear," he answers, roughly. "I will be more honest than you have been with me, and so will tell you, plainly, I am not one to love you after you have proved yourself unworthy. I shall do my best to forget you, to crowd you out of my heart. It may be hard to do at first, but it is worth the effort, and I will make a brave fight for it."

She does not plead any longer—she will make no more attempts to win his forgiveness, to establish peace between them. Her love is so different from his: neither doubt, nor change, nor sin could kill it. It might be forced out of the channel of perfect trust into a shallower one, but she would still love on.

Bryan sees she has turned to go, and he gives his last thrust somewhat bitterly: "If I had not met you on the cliff! If I had another day to think you true to me! But you have robbed me utterly of all trust and faith. If I had stayed

another hour by Gerald Alston's bedside, I should have been spared a long day's suffering."

Gerald Alston's bedside! Hortense turns to him again. Her eyes are asking what she cannot put into words. Then the light dies out of them as she remembers there are watches kept by the side of dead men, as well as by the side of the dying.

"I have been watching by Gerald Alston," Bryan says, answering the question he had read in her eyes a minute before. "It is better to be laid low by the cowardly hand of an assassin than to be stabbed by one whom we have loved and trusted."

"Is Gerald Alston not buried yet?" asks Hortense, feeling she must say something, and catching up in her haste the most fearful words she can use.

"He is not dead yet, only badly wounded."

"Not dead?"

"No: what made you think so? The doctors have good hopes of his recovery. His enemy did not do his cruel work as well as you have done yours."

Not dead! And there is hope!

She does not heed his taunt. All is not so completely over with them as he thinks, and she is about to tell him so, when Bryan adds, coldly, "I have been sitting up all night, and have not found my early walk as beneficial as I hoped. You will pardon me if I say Good-morning."

He lifts his hat with bare courtesy and turns down the road toward Bridgeford.

Hortense does not call him back. The reaction is too great for her, and dizzy, almost reeling, but with a feeling of intense thankfulness to Heaven, she leans against one of the trees until her weakness is somewhat past. One thought alone is uppermost—Gerald Alston is alive, and Philip's hands are clean from blood!

Bryan glances back and sees Hortense standing there, and believes she is watching him. She may take her last look, for he is not one to be fooled twice, he thinks. She must try her lessons on another.

"Philip," Hortense says, laying her hand on his shoulder as she speaks, "Gerald Alston is not dead, and the doctors have good hopes of his recovery."

She has found Philip in the library, with his arms resting on the table, and his face buried on them, thinking what thoughts she can only guess. He raises his head as she speaks, and looks as if groping to take in her meaning, and then says in a low, hurried voice, "Thank God!"

Hortense takes these words to heart as we take words of penitence on a death-bed from careless, sinful lips. Hereafter there will be less gloom in her life because of that whisper.

"Who told you he was dead?" asks Philip suspiciously.

"No one," Hortense answers quietly, for she has no fear now of losing her hold on him, no dread that he will turn away from her. "I saw him myself on the road, as I thought, dead."

"On the road? Where?" Philip asks.

"At the edge of the woods, just where he fell."

"Fell?"

He would learn how much she knows.

"Yes, fell," she answers steadily.

"Just where he was shot."

"Shot? Who could—"

But she interrupts him quickly: "I found your pistol close beside him on the road."

Philip cannot disclaim it, for his name is upon it; so he asks quickly, "What did you do with it?"

"I was afraid it might do you mischief, and I have just come from throwing it into the Whirlpool, which will keep it safe."

"And you have known all this, and never turned from me? Hortense, why is your love unlike all other women's?"

She thinks he is referring to Grace, whose faithlessness has brought all this sin and wretchedness upon him. She has not forgiven Grace quite yet, and she says, a little bitterly, "You judged me by too low a standard."

"By Grace Robson's height? Do you think I have given a second thought to her since she broke with me?"

"I thought she—" and then she stops. Grace's ride with Gerald, followed by her note, she has thought all this while, was the motive of Philip's act. He understands her, and says, "What I have done does not bear a feather's weight on Grace. She may marry whom and when she pleases, and I shall only wish her joy on her wedding-day."

"What, then, tempted you?" asks Hortense.

"To do such a deed? Neither love nor jealousy. When Grace's note came there was another from Lancaster, telling me Gerald Alston had bought up the mortgage, and then of course Grace's little note informed me there was not the smallest chance of my paying it off, for I only hoped to do so with her money. Even then, though I might have cursed Alston, I never thought of working him any harm. I heard in Bridgeford some silly vaunt the man had made about owning Aytoun—a boast that he had only gained what he had long plotted for."

"Had you any words with him?" Hortense asks.

"No: I did not even see him then. I met him on the edge of the town. We were both on horseback, and I should never have known him in the dark if he had not chanced to pass under a street lamp. I was armed, and smarting under the recollection of more than one wrong, for all the scandal Bridgeford has enjoyed about me for these months past was part of Alston's work. He would win Grace by any means—Grace or Blidale Mill."

Hortense does not ask any questions. Philip may tell her as much as he pleases: she will not seek to know more than he chooses. But he does not need to be questioned, for he intends to make a clean breast of it.

"The devil prompted me, as I caught sight of Alston's face under the gaslight. I let him get ahead of me, intending to overtake him at the gate and speak to him—not kind words, you may be sure. But Harold became frightened at the rising storm and ran madly. There was no chance for words, and, as I said, the devil prompted me."

"And that was the reason you never drew your rein for even a moment?" Hortense says.

"You were there?"

"Near by, amongst the trees. I did not know any harm was done, for I heard both horses running."

"Yes, Alston's ran too, frightened by the pistol-shot. I managed to turn Harold down a side path, and so left the road to the riderless horse, and I made a circuit and came into the turnpike some miles above. At the tollgate I heard that Gerald Alston was killed, and that his horse had been found miles away. It was supposed that the man who had killed him had ridden the horse until he was foundered, and then had left him on the road, making good his own escape. The toll-keeper never dreamed to whom he was telling his story. Nor did I ever dream, Hortense,

that you knew the truth, or I might not have faced you, as I did, as if I were guiltless of Gerald Alston's blood. Yet even you cannot tell what I have suffered in knowing no act of mine could wash out the red stain. It was very fearful."

"God shield us from the consequences of all our blind and hasty deeds!" Hortense says fervently.

"And you are sure Alston is alive?"

"Very sure."

"Who told you?"

"Bryan. He watched by him last night."

"Bryan! Then life will not be so weary for you, dear, as I feared I had made it."

"The weariness is all past," is Hortense's answer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## OUR FARM IN REDMUD COUNTY.

I PROMISED to show you another farm and another family in Virginia, in order that you might see for yourself whether or not Virginians have—here it is again!—"accepted the situation." To do that I must take you out of our sweet little village in a direction just the opposite of that which leads to the Grange. Let us take the railroad track again: it may not be the best road, but it is the only one, thanks to old Stickins of New York!

He is the man, you remember, who used to come to the dépôt in his shirt sleeves, much to the gratification, no doubt, of the Redmud belles, who make it a point of honor always to see the cars come in, and to wait on the platform till they go off. It is a great inconvenience to them, but they are willing to sacrifice themselves every day if thereby they may behold Stickins, and at the same time afford the passengers some

excuse for poking their heads out of the windows.

Stickins's house is perhaps the most imposing in the county. It is situated on the shoulder of a little mountain, has a cupola to it, and is quite the country villa in appearance. A whole-souled old gentleman, full of anecdote and humor, used to own it. Was a rank secessionist. After the war he became so melancholy that he whipped clear over, and took a thoroughly Websterian view of politics; which view he now maintains with wonderful astuteness and ability.

How Stickins ever came possessed of this fine house nobody ever knew exactly. They say his son-in-law bought it for him. Be that as it may, he no sooner came into possession than he shut up the road to Redmud village which the neighbors had been using for fifty years. That was not all. He colonized in the

rear of his farm some twenty or thirty families of freedmen. Benevolent Stickins! Every one of these freedmen voted for young Stickins for county clerk, and they elected him. Nor was this all. On the farm next to the good and loyal Stickins lived a venerable widow lady, a near connection of President Madison, and one of the purest and best of human beings. The negro colonists of the good Stickins ate up a hundred and seventy-five sheep for this poor old lady. They did not leave her a single one. Meantime, Stickins's devoted son-in-law was shearing a richer fleece. As judge of the Federal bankrupt court he owned to an income of fifteen thousand dollars, then slyly took the benefit of the Bankrupt Act himself, pocketed, it is believed, not less than two hundred thousand dollars, and fled to Omaha or elsewhere. Stickins soon followed him, and the people considered the riddance cheap.

Such things are enough to make putty boil, to say nothing of blood. Stickins not only said "keow," but milked his "keows" with his own hand; and the Richmond papers, edited by men who couldn't tell the difference between a plough-handle and the Pentateuch, used to hold the Stickins genus up to the young men as examples worthy of exact imitation. How we country-people revered the wisdom of those practical, hard-working editors!

Our farm lay a mile and a half beyond Stickins's. We called it Boscobel, because we were such virulent Puritans, you know. The tract consisted originally of five hundred acres, but we were content with two hundred and fifty acres and the house, so determined were we to recognize, if not to accept, the situation, and to sink to the level of the occasion. We took all the Richmond papers, and got plenty of practical sense—enough, indeed, to manage two such farms under the new, no-slave order of things.

I say "we." The fact is, my aunt, Mrs. Smith, bought the farm; but as I boarded with her, and gave her the benefit of that vast common sense which distinguishes the magazine-writer from

all other animated creatures, I hold myself personally responsible for the result of our new, no-slave farming, and therefore I say "we."

I say it again—"we."

The first thing was to move in. So we moved in. Now, this business of moving is not remunerative, as one Franklin, an electrician and well acquainted with the laws of swift moving, has heretofore remarked. Please consult him on this point and save me the trouble of further comment. We dumped several four-horse loads of furniture into the yard—a very pretty yard—and then lugged, or had it lugged, into the house for safety. I was surprised to see with what ease negroes could be hired to move furniture into the house.

It was a big house, and the most awkwardly and, in truth, insanely built house I ever lived in. The former owner was once—and still is at seventy-three years of age—one of the handsomest and courtliest men in the State. Wealthy and a politician, he had just begun to modernize the house when the war broke out and estopped him. The side which looked toward the railroad was finished. It had a projecting sort of Swiss roof, the under side of which was painted sky-blue. If you will keep a copy of this magazine, and remember the above sky-blue fact, the next time you go through Virginia to New Orleans you may see the house itself; which will do you a deal of good.

The front porch was rotting down, and the only staircase was so spiral that there seemed no feasible mode of moving furniture up it unless we drew it up by a gigantic long-handled corkscrew—a jackscrew would be too short. Nevertheless, we liked it.

"It is so old-fashioned," said my cousin, Miss Smith, who had come in advance of her mother—"it is so old-fashioned!—nothing Yankeeified about it."

"Yes," said I, not very enthusiastically, as I surveyed the enormous piles of furniture which had to be arranged.

But there *was* something Yankeeified about the old house. A good two-story kitchen, about fifteen yards from the



house, and connected with it by a covered way, had been abandoned, and a cellar-room immediately under my aunt's chamber had been made the kitchen. This was simply horrible.

"Bad management," said my cousin, Miss Smith, arching her eyebrows and alluding to the family which had just vacated the fine, old-fashioned mansion.

Not every thorn has its rose, but the Yankeeified kitchen had a treasure in the person of Aunt Aggy, the cook. She was so old, so humble, so deferential, so fond of her son Jim and of a sick kitten that reposed in the ashes of her fireplace, and so glad to be permitted to retain her place!

"A good, old-timey nigger-woman," said I.

"Raised a slave," said my cousin, Miss Smith, significantly.

My aunt, Mrs. Smith, was expected every day. No time was to be lost in arranging furniture. There were plenty of negroes to move the furniture anywhere we wanted it, but none of them knew how to set up wardrobes, etc. So I went to a neighboring village and hired a likely mulatto, named Ned Halsey, to help us. He had a bad face, but knew his business, worked hard one day, got sick in the night, went out of doors and was never seen any more. With him went the only suit of broadcloth I ever expected to have in the world (it was ten years old, but not a break in it), a nice new carpet-bag and a pair of patent-leather slippers that I doted on. I advertised him at the time, and now I advertise him again. His name, I say, is Ned Halsey, and he is a mean-faced mulatto. I have reason to believe that he went to Philadelphia.

When dear good old Aunt Aggy left us a few months later, she was preceded by her eldest son, who literally staggered out of the back yard (the family were at breakfast: I was dressing, and happened to look out of the window at the moment) under the weight of one of the handsomest traveling-trunks I ever saw. That trunk was packed with things which dear Aunt Aggy had appropriated and charged to the account of Ned Halsey!

"Raised a slave," you know.

And, being Virginians, none of us had the sense or energy to get out a search-warrant, visit her cabin with a constable and recover our property. I simply wanted to kill her: that was the plan, you remember, in the days of slavery; but they wouldn't let me—said the Radicals were in power, and all that.

Miss Smith set up the furniture with her own hands, while I read *The Federalist* to her—set it all up, with the exception of a glorious old-fashioned Virginia bedstead, about twelve feet broad, which not even the neighborhood carpenters could set up. The consequence was, that when my aunt came she had to lie on her big "old-timey" bed on the floor, and lay there for six weeks. This illness of my aunt did not interrupt my political studies, but added considerably to the duties of my cousin. I must do her the justice to say that she worked harder than any negro I ever owned, and if her mother had not recovered before I finished reading *The Federalist*, I should have felt it to be my duty to help her as soon as I got through with that most delightful and practical book.

My aunt got well, and being, as Tyn-dall says of his Alpine guide, an "organized mass of force," she soon had things in pretty good trim. That is to say, she did nearly everything with her own hands. An energetic and decidedly sensible woman, she had made up her mind that negro labor could not be depended on, and after Christmas we were to have no more of it. Meantime, she had brought with her a treasure named Dick. A change of habitat of only twenty miles produced an entire change in Dick's character. He became sulky, stupid and worthless. That was not all. One day during Christmas week he sidled into the dining-room and said to my cousin, "Ef you please, Miss Lucy, I wants to borry a dost o' camfire. My father done come, and he got a headache."

The truth was, that Dick's father had jumped off the train while in full motion, had lighted on his head, rolled twenty or thirty feet, was picked up and



borne to our old kitchen, where he then lay insensible and foaming at the mouth, and so remained for many days. Dick objected to employing a doctor, "coz it cos' money." There being no poorhouse in the county, we (being unused to that sort of thing, anyway) kept Dick and his father for a long time, supplying food and fuel free of cost.

We should have been lost indeed while Dick was nursing his father had it not been for a third treasure, named Henry Clay. Henry was the smartest, politest, briskest negro in the country-side, charged more for his labor than anybody else, and got it because he worked so well and was so polite. In truth, he was very smart. Called us "Marster" and "Mistiss." Now, if you want to tickle an ex-slavedriver to death, call him "Marster." It makes him weak in the knees with delight. Call him "my marster," and he will give you the last fifty cents of fractional currency that he has got to his name. Henry Clay "marstered" and "mistissed" us all to our hearts' content, and we paid him seventy-five cents a day for a great many days. He stole our only gun, and is now in the penitentiary for violating his step-daughter. I am not joking. Henry Clay—and that is his real name—is really in the penitentiary. He ought to have been hung. If he had been, he would have addressed the hangman as "My marster:" I haven't a doubt of it. And it would have done the hangman good.

More than ever convinced of the utter worthlessness of free negro labor, we looked forward with fond impatience to the bright day when Mr. and Mrs. Baskins would arrive and put an end to all our woes. Mr. B. was to do general work on the farm, while Mrs. B. looked after the dairy matters. Mr. B. had high recommendations as a young man of energy and industry, who would put his hand to any kind of farm-work, and do it faithfully and intelligently. With Mr. and Mrs. Baskins, and my aunt's two sons, who were practical farmers, we expected to go right ahead and astonish the neighbors, who still obstinately cling to niggers.

I had my doubts.

Old Daniel Goss, the owner of the most productive farm in the county, and the neatest I ever saw in Virginia, told me that he had given white labor a fair trial, and had given it up as more worthless even than black labor. "The truth is," said the old gentleman, "white folks in Virginia don't know how to work. They have not been raised to it. They can oversee negroes, and that is about all they can do." That was not the worst of old Daniel's experience. He had given up white labor, but white labor had not given him up. A large family of whites, imported from the Valley, refused positively to leave him, occupied his best house, and lived there for a couple of years without paying a cent of rent or doing a stroke of work for poor old Daniel.

I knew all this, but, seeing the good-for-nothingness of negroes, said nothing to my aunt about it. What was the advice of a magazinist worth? Besides, the bargain had been struck with Mr. and Mrs. Baskins.

At length they came, and with them the baby. And the first thing we knew, Mrs. B. hired a nurse. Also a cook, if I mistake not, though I will not be positive, and complained that my aunt was not neighborly. Mrs. B. inhabited the overseer's house, and it may be that my aunt did not run over and sit with her often enough. This was bad. We overlooked it, remembering that Mrs. B.'s health was delicate—really so—and hard manual labor was what she was not used to. But this was not all. Everybody has relations, and the Baskins had theirs. Among them was a broad-faced young man who came and settled himself, and had the measles. Then we all had the measles.

This was bad, but we put up with it as well as we could, because Mr. Baskins was cheerful and obliging, ploughed all day and did the milking at night; and upon the whole things went on quite smoothly for a while. It is true, the milk decreased very much, but it was a bad time o' year for cows, and milk will diminish at times, anyhow.

Had the case been very much worse, we would not have despaired. My aunt was a woman of extraordinary intellect and of unconquerable energy. Having read all of the Richmond papers attentively, she was prepared for the new order of things, and knew exactly how to adapt herself and the farm to them. She brought with her a wagon-load of stoves, to begin with. I grieve to say that the stoves, with the exception of the cooking-stove, proved failures, and we often sighed for the big wood-fires of the good old time. Indeed, I had one. I was obliged to have an open wood-fire to read politics by. They—at least the Southern side of them—can be read aright by no other light whatsoever.

But my aunt had other strings to her bow besides stoves. The farm was to be a grass farm. That was settled, albeit the best farmers in the county still clung to wheat. To grass she would add strawberries, to strawberries dwarf pears, and she even contemplated grapes. Had not the Northern people rasped us for years because of our failure to "diversify our industry"? and did not the Richmond papers teem with accounts of fortunes made in a year or two out of peas, berries and peanuts? Was not the whole State rushing into grapes? There was money in sumac leaves—that was certain. Negroes were selling broom-sedge roots for a good price. There was a mine of wealth, we doubted not, in artichokes, if we would only utilize them. Good Heavens! the fond expectations that were raised in the minds of the people of Virginia just after the war—the trust in roots, the confidence in berries, the repose in persimmon seed, for example, the blind faith in what they had never tried and what they knew nothing about, raised by the newspapers mainly—is something to make a man tear his hair. As if the experience of two hundred years was worth nothing! As if the course of Nature was to be wholly changed because a million or two of negroes had been liberated! For my part, Wisdom incarnate that I was in matters not agricultural, I saw a fortune—no, I swear I did not think it was a fortune,

but a competency—in a village newspaper! My soul! what a fool!

The experiment was fairly, manfully and womanfully tried. All went to work with a will, except me: I read. The grass was sown, the strawberries set out, the dwarf pears set out, the orchard (a good one, apparently) carefully trimmed, the garden assiduously cultivated, corn planted; and with the expanding year our hopes sprang back on the corn and blossomed faster than the strawberries. The boys, my aunt's sons, educated gentlemen, turned out with Baskins into the burning sunshine and worked bravely. What the house-servants could not or would not do, my aunt did. Heroic old lady! Strong with the strength of a better age, when effeminated ladies had not been invented, and when nerves and dyspepsia were yet to be developed by self-indulgence, treated with drugs instead of the cowhide, she was up long before the dawn, at work everywhere and doing everything for every worthless female negro on the premises. In this she was nobly seconded by Miss Smith, who inherited the intrepid spirit, but not the superb constitution, of her mother. All the house was stirring before the crack of day. All but me. I lay in bed, brooding over the past, the d-d Yankees, the infernalness of free negroes and the prospectus of my country newspaper. But I did admire from the very bottom of my heart the energy and industry displayed by my betters, and I am bound in conscience to say that if my cousins, the boys, worked well, their mother and sister outworked them immeasurably. In fact, there was no comparison. And this, I believe, holds true of all the women in Virginia—the thoroughbreds, I mean. They so far outwork the men that there is simply no use in talking about it. For myself, it is but just to add that in that doleful interval between the morning fire-making and the blissful first nap, I can and do admire these women with a slow, steady, solid disinterestedness which might easily be mistaken for a sort of Dutch energy. I am not lazy—at least not *so* lazy.

Well, what came of all this labor and

energy, accompanied, too, by a reasonable degree of thrift? I cannot give you a detailed account, for the reason that I did not remain to see. The blessed newspaper was set going at last, and kept me fully occupied. But I did stay long enough to see the cherries ripen. And what of that? A great deal, as you shall at once perceive.

The county-road describes a rude semicircle as it passes Boscobel Farm, and along that road, for the distance of a mile, the huts of the freedmen are scattered at intervals of twenty or thirty yards. Many of these huts are within a sling's throw of Boscobel house—not one of them is more than half a mile off in a direct line. The number of negro children of all ages in these huts may be roughly estimated at one hundred and fifty. There were other children. The railroad crosses the county-road at right angles, and along the latter the houses of the white section-hands are thickly strewn. Say there were thirty white children, in all one hundred and eighty children. Here were the children, and there, on Boscobel Farm, were the cherry trees—a great many of them. They bore profusely, and they bore every year: they never failed. Dried cherries command a ready sale in every market. Will it be believed that when cherry season came not a man, woman or child could be coaxed, bribed, hired, bullied or persuaded to gather cherries on any terms, not ruinous, whatsoever? It is a positive fact.

What earthly chance was there for the strawberries?

Last summer, after my newspaper had been snuffed out, and I had gladly accepted a situation as grocer's clerk in Richmond, I made a visit to Boscobel. Baskins & Co. were gone, as a matter of course. The farm had evidently improved. It was neatly fenced from end to end, the grass was coming on finely, fat cattle were grazing on the hills, and there was an enormous breadth in corn. I did not inquire about the strawberries. Their hash was settled long ago, I knew. They told me they had gathered two or

three very large dwarf pears, and expected a full yield next year. So far so good. But the pen of white Chester pigs was jammed up against the kitchen! And the kitchen was not in the kitchen. No, nor yet in the basement under my aunt's chamber. No. It was on the main floor of the fine old Virginia mansion, next door to the dining-room, and actually in the former library! Corroding circumstance! And in that library-kitchen my aunt, who had been a belle and a wit at Williamsburg in its palmy days, who kept her carriage and pair, and never had less than four cooks at a time on her estate at Drayton Ford—there my aunt did most of the cooking herself. And my cousins, the sons of a distinguished professor, came in hob-nail boots and sat down to dinner at twelve o'clock by the watch!

This for me was the *coup-de-grâce*. I went out into the beautiful yard, mounted the horseblock under a cherry tree, smoked and mused, chewed and spat and thought, took another chew and spat, and thought hard thoughts:

"Hang me if our people ain't becoming peasants! Country life in Virginia is played out. The Virginia country gentleman is virtually extinct. Fifty years hence there will not be a trace of him. A race of boors and clodpoles will have supplanted him. Or, what is quite likely, the freedmen will own the little land that is cultivated. In place of plantations there will be patches. I can't say that I care. Old Virginia is dead: that's plain. I don't blame the negroes—not a bit of it. I am a good deal of a negro myself. I am superstitious, fond of fine clothes, musical, apt to get religion at revivals, love sunshine and hate hard work. But I do blame the Yankees. They have reduced us to poverty, freed negroes not prepared to be freed, paved the way for endless pauperism, and ripped the Southern goose that laid the golden egg of the United States revenues. They have done, as we say here in Virginia, the 'fool thing,' and now—dod blast 'em!—let 'em make the most of it." RICHARD B. ELDER.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

## SIAMESE COURT FASHIONS.

THE young king of Siam, cherishing a friendly regard for an American lady who had, during the reign of his late father, resided in the royal city, requested her to send him her likeness. This was accordingly done by the hands of a mutual friend, and the gift, as we learn from a recent letter, was received with marked pleasure by the monarch. But after a long and careful scrutiny, he asked with a puzzled air, "Has my friend changed her nation or her religion? It must be one or the other. The features are the same, but the *dress*? This is not the costume she wore when I saw her last."

And thus it ever is in the East. Orientals cannot possibly comprehend why the style of dress should be changed, unless of necessity. Among them each nation and tribe has its peculiar costume, as well as its insignia of religious creed; and these fashions are *perpetual*, the lapse of thousands of years ordinarily being unmarked by any special change. The loose Oriental sleeve, adopted of late years by our ladies, has been worn in China for thousands of years; the various basques, sacks and jackets, so generally prevalent among us at the present time, have all been portions of the national costume of Burmah, Siam and Malaya from time immemorial; and so of many of the styles introduced as *new* in our Western World. Some of their fashions, it is true, seem very absurd to our unaccustomed eyes; but ours doubtless appear equally strange to an Oriental, who regards red as the appropriate color for a bride, white for mourning, and yellow as the distinguishing costume of the clergy.

Styles never varying, wardrobes are transmitted from generation to generation, like houses or lands; and many an Eastern bride or belle makes her first *entrée* to society decked out in the robes,

as well as the jewels, worn by her ancestors hundreds of years ago. Very convenient, certainly, especially where one's coffers are not over well filled.

On one occasion a young American lady, then scarce sixteen years of age, was, with her friends, attending one of the court levees, where, for the first time, she was presented to His Siamese Majesty, the half-uncle of the young king who now occupies the throne. The lady being very near-sighted, wore glasses, and, never suspecting that these would be made the subject of a special remark at court, had not deemed it necessary to deprive herself of the comfort derived from their use. The extreme youthfulness of her appearance evidently surprised the king, whilst the girlish freshness of her manners and the use of *spectacles* were points he was wholly unable to reconcile with each other, as East Indians very seldom find it necessary to wear glasses at all, and never till at least fifty years of age. The surprise of His Serene Majesty at this inexplicable phenomenon rendered him, for the time, entirely oblivious of the usual forms of communicating with foreigners at this very ceremonious court, and with a degree of *empressement* that proved indisputably that ladies are not the sole monopolists in the article of curiosity, he hastened to satisfy himself on the point in question. Bending forward and fixing his eager gaze on his youthful visitor, to the temporary neglect of the rest of the party, the monarch called out in excited tones, "Will the *little* lady oblige me by coming very near the throne, that I may see her better, and speak with her without difficulty?" Then, without awaiting any reply, and regardless of the blushing reluctance with which his requisition was met on the part of the lady, he continued: "Won't you remove your glasses, that I may see your eyes more clearly, and take a seat here on

this cushion before me, that I may be able to inhale the fragrance of this fair young flower, from which the freshness of life's early dew seems scarce yet to have departed? Why, my little lady, do you wear those unsightly glasses? You are not old, nor are those bright orbs uncomely, that you should cover them from the view of others. But perhaps your lord is jealous of their bewitching glances, and would reserve for himself alone all their depth of tenderness. Tell me, my little friend, is it so?"

All this was spoken quite audibly, and in the presence of an assembly of not less than ten thousand persons, most of whom were males, including the chief nobility of the realm, the royal household, etc. As might be imagined, the lady was too sorely embarrassed to attempt any reply, and could only vainly wish that the unfortunate glasses, the innocent cause of her awkward dilemma, had been left at home. His Serene Majesty having gratified his curiosity so far as *gazing* was concerned, and finding that there was little hope of drawing the lady into conversation in a manner so public, suddenly recollected that royal etiquette required him to hold converse with his visitors only through the medium of the prime minister, and so concluded, for that time at least, not further to infringe the rules of courtly usage. The lady was therefore permitted by the regal host to withdraw from this trying ordeal to a seat among her friends and countrymen, a little to the left of the throne, and to reply in whispered tones to the questions of the king as they were repeated to her by the prime minister. Some of these were the following: "How do you contrive to remember the uses of the great number of small articles of which your costume seems to consist? Do you not sometimes put them on in a wrong place? Or is this casualty prevented by their being sewed on, each in its appropriate position, by the tailor? Do you take them off at night? or do you sleep in them, keeping them on until worn out? Do you not become very much fatigued by going through with this process every day? and would you

not prefer, for ordinary use, the simpler costume of the Siamese, reserving your own for state occasions? Does your religion forbid this change when made only in private? Are all your friends dead, that you dress in white?" (White is the mourning color of the Siamese and Chinese, and hence this interrogatory.) "How far is your country from mine? Are there very many ladies there? Are they all beautiful, with fair complexions, *white* eyes and *red* hair?" (Orientals call all eyes that are not black, *white*, and hair that is of less raven blackness than their own glossy tresses they designate as *red*. Hence the term "red-haired devil," so often applied to foreigners, is not intended in the way of opprobrium, but means simply, "foreign," or "fair-haired foreigners.") "Tell me of the birds and flowers of your country: are they more brilliant and fragrant than ours? Do the ladies of your country sing like those of Siam? Have you a great variety of instruments? Is the music most admired by your countrymen lively or plaintive in character? Is it better or worse than here in our royal city?"

These, and a great number of similar queries, were at first addressed mainly to the young lady whose glasses had won her so unenviable a distinction; and the Siamese monarch had, with genuine Oriental courtesy, chosen such topics as he naturally supposed would be most entertaining to a fair young girl still in her teens, little dreaming that a *woman*, and especially one so very youthful, had a thought upon any weightier subject than dress and agreeable pastimes.

When His Majesty's curiosity had been sufficiently gratified in criticising the persons and dress of the ladies first alluded to, the conversation became general, and was carried on with much spirit, till refreshments were brought in for the foreign guests, whom the king urged to partake freely of the choice delicacies set before them. Goblets of cool sherbet and sparkling pomegranate-juice were handed round, and tea served in tiny teapots and cups of the



purest gold. Fruits, sweetmeats and confections in endless variety accompanied these fragrant beverages, but unfortunately there was neither knife, fork nor spoon, not even chopsticks, with which to handle the tempting viands. The hospitable old monarch, finding that his guests did not eat, inquired the reason; and on being informed that they were not accustomed to eat *à la Orientale*—i. e., with their fingers—he apologized for the omission, and reproved his major-domo for carelessness; upon which that functionary made a hasty exit, and returned in a few moments literally loaded with chopsticks. These the foreigners vainly essayed to make use of, much to their own mortification and the amusement of the merry-hearted old king, who again sent off the master of ceremonies, with a few earnest words spoken too low for our hearing. But we understood their import when some minutes later a magnificent set of silver knives, forks and spoons of Queen Victoria's own pattern were placed before us. All obstacles being thus removed, the guests could no longer refuse to accept His Majesty's hospitalities, while he had the pleasure of looking on and laughing to his heart's content at their expense.

The business of eating concluded, the king called upon his foreign friends to participate in a royal game which had been in vogue as far back as their historical records extended, and which no guest might refuse to share in without giving personal offence to the sovereign. After this introduction, at a signal given by the royal host, five huge baskets filled with very small limes were placed directly in front of the throne. Inviting the foreigners to scramble for the fruit, and telling them that whoever succeeded in getting the largest number should enjoy his highest favor, the king threw as many as he could hold between his two hands, in such manner as to scatter them in every direction over the widest possible space. This was repeated scores upon scores of times, and the guests, wishing to humor the whim of their host, entered heartily into the sport,

scrambling about upon hands and knees in pursuit of the limes, sometimes receiving from the merry old gentleman a hearty pelt over the head or knuckles, at which he would beg pardon, and assure his friends that it was quite accidental! After an hour thus spent, the foreigners begged leave to desist, and the native nobles took their turn at the sport.

On examination, each lime was found to contain a gold or silver coin, and as the amount thus obtained by each individual was quite considerable, the ladies and gentlemen of our party sent up the money to the king, stating that it would be a violation of the etiquette of our country to receive presents of money. But His Majesty begged very earnestly that the coins should be retained, though merely, he said, as a token of the royal favor and in compliance with courtly usage—not at all for their intrinsic value.

Music, vocal and instrumental, followed, then a theatrical performance, next some feats of jugglery and various national games, and the evening closed with such a brilliant display of fireworks as rarely falls to the lot of Western eyes to witness.

So strikingly, in most particulars, do Eastern and Western fashions differ that by adopting a course directly opposite to the prevalent European custom one may usually attain the most approved style of Oriental etiquette; as, for example, with us the post of honor is on the *right* hand, in the East it is at the *left*. Among Western nations inferiors *stand* in the presence of high dignitaries, but it would be death in any Oriental country for a common man to stand up before the king, thus bringing his head on a level with that of his sovereign. Europeans remove their hats in token of deferential respect—Orientals, their shoes. We pay visits of ceremony in the *forenoon*—they between nine in the evening and three in the morning! Our ladies compress the *waist*—the more sensible Orientals, the *feet*. And so on, in every conceivable case, contrasts meet us at every step, and Fashion has the credit of all.



## EDGAR A. POE AND THE JULEPS.

JOHN R. THOMPSON succeeded Edgar A. Poe as editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Fresh from the University, well-to-do in the goods of this world, and justly proud of his position—for the *Messenger* then was the oldest, and certainly one of the best, magazines in the Union—Thompson lived *en prince* in a suite of apartments in Main street. One of them, furnished handsomely as a reception-room, contained a beaufet well stocked with the choicest liquors. Into this room came one morning about eleven o'clock a handsome, very intellectual-looking man, who, bowing formally, asked if he had the pleasure of addressing Mr. John R. Thompson.

"Yes," said Mr. Thompson, who had already risen.

"My name," said the stranger, "is Poe."

It may be taken for granted that the youthful editor, who was never lacking in courtesy, gave his predecessor just such a reception as the occasion and the man required. If Thompson felt honored by the visit, Poe was more than gratified by the cordiality and unfeigned respect manifested by the young poet. The author of "The Raven" was now seated in an easy-chair. Conversation flowed freely and pleasantly, Poe of course taking the lead, and an hour or two slipped away seemingly in as many moments.

Poe rose to take leave. Thompson entreated him to remain. No, he had an engagement. As he turned toward the door, Poe's eye fell upon the beaufet with its glittering array of silver and cut glass, and a change passed over his grave, handsome face. In an animated tone he said, "Ah! you have a nice little arrangement there, Mr. Thompson. Perhaps you can give me something to drink."

"Indeed I can," said Mr. Thompson. "What will you have?"

"That depends upon what you've got."

Thompson enumerated several kinds of wine, whisky and French brandy, commending the last as very superior.

Poe chose brandy. Selecting a tumbler of the ordinary size, he lifted the decanter with steady hand and began to pour—one finger, two fingers, three fingers, four fingers, five!

Thompson became alarmed. "Excuse my seeming incivility," said he—"such it really is not, I assure you—but, Mr. Poe, are you—are you not taking a little—just a little—too much for your own good?"

"No, sir, not at all," was the reply. "I know myself thoroughly well, Mr. Thompson, and can gauge myself to a hair. I have had some experience in these matters, and I have discovered about brandy, good French brandy, this remarkable peculiarity—that it is least injurious when you fill the glass as nearly full as possible, and leave room for as little water as possible." And the pouring went steadily on till the tumbler was full to the very brim. "Now a drop—just a drop—of water, if you please."

The drop of water—it was barely more than that—was added, and then, to Thompson's amazement and horror, Poe drained his glass to the bottom.

He lingered a while, and Thompson, fearing the brandy might tell upon his distinguished guest after he got into the street, suggested, as adroitly and respectfully as he could, that a few moments of repose on the sofa might be of service to him.

"Oh no!" said Poe: "you need have no fear for me. The brandy is nothing. I've already had thirteen juleps; and now I think I'll step across the way and get my breakfast!"

Extending his hand in farewell, he bowed stiffly and was gone.

## CHANG-LOO'S OBSEQUIES.

MANY years ago, when Yerba Buena Cemetery lay away over among the sand-hills in South San Francisco, there used to be many curious rites performed there at the temporary interment of Chinamen—none ever receiving final burial in strange soil, lest their unsettled ghosts be doomed to rove for ever over the desolate hills of a foreign land.

The meanest Coolie who comes bound

for a term of servitude to defray his passage is secured against this calamity by a protective religious law, and cargo after cargo of bones goes over the seas to the Celestial soil, where peace and repose are ensured them.

In early times nearly all the coffins containing their dead were of the rudest description, and an express-wagon invariably did duty as a hearse in the funeral train. A basket filled with rice, preserved fruit and a variety of viands was placed beside the body, and a cock was always killed upon the grave after it was filled. This ceremony, and the shocking wail and chant kept up by the mourners, were all that Americans usually saw or heard of the obsequies, but while in Virginia City a fortnight ago I had an opportunity of witnessing the whole scene.

I stumbled upon the show in coming through the Chinese quarter, and had my attention riveted by the prolonged and piercing cries of the mourners before I reached the spot.

The house of sorrow was a larger one than its neighbors, and, as I afterward heard, the late Celestial was a moneyed man, much respected by his friends and Chinamen generally.

A plumed and ornamented hearse stood at the door, and the coffin had just been placed in it. Silver bands and handles decorated this last receptacle, and no one, from its outside, could have guessed at the nationality of its occupant. Just as I came in sight a Chinaman laid a piece of scarlet cloth across its head, and then retired, leaving the foreground to three female figures clad in white, who were the chief mourners. They were dressed in loose white cotton suits, made exactly like their common clothes, and worn over them. Two of them were apparently over twenty—which is old for a Chinawoman—and wore long-caped conical hoods; but the other, who was girlish and pretty for one of her race, was bareheaded, and had her loose, flowing hair tied about her waist with a white girdle. A wooden bench was placed in front of the door, and on this they bowed forward, making their foreheads touch the dirt, and uttering their dirge-

notes in long, thrilling cries. A man, evidently nearly connected with the deceased, fed a small fire with paper prayers, and stirred it continually, so as to make the tinder rise and blow away on the wind; and although there were scores of Chinamen, all bustling and busy, and numerous vehicles waiting round, they seemed to make no progress, while the women moaned and the prayers fell into feathery ashes and floated off.

I never yet found an ungracious or impolite Chinaman; so I made bold to address the one nearest me, who seemed, like myself, simply an observer: from him I learned that the dead man had been the husband of the three ladies who bewailed him, and that he was a person of some wealth and consequence.

"Mellikan men all good—no gettee but one wife," said my informant with wily flattery; then, shrugging his shoulders with meek deprecation of their failing—"Chinaman likee have good many; buy two, three, all time he gettee money."

From which I argued that matrimony in China was only limited by the means of the male contractor, and that a man was permitted to get as many wives as he could support.

"This man gottee house in Carson—he gottee house here," continued the personage, who had introduced himself as Waugh-Kee. "One wife live in Carson: she all good head, and do much business. Other wives, like here, no know much, but Chang-Loe he likee them, 'cause they welly pooty."

Not an unnatural consequence: the business-wife was neglected for the beauties. Chang-Loe's fancy was not peculiar to his race.

"He come here and get welly sick: all pain; no do anything but make face and heap cry." Here he made motions imitating the effect of the most violent cramps, and proved himself a very good facial mimic. He then proceeded to narrate how, the cramps growing worse, the wives in Virginia became alarmed, and two Chinese doctors fed him with pills as large as bullets, and quarts of herb-stews—all in vain. Chang-Loe ceased to speak, and even to groan, and,

lying in this sinking state, it suggested itself to the mind of a friend to go after his other wife, which was immediately done.

Carson is connected by railway with Virginia, two hours distant, and on the evening of the day he started the friend returned with Mrs. Chang-Loo No. 1, who, beholding her lord stretched in a speechless and expiring state, rent the air with her shrieks of grief and misery. Being practical in everything, however, she did not give way to her sorrow until she had thoroughly thrashed the two neglectful wives, who had failed to do their duty by sending for her in the first place. "For," explained Waugh-Kee, "Chang-Loo gottee too much money, lend too many mans, and he no speak, so she no know where heap money gone: then she lickee them too muchee hard."

Whatever their former disagreements, the three united heartily in grieving for their one husband, and in the most plaintive and heartrending cries, that rose in desolate swells, bewailed him—bowing their foreheads in the dust, and raising their streaming eyes with looks of woe so pitiful as to touch the heart of any beholder.

Meantime, the jabbering, bustling Chinamen seemed to bring the arrangements for the procession to a close, and the American drivers of the hearse and an express-wagon came out of their perplexities sufficiently to understand that the cavalcade was to set forward by and by, and began to act accordingly. But the oldest wife ran forward with looks of anguish and kissed the coffin-head again and again, chanting over it in a series of sobs that vibrated between shrillness and inarticulate sounds.

The hearse then moved on, and with many noisy directions the Chinamen got the express-wagon in its wake, and the three widows, unaided by any help of theirs, clambered up its wheels like cats, and seating themselves in a row began an exaggerated edition of their dirge, rocking violently to and fro as they sung.

Then the nearest friends of the dead man followed, having first placed in the wagon with the widows baskets contain-

ing food and clothing, and some cutlery, meant, as I learned, for defence and protection. As soon as the carriages started the air was filled with flying squares of thin paper, each marked to represent the actual wealth of which the man had died possessed, and meant, as Waugh-Kee informed me, to delude the devil, and aid the escape of the Chinaman's soul from his clutches. To assist in this same object the friend at the house door put in and stirred up fresh prayers, and the wind seemed laden with whirling tinder and leaves.

Waugh-Kee explained: "Chinaman gottee dubbloo (or devil), all time want to catchum when him die. He welly poor, no gottee money, dubbloo catchum welly quick. Chang-Loo all rich, and dubbloo run to catchum, but money fly and makee dubbloo run all way, so Chang-Loo run welly quick and makee all right."

He said no true Chinaman would bury his friend without food and change of raiment, so that when he was prepared to rise and go on his spiritual way he might find refreshment awaiting him. He also rejoiced that Chang-Loo's obsequies had been so well managed that the smoke rose with prayers on it just as the money flew off on the wind. "He all right—dubbloo no gettee him," he concluded as the motley cavalcade wound out of sight. "By'm by ship takee over China, all good." Then with his conciliatory smile, "Me likee Mellikan too much—all good. Chinaman heap poor, no welly good. Mellikan man all right, too muchee rich: he no fear dubbloo."

Quite a group of idle Chinese and Americans of questionable character gathered round the house from which Chang-Loo had taken his final departure, to talk over the event and enjoy a social gossip. Waugh-Kee, who was of an amiable turn, evidently desired to join them; so, not to detain him, I followed the buggies and wagons that brought up the rear of the funeral cortège as they turned up the road toward the cemetery, part of which is used by the Chinese.

M. H.

## NOTES.

TOBACCO antidotes were the rage a year or two ago. Newspapers were filled with advertisements of their wonderful virtues. Like other nostrums, they had their day, and now we hear no more of them. There *is* an antidote, but no physician would recommend it. It is too severe. Witness:

Ex-Governor H. H. Wells, of Virginia, used to be an inveterate smoker. He would average twenty cigars a day. He never went without them, never stinted himself, and, being a man of powerful constitution, never experienced any ill effects from them. As counsel for Cahoon, he was present in the Capitol at the time of the dreadful accident (if such it may be called), went down with the rest, and sustained frightful injuries. His breast-bone and two or three ribs were broken, to say nothing of contusions and other injuries. For a long time his life was despaired of, but his iron constitution brought him safely through. After his recovery he was surprised to find that his fondness for tobacco had disappeared entirely. Nay more, from that day to this he has not only not had any desire for his once-beloved cigar, but the very smell of it is unbearable. The violent shock to his nervous system appears to have wrought an entire change in his constitution—so great a change, indeed, that it is probable that he will never again be able to tolerate tobacco in any form.

A PARIS paper lately asked "how magistrates conducted themselves in America," and proceeded to answer by declaring that it was an every-day matter in our courts, at least in winter, to see both judges and jurymen taking off their stockings, so as to dry them on the registers in the court-rooms, while some of their number were actually free and easy enough to habitually "cut their corns." Hence, it added, when, on a recent occasion, a lawyer remonstrated against this lack of judicial decorum, the judge, glowering upon him, called out, "Mr. Attorney, I call you to order and to the respect due to this court. Mind

your own business, sir." The lawyer, abashed, continued his address to the court, and the latter proceeded with its pedal surgery!

If this amusing story is sufficiently absurd, the grave *Journal des Débats* lately contained something quite as marvelous. It declared that extremely strange electrical phenomena occur "in America, in the United States and Mexico," occasioned by "electrical tension." In winter our hair, it appears, if combed with a fine comb, stands up straight; our woolen clothes attract all floating down and dust; and it is useless to brush these particles off, because you would for ever have to repeat the job. You must use a sponge in order to get rid of the "electric dust" on the cloth. "Do you wish," proceeds the account, "to open a door? A spark from the knob stings you cruelly. Two friends, shaking hands, receive an electric shock. The end of the tongs, a candlestick—in short, all metallic objects—become so many *electric pistols*." Nay, it is not always prudent to indulge in kissing in this country, for fear of an electric shock, because sparks dart out from the approaching noses; while as to lighting the gas, you can do that easily with the electrified fingers! "Such are the phenomena which electricity produces in those countries."

WHILE the Japanese and the Chinese are opening their doors to European civilization, and coming out of them themselves, both men and women, to seek for the knowledge possessed by the outside barbarians whom they have despised so heartily up to this time, India, the seat and centre of conservatism, begins to feel the influence of the new era which seems to be opening for the world. The simple fact that thirty new journals were started there during the year is as pregnant in its meaning as the inauguration of free schools in the Papal States is for the future of Italy. Most of these journals are weeklies, but the chief thing is that they are native; nor does the movement stop here. The natives of India appear to have a very general sense of

the importance of not relying exclusively upon English aid, and a general distrust of the English schools, so that liberal subscriptions are being made by the natives for their own schools with native teachers, and the teachers themselves appear to be forthcoming, and to meet with great success. In fact, as in Japan we recently saw the overthrow of a feudal system, in India we are now enabled to see a crisis similar to the revival of learning in Europe during the Middle Ages. In Turkey the same spirit is manifesting itself, and many of the first ladies in Constantinople appear in the public streets without their veils. The English expedition to Abyssinia found that King Theodore had introduced European officers, improved firearms and military drill in his army, while the king of Dahomey has done the same. In fact, the world now offers to the student of social progress examples of every stage of social development, from utter savageism—instances of which have been collected by Professor Lubbock—to the highest civilization yet reached upon this planet. The value of these practical exemplifications of the process of social growth in throwing light upon the historical periods of our own civilization, cannot be too highly estimated, and has already done much in justifying the new spirit with which history is now studied and written.

THE overthrow of the Erie dynasty is, for various reasons, one of the most noticeable events of the time. To those who have been interested in observing during the last decade the rapid growth of the various industrial enterprises which seem to threaten the organization of a species of commercial feudalism in no very distant future, this brilliant and decisive campaign has a peculiar interest. It is interesting to observe the difference of the methods pursued in this nineteenth century from those which were in vogue during the Middle Ages when an analogous contest arose. Compare, for example, this battle of the stockholders—for it would appear that the attacking party in some involved way represented

the unfortunate stockholders of Erie whose interests have so long been entirely ignored in the turmoil and dust of financial contests that even their existence has almost passed out of memory—fighting to secure their inherent right to dividends, with that of the barons at Runnymede wrestling from a similar usurper their right to their personal liberty, that they should not be deprived of it without due process of law. The character of the two contests, the motives with which they were undertaken, the methods by which they were carried on, and the manner in which they were successful, may serve to mark the differences of our modern times from those good old days in a way that is far from incomplete. And it is quite possible that the quiet party of gentlemen who planned and carried through this startling and successful move were quite as unconscious that they were probably establishing an historical precedent as were their forerunners, the rough old barons who drove King John into a political corner; or that their demonstration that stockholders have rights which railroad presidents are bound to respect may be the inauguration of an era of railway history which shall proceed as much farther than they intended it should, as the right to the *habeas corpus*, which the barons demanded only for their class, but which has in these times become the property of all.

THERE will be a possible chance now for American collectors who are attacked with a severe case of the bibliophilic mania to secure in the future European sales such manuscripts of the classics as date before the invention of printing or are valuable for their illuminations, or other bibliographical rarities in this enticing line. Sir Thomas Phillipps has retired from the contest for such to his grave, where such rarities will have no further attractions for him. In bibliographic circles his memory will survive as the collector who stands second to Heber for the omnivorous and insatiable passion which possessed him, if perchance he did not for the size and ex-



pense of his collection surpass that great collector of the earlier part of this century. In other respects, however—which are perhaps quite as worthy the ambition of men, though they may not appeal so strongly to the collector—his memory will not be as green as that of Heber. Heber was well pleased to have his books used by students, literary men and others who knew how to make use of them. He felt that he was not more than the guardian of such volumes, and he had many which could not be obtained readily elsewhere. His library was in a certain measure a circulating one, while that of Sir Thomas Phillipps was a mausoleum. His books were literally piled up in heaps, frequently in the bundles in which they came to him. The front hall was so packed with them that the front door could not be opened. With a folly, too, that is simply pitiable, he has sought to retain his dog-in-the-manger treatment of them after his death. Some years ago, Mr. James Orchard Halliwell, the well-known Shakespearian editor, incurred the lasting enmity of Sir Thomas by marrying one of his daughters, and for some time Sir Thomas's rage for the purchase of expensive books has been caused, it is said, by the desire to invest as much of his wealth as he could in personal property, so that at his death he could dispose of it by will. By the provisions of this instrument he has left his house and his books to his youngest daughter, in trust for her children, with a strict provision that neither his eldest daughter, her husband, nor any Roman Catholic should ever be allowed to enter the house. What a picture of distorted human nature this old man offers, thus nursing for years a mean and impotent hatred of his own child, and then trying thus to carry it with him after his death!

A BILL has been introduced in Congress to grant an appropriation for the purpose of trying the experiment for producing rain by the method (noticed before in these NOTES) of firing numer-

ous cannons simultaneously. Though such a method of influencing the weather seems unscientific, since it does not profess to proceed according to a well-established or carefully-considered theory, but upon a simple system of guess-work, yet the attempt is to be commended, and the money it costs will be well expended, whether it succeeds or not, provided it serves to increase the study given to the subject of the weather, and to strengthen the growing conviction that atmospheric effects are due to well-defined causes, and that by obtaining a knowledge of these last it is quite possible for mankind to obtain a control of their action, and thus intelligently influence the climate. Heretofore the weather has been considered a synonym for everything that is fickle and incomprehensible, but with the establishment of the weather bureau at Washington it has been found that, in common with all the other phenomena of Nature, the wind and the rain are subject to the action of law; and already a noticeable advance has been made in our ability to foretell the course of storms. The modern world has now at its command the materials, and the method for their use, by which in a few years more advance can be made in the comprehension of the phenomena of the weather than the world could make before in thousands of years. The telegraph, for example, affords an opportunity for conducting a series of contemporary observations over a widely-extended area of the earth's surface, and will eventually enable an observer to have reliable data gathered from all round the world at one and the same moment. Then, too, the action and effect of the electric conditions of the upper and lower atmospheres are engaging the attention of scientific observers, and the agency of these causes in producing rain are being investigated. In this connection those who are interested in the subject are waiting with eager expectation the promised text-book from Tyndall, upon *Water in Vapor, Clouds, etc.*



## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Passages from the French and Italian Note-books of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

With these volumes ends, no doubt, the series of Mr. Hawthorne's personal memoranda, with which the public is now unreservedly favored. They are of a character to take the reader more closely than ever into companionship with their author, and their closing bereaves us of Hawthorne afresh.

An interruption toward the latter part of the diary marks the period when the *Marble Faun* was written. The notes lead up to that romance, flow around it, and then flow on. They are full of the observations which became the constructive parts of the story, and they embrace even the transitory flash across the author's fancy of that notion of a living modern Faun upon which the novel is founded. "I like these strange, sweet, playful, rustic creatures," he says when collecting at night his remembrances of the Villa Borghese, where there are a couple of sculptured Fauns: "their character has never, that I know of, been wrought out in literature, and something quite good, funny and philosophical, as well as poetic, might very likely be educed from them." Four days after, in the Capitol, before the Faun attributed to Praxiteles, he recurs to the suggestion, and fancies that "a story, with all sorts of fun and pathos in it," might be made of a living Faun, allied to nineteenth-century characters. His first conception evidently aims more at a grasp of the sunny and sylvan graces imaginable in the race of Fauns, and less at the morbid metaphysics and the wasting of the changed Faun in prison to which he was afterward led by the imperative saturnine fancy of his latter days. He even entertains the confounding idea of the modern young lady endowed with some of the frisky and furry attributes of the tribe. The memorandum-book has in many places this light radiance of fancy, balanced in some others by the exacting peevishness of the invalid traveler. But the romance has no ups and downs, but is plunged in its own unearthly melancholy.

This diary explains in great degree the less

satisfying characteristics of Hawthorne's last great romance. In the current of that powerful work of art we are sensible of periodical lapses into a denser medium, a sort of temporary coagulation, where the author, with infinite tact, but still with something that is more like conscience than impulse, devotes himself to his Roman descriptions. It is glorified guide-book, it is true, but still, so far as it goes, it is guide-book, and preserves the medicinal flavor. It is the use he thought he ought to make of his Notes. Now it is the privilege of these Notes themselves that being on a different plane, their descriptive passages are among their best, and seem flexible and aerial as they float over the reader's imagination. Of paltry borrowing from printed information, we must be understood to say, the Notes have absolutely none. Anybody who happens to be familiar with Murray will be surprised, and probably abased in spirit, at the proud absence of every borrowed allusion, when ordinary books of travel by clever men are packed with such pillagings. The crowning charm of these transparent volumes, indeed, is their utter sincerity. Mr. Hawthorne may be thought to have made an art of his own genuineness. With a fine nicety he separates his particular film of limpid observation from all that amalgam of impressions which tourists gather from books and from converse, and his subtlety in this self-presentation is the one mark of art which his diary, in all its length, presents. From first to last it is all pure, honor bright Hawthorne. There is no particle of manufactured emotion, or of manufactured grief at the lack of emotion. It seems probable that these running notes, often written with assiduous care in hours of great fatigue or of sickness, are the result of a literary man's old-time habit, his method of massing capital for the future expenses of his imagination. Mr. Hawthorne, therefore, in selecting at the end of his jaded evenings the quotidian tribute for his journal, knew well what sort of thing would be precious to him in going back to it for the material of his romances—knew that nothing would have any value but the original, trustworthy, genuine comment of his own soul. To these

impressions of his grand tour he hoped to refer, perhaps, for the hints of many stories yet to come. It is only the reader who can see, from these journals, that the man was getting old, that he had lost the animated and springing finger which he had laid on American scenes in his earlier diaries, and that he was about to fail: to himself, in writing them, he doubtless seemed young, capable, assimilative, and fit as ever for great work.

Through the simple lounging manner which he here wears we get, from moment to moment, strange flashes of his unmatched creative talent or his goblin-like insight. He seems rather like a sickly and weakly man compelled to carry some angel among the sights of Europe. For his own part he is filled with a sense of his shortcomings, his want of capacity to appreciate, his ignorance, his inefficacy. He is a poor chemist, rather burdened than otherwise with his responsible secret of the philosopher's stone, thrown for a short time into a new laboratory, and dutifully trying his test upon this novelty and upon that, sure that out of some of them he must enrich the world. Often the failure worries him. "I hate what I have said," he adds to an effort at refining upon Milton's epithets of "dim, religious light" as he stands in the cathedral at Florence. "This simile looked prettier in my fancy than I have made it look on paper," he says when trying to make a comparison out of the illumination of Saint Peter's. He seems very lovable, personally, when brought to the Urim and Thummim of European wonders, and conspicuously failing at the ordeal. We have in him no hint of the ordinary literary man's routine—the historic parade, the levying upon museums, the landscape suggestives. The modesty of the enchanter impresses us keenly as we think how Bulwer dealt with Pompeii, and then how Hawthorne has dealt with Rome.

The tour was a family one, and took place after the Liverpool consulship. Mr. Hawthorne appears to have been accompanied by seven persons, and the charge of the trunks and the custom-house troubles annoyed him wearily. They passed through France without apparently deriving a single intelligible impression, and embarked for Italy from Marseilles in January, 1858. After a sojourn in Rome, they reached Florence before the first of June, lumbering along in capricious stage-

coaches, with many hindrances, like the party of artists they were. Afterward, when they went to take possession of the villa called in the novel *Monte Beni*, they could not get in because Julian Hawthorne had forgotten the key. In the autumn the party returned to Rome, taking Sienna, San Querico, Radicofani, Viterbo and Bolsena on the way. A projected trip to Venice was prevented by the illness of Mr. Hawthorne's daughter, and he had not seen Naples; so that Rome and Florence contain almost the complete repertory of his notes, except some charming ones made at smaller places like Perugia, Assisi, Sienna and Avignon. In the subjects sketched in the two great cities, and in the persons met and profiled, we find the choice things of the journal. We continually meet with welcome first conceptions afterward elaborated for the *Faun*. Hilda's Tower, for instance—the shabby and vulgar daylight tenement of the Via Portoghese—has little touches of romance and legend added to it which prepare it for its glorified appearing in the novel. Its perpetual lamp was the vow of a nobleman whose child was held over the turret by a pet monkey: the animal bringing the infant safely down, the shrine was built and illumined according to the oath; and the light still burns, the fee of the property depending thereupon. The frayed and lovely magnificences of *Monte Beni*—which turns out to be a villa only a mile out of Florence—are depicted with a kind of amused sympathy. The wizard who, in the story, journeyed ever so far to look into its mysteries and recesses, is found to be simply Mr. Kirkup, out of Florence—the antiquarian with whom the world has an inappeasable controversy for "restoring" and ruining Giotto's portrait of Dante in the Bargello. It is going too far to say that Kenyon, in the romance, found his original in the sculptor Story, though the latter seems to be the writer's ideal of an artist. In fact, nearly all the *matériel* of the *Marble Faun* can be here found—objects which the writer seemed to value highly, but which came to appear almost cumbrous among the shadows of the strange personalities whom he afterward invented to live among them.

The portraits in the diary are, artistically, the best things there: every one is a rapid, expressive intaglio, full of life and character. His taking off of Powers and of Mrs. Jameson is capably sly; that of Miss Bremer,

who gave him supper out of her poverty in her exalted chamber over the Tarpeian Rock, is exquisitely sympathetic. Of course there is childlike admiration of ex-President Pierce, who met him in Rome; and of Sumner, equally, of course, a decidedly grudging and uncongenial account. Of Browning's poetry he very felicitously says that it can seldom run far without getting into the high grass; but of the man himself he predicts, "I like Browning much, and should make him like me if opportunities were favorable." Of Mrs. Lewes, the author of *Adam Bede*, he learns that she had been the daughter of an English steward, and thus possessed exceptional acquaintance with farmers and *genre* characters.

At length, driven from Rome by the malaria in May, 1859, and bearing with him the cherished daughter whose illness had had the effect of closing utterly his diary for many weeks, Mr. Hawthorne embarked for Marseilles. His adieu to the Eternal City is so true to almost all the varying moods of the record that we will indulge ourselves with the citation of it: "After breakfast I walked on the Pincian, and saw the garden and the city, and the Borghese grounds, and Saint Peter's in an earlier sunlight than ever before. Methought they never looked so beautiful, nor the sky so bright and blue. I saw Soracte on the horizon, and I looked at everything as if for the last time; nor do I wish ever to see any of these objects again, though no place ever took so strong a hold on my being as Rome, nor ever seemed so close to me and so strangely familiar. I seem to know it better than my birthplace, and to have known it longer; and though I have been very miserable there, and languid with the effect of the atmosphere, and disgusted with a thousand things in its daily life, still I cannot say I hate it — perhaps might fairly own a love for it. But life being too short for such questionable and troublesome enjoyments, I desire never to set eyes on it again."

The irregular and fragmentary way in which the journal closes, sending solitary notes from Leamington, Bath and London, is like the broken respiration of a dying man: at last, with one short breath of home, sent up from New England, and pierced with the trumpet-call of imminent war, the record comes to an end.

The anxious and purposeless notices of

works of art with which the book is filled belong to a class in which Mr. Hawthorne was not able to excel the throng of travelers who deem it obligatory to record their thoughts. He has alternate chills and exaltations over, for instance, the *Venus de' Medici*, but technically believes it must measure right, the lowest part of the ear "being about in a straight line with the *upper lip*." It is quite unnecessary to review these art-impressions.

*A Journey Round my Room.* By Xavier de Maistre. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

*Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Alfred de Musset.* Translated by Mrs. Owen Wister. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

We have here two very different degrees of success in translation. The *Voyage autour de ma Chambre* is rendered in a singularly flat, literal style, without distinction or charm. No exclusively English reader would know that the original is a bit of literary jeweler's work, unmatched for purity and grace. Stendhal had his fling at it, observing that as it was said to have been rewritten seventeen times, that fact accounted for its lapidary and wheel-work style. But in the original it has dashes of soft fire, like those that seem to come from behind the opal. The obvious leaning toward the style of Sterne has more of fraternity in it than of imitation; and the fantastic scene where De Musset offers to lace the sandal of the dream-Aspasia in the presence of the dream-Plato and Dr. Cigna in his bob-wig, has all the raciness of Lamb.

In its English form, however, this finished essay seems like a paradigm for college imitation, and as such, doubtless, it will go down to fame. The American edition is decked with some miniature illustrations by Veyssier, enclosed in small cartouches, and in admirable harmony with the scope and character of the work.

Mrs. Wister, having a little more audacity, has better fortune. By using largely the discretion of the paraphrase-maker, she preserves for us many a caprice of De Musset's, or perhaps substitutes a very tolerable caprice of her own. The "*Merle Blanc*" is deliciously translated. "*Fantasio*," though cruelly cut, is fairly presented for what he is, one of the most graceful flâneurs in any nation's literature, and "*On ne badine pas avec l'Amour*," though sadly pruned again,

remains as a beautiful drama-poem. "Mimi Pinson" was not worth rendering, and the poems, though full of felicities, are, after all, an impossible task admirably attacked. The specimens presented are but a cupful from the well, but they have the sparkle.

*The Land of Desolation: Being a Personal Narrative of Observation and Adventure in Greenland.* By Isaac I. Hayes, M. D. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros.

A summer's cruise along the western coast of Greenland, in company with Mr. Bradford, the artist, whose steam-yacht carried the party in pursuit of pleasure and the picturesque, has furnished Dr. Hayes with the material for a pleasant record, in which description and personal narrative are blended with historical summaries, information and speculations on glaciers and icebergs, and other matter of a solid kind, by way of ballast. The voyage extended from Julianshaab to Melville Bay, with frequent landings and explorations, affording opportunity not only for examination of the natural features of the country, but for making acquaintance also with the scanty inhabitants and observing their habits and way of life. The descriptions are agreeable, and no doubt faithful, without being too minute for the subject. Among them is an account of the kryolite mine at Iviklut, one-half the product of which (six thousand tons) is annually shipped to Philadelphia, and transported thence to Pittsburg, to be converted into commercial soda by the Pennsylvania Salt Company. This is the only mineral product of any value which Greenland supplies, and of this it has the monopoly. Fishing and hunting constitute, of course, the chief industry, yielding a slight revenue to the Danish government, which in return maintains colonies and supports missions. The Danes are, however, considered as intruders by the Esquimaux natives, though there is no longer any actual hostility between the two races. Besides much interesting and by no means heavy matter on points such as these, Dr. Hayes provides ample entertainment, in accounts of bear-hunts and other adventures, for youthful readers, who are indebted to Messrs. Harper & Brothers for a long list of books which have a special interest for them, and to which the present volume, with its copious illustrations, makes a worthy addition.

### *Books Received.*

*The National Encyclopædia: A Compendium of Universal Information, brought down to the year 1871.* With the Pronunciation of every town and proper name. By L. Colange, LL.D., Editor of "Zell's Popular Encyclopædia." Illustrated. Part I. New York: Felt & Co.

*An Examination of Canon Liddon's Bampton Lectures on the Divinity of Our Lord.* By a Clergyman of the Church of England. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

*Physiology of the Soul and Instinct, as distinguished from Materialism.* By Martyn Paine, A. M., M. D., LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

*The Haunted Court, etc.* By Katherine Saunders, author of "The High Mills," etc. New York: George Routledge & Sons.

*A Treatise on English Punctuation.* By John Wilson. Twentieth edition. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.

*Falstaff and His Companions—Twenty-one Illustrations in Silhouette.* By Paul Konewka. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

*Spectrum Analysis: Three Lectures, by Professors Roscoe, Huggins and Lockyer.* New Haven: C. C. Chatfield & Co.

*A Compendious Grammar of the Greek Language.* By Alpheus Crosby. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.

*The Hoosier Schoolmaster: A Novel.* By Edward Eggleston. Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd & Co.

*Round the World.* By a Boy. Edited by Samuel Smiles. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

*Lord Bantam: A Satire.* By the author of "Ginx's Baby." New York: George Routledge & Sons.

*Æsthetics; or, The Science of Beauty.* By John Bascom. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.

*The Divine Tragedy.* By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

*Woman's Worth and Worthlessness.* By Gail Hamilton. New York: Harper & Brothers.

*Fair to See: A Novel.* By Lawrence W. M. Lockhart. New York: Harper & Brothers.

*Water and Land.* By Jacob Abbott. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

*Arabesques.* By Mrs. Richard S. Greenough. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

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